PSALMS

Hymnals K

AND

HYMNS

FOR

DIVINE WORSHIP.

PSALM xlvii. 7. xcv. 2.

Sing ye Praiſes *with Underſtanding.*
Let us come before his Preſence with Thankſgiving,
and make a joyful Noiſe unto him with Pſalms.

COLOSSIANS iii. 16.

—*In* Pſalms, *and* Hymns, *and ſpiritual* Songs, *ſinging with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord.*

LONDON:

PRINTED BY JOHN RIDER, NO. 36, LITTLE-BRITAIN
SOLD BY JAMES RIDER, NO. 12, LUDGATE-HILL.

1793.

BRITISH MUSEUM

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT was for a long time matter of juſt Complaint, that the moſt chearful and elevating Part of Public Worſhip, was the worſt provided for among the Diſciples of CHRIST. However excellent the inſtructive and devotional Services of the different Sects of Chriſtians, *Pſalmody* was at a very low ebb among them all. *Poetry*, though employed with the greateſt Advantage in the Religious Rites of almoſt all Nations, approached with ſlow and timid ſteps, the ſanctity of the Chriſtian Temple. In our own Country eſpecially, that ſpecies of it which is proper for Divine Worſhip, was very tardy in its Progreſs. In the laſt Fifty Years, however, this Subject has been more attended to, and the utility of this attention has been very evident. Various Collections of Pſalms and Hymns have been

been produced, and as might naturally be expected, the degrees of Excellence, both as to Language and Sentiment, belonging to them, have been very different. Perfection belongs not to Man, and therefore we may well ſuppoſe, that ſuch a Work of this kind, as ſhall give *univerſal* Satisfaction, and preclude all future Improvement, will *never* make its appearance. With reſpect to the preſent Work, it is only neceſſary to obſerve, that it has been long ſo much eſteemed by the Congregations who have uſed it, as to call for a new Edition: to have made any material Alterations in ſuch Circumſtances, would for obvious Reaſons have been improper. For the few Hymns which are added, the Editor preſumes no Apology will be thought neceſſary; in them, and throughout the whole Collection, due regard has been paid to what the excellent and pious Dr. WATTS hath inſerted in the Preface to his Book of HYMNS:

"The contentious and diſtinguiſhing "Words of Sects and Parties are ſecluded, "that whole Aſſemblies might aſſiſt at the "Harmony, and different Churches join in "the ſame Worſhip without Offence."

June 28, 1793.

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PSALMS
FOR
DIVINE WORSHIP.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

I.

HOW bleſt is he who ne'er conſents
By ill Advice to walk,
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits
Where Men profanely talk!

II.

But makes the perfect Law of God
His Buſ'neſs and Delight;
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
And meditates by Night.

III.

Like ſome fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
With timely Fruit does bend,

He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
All his Deſigns attend.

IV.

Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
No laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd,
Like Chaff before the Wind.

V.

Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb,
Before their Judge's Face;
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
Amongſt the Saints have Place.

VI.

For God approves the juſt Man's Ways,
To Happineſs they tend;
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
Shall both in Ruin end.

I. Short Metre.

The Saint happy, the Sinner miſerable.

I.

THE Man is ever bleſt
Who ſhuns the Sinner's Ways,
Among their Counſels never ſtands,
Nor takes the Scorner's Place.

II.

But makes the Law of God
His Study and Delight,
Amidſt the Labours of the Day,
And Watches of the Night.

III.

III.

He like a Tree ſhall thrive,
With Waters near the Root;
Freſh as the Leaf his Name ſhall live,
His Works are heav'nly Fruit.

IV.

Not ſo th' ungodly Race,
They no ſuch Bleſſings find;
Their Hopes ſhall flee like empty Chaff
Before the driving Wind.

V.

How will they bear to ſtand
Before that Judgment Seat,
Where all the Saints, at Chriſt's Right-hand,
In full Aſſembly meet?

VI.

He knows, and he approves
The Way the Righteous go;
But Sinners and their Works ſhall meet
A dreadful Overthrow.

I. Long Metre.

The Difference between the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

HAPPY the Man whoſe cautious Feet,
Shun the broad Way that Sinners go;
Who hates the Place where Atheiſts meet,
And fears to talk as Scoffers do.

II.

He loves t'imploy his Morning-Light,
Amongſt the Statutes of the Lord;
And ſpends the wakeful Hours of Night,
With Pleaſure pond'ring o'er the Word.

III.

He, like a Plant by gentle Streams,
Shall flouriſh in immortal Green;
And Heav'n will ſhine with kindeſt Beams
On ev'ry Work his Hands begin.

IV.

But Sinners find their Counſels croſt,
As Chaff before the Tempeſt flies;
So ſhall their Hopes be blown and loſt,
When the laſt Trumpet ſhakes the ſkies.

V.

In vain the Rebel ſeeks to ſtand
In Judgment with the pious Race;
The dreadful Judge, with ſtern Command,
Divides him to a different Place.

VI.

" Strait is the Way my Saints have trod,
" I bleſt the Path, and drew it plain;
" But you would chuſe the crooked Road,
" And down it leads to Grief and Pain."

II. Common Metre.

A Pſalm before Prayer.

I.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's Name,
And in his Strength rejoice;
When his Salvation is our Theme,
Exalted be our Voice.

II.

With Thanks approach his awful Sight,
And Pſalms of Honour ſing;
The Lord's a God of boundleſs Might,
The whole Creation's King.

III.

III.

Let Princes hear, let Angels know,
How mean their Natures ſeem,
Thoſe Gods on high, and Gods below,
When once compar'd with Him.

IV.

Earth with its Caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his ſpacious Hand;
He fix'd the Seas what Bounds to keep,
And where the Hills muſt ſtand.

V.

Come, and with humble Souls adore,
Come, kneel before his Face;
O may the Creatures of his Power,
Be Children of his Grace!

VI.

Now is the Time, he bends his Ear,
And waits for your Requeſt;
Come, leſt he rouze his Wrath, and ſwear,
"Ye ſhall not ſee my Reſt."

II. Short Metre.

A Pſalm before Sermon.

I.

COME, ſound his Praiſe abroad,
And Hymns of Glory ſing;
Jehovah is the ſovereign God,
The univerſal King.

II.

He form'd the Deeps unknown,
He gave the Seas their Bound;
The wat'ry Worlds are all his own,
And all the ſolid Ground.

III.

Come, worſhip at his Throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his Works, and not our own
He form'd us by his Word.

IV.

To-day attend his Voice,
Nor dare provoke his Rod;
Come, like the People of his Choice,
And own your gracious God.

V.

But if your Ears refuſe
The Language of his Grace,
And Hearts grow hard like ſtubborn Jews,
That unbelieving Race;

VI.

The Lord, in Vengeance dreſt,
Will lift his Hand, and ſwear,
"You that deſpiſe my promis'd Reſt,
"Shall have no Portion there."

II. Long Metre.

A Warning to delaying Sinners.

I.

COME, let our Voices join to raiſe
A ſacred Song of ſolemn Praiſe:
God is a ſovereign King; rehearſe
His Honour in exalted Verſe.

II.

Come, let our Souls addreſs the Lord,
Who fram'd our Nature's by his Word;
He is our Shepherd, we the Sheep
His mercy choſe, his Paſtures keep.

III.

III.

Come, let us hear his Voice to-day,
The Counſels of his Love obey,
Nor let our hard'ned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that Iſrael knew.

IV.

Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view thoſe ancient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to-day,
Nor loſe the Bleſſings by Delay.

V.

Seize the kind Promiſe while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd Reſt,
Obey, and be for ever bleſt.

III. *Firſt Part.* Short Metre.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the lofty Sky
Declares it's Maker God;
And all his ſtarry Works on high
Proclaim his Pow'r abroad.

II.

The Darkneſs and the Light
Still keep their Courſe the ſame;
While Night to Day, and Day to Night
Divinely teach his Name.

III.

In every different Land
Their gen'ral Voice is known;

They ſhew the Wonders of his Hand,
And Orders of his Throne.

IV.

Ye Britiſh Lands rejoice!
Here he reveals his Word;
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

V.

His Statutes and Commands
Are ſet before our Eyes;
He put his Goſpel in our Hands,
Where our Salvation lies.

VI.

His Laws are juſt and pure,
His Truth without Deceit;
His Promiſes for ever ſure,
And his Rewards are great.

III. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

God's Word moſt excellent.

For a Lord's-Day Morning.

I.

BEHOLD the Morning Sun
Begins his glorious way;
His Beams thro' all the Nations run,
And Life and Light convey.

II.

But where the Goſpel comes,
It ſpreads diviner Light;
It calls dead Sinners from their Tombs,
And gives the Blind their Sight.

III.

III.

How perfect is thy Word,
And all thy Judgments juſt;
For ever ſure thy Promiſe, Lord,
And Men ſecurely truſt.

IV.

My gracious God, how plain
Are thy Directions giv'n!
O may I never read in vain,
But tread the Path to Heav'n!

PAUSE.

V.

I hear thy Word with Love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, leſt I ſtray.

VI.

O who can ever find
The Errors of his Ways?
Yet with a bold preſumptuous Mind
I would not dare tranſgreſs.

VII.

Warn me of ev'ry Sin,
Forgive my ſecret Faults,
And cleanſe this guilty Soul of mine,
Whoſe Crimes exceed my Thoughts.

VIII.

While with my Heart and Tongue
I ſpread thy Praiſe abroad;
Accept the Worſhip, and the Song,
My Saviour and my God.

III. Long Metre.

The Glory and Succeſs of the Goſpel.

I.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
In ev'ry Star thy Wiſdom ſhines;
But when our Eyes behold thy Word,
We read thy Name in fairer Lines.

II.

The rolling Sun, the changing Light,
And Nights and Days thy Pow'r confeſs;
But the bleſt Volume thou haſt writ,
Reveals thy Juſtice and thy Grace.

III.

Sun, Moon, and Stars convey thy Praiſe
Round the whole Earth, and never ſtand;
So when thy Truth begun its Race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry Land.

IV.

Nor ſhall thy ſpreading Goſpel reſt,
Till through the World thy Truth has run;
Till Chriſt has all the Nations bleſt,
That ſee the Light, or feel the Sun.

V.

Great Sun of Righteouſneſs, ariſe,
Bleſs the dark World with heav'nly Light;
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe,
Thy Laws are pure, thy Judgments right.

VI.

Thy nobleſt Wonders here we view
In Souls renew'd, and Sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanſe my Sins, my Soul renew,
And make thy Word my Guide to Heav'n.

IV. Com-

IV. Common Metre.

Duties to God and Man; or, *The Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

I.

WHO ſhall inhabit in thy Hill,
O God of Holineſs?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his Throne of Grace?

II.

The Man that walks in pious Ways,
And works with right'ous Hands;
That truſts his Maker's Promiſes,
And follows his Commands.

III.

He ſpeaks the Meaning of his Heart,
Nor ſlanders with his Tongue;
Will ſcarce believe an ill Report,
Nor do his Neighbour Wrong.

IV.

The wealthy Sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord;
And tho' to his own Hurt he ſwears,
Still he performs his Word.

V.

His Hands diſdain a golden Bribe,
And never gripe the Poor;
This Man ſhall dwell with God on Earth,
And find his Heaven ſecure.

IV. Long Metre.

Duties to God and Man; or, *the Qualifications of a Chriſtian.*

I.

WHO ſhall aſcend thy heav'nly Place,
Great God, and dwell before thy Face?
The Man that minds Religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

II.

Whoſe Hands are pure, whoſe Heart is clean,
Whoſe Lips ſtill ſpeak the Thing they mean;
No Slanders dwell upon his Tongue;
He hates to do his Neighbour Wrong.

III.

Scarce will he truſt an ill Report,
Nor vent it to his Neighbour's Hurt;
Sinners of State he can deſpiſe,
But Saints are honour'd in his Eyes.

IV.

Firm to his Word he ever ſtood,
And always makes his Promiſe good;
Nor dares to change the Thing he ſwears,
Whatever Pain or Loſs he bears.

V.

He never deals in bribing Gold,
And mourns that Juſtice ſhould be ſold;
While others gripe and grind the Poor,
Sweet charity attends his Door.

VI.

He loves his Enemies, and prays
For thoſe that curſe him to his face;

And

And doth to all Men ſtill the ſame
That he would hope or wiſh from them.

V. Long Metre.

Courage in Death, and Hope of a Reſurrection.

I.

WHEN God is nigh, my Faith is ſtrong,
His Arm is my Almighty Prop;
Be glad my Heart, rejoice my Tongue,
My dying Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

II.

Tho' in the Duſt I lay my Head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My Soul for ever with the Dead,
Nor loſe thy Children in the Grave.

III.

My Fleſh ſhall thy firſt Call obey,
Shake off the Duſt, and riſe on high;
Then ſhalt thou lead the wond'rous Way
Up to thy Throne above the Sky.

IV.

There Streams of endleſs Pleaſure flow;
And full Diſcov'ries of thy Grace,
Which we but taſted here below,
Spread heav'nly Joys thro' all the Place.

VI. Long Metre.

The Sinner's Portion and Saint's Hope.

I.

LORD, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My Faith, my Patience, and my Love;
When

When Men of Spite againſt me join,
They are the Sword, the Hand is thine.

II.

Their Hope and Portion lie below;
'Tis all the Happineſs they know;
'Tis all they ſeek, they take their Shares,
And leave the reſt among their Heirs.

III.

What Sinners value I reſign;
Lord, 'tis enough if thou art mine:
I ſhall behold thy bliſsful Face,
And ſtand compleat in Right'ouſneſs.

IV.

This Life's a Dream, an empty Show,
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake and find thee there?

V.

O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near, and like my God!
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred pleaſures of the Soul.

VI.

My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground,
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surprize,
And in my Saviour's Likeneſs riſe.

VII. Long Metre.

The Preſence of God our Joy and Support.

I.

AS the good Shepherd gently leads,
His wan'dring Flocks to verdant Meads,
Where

Where peaceful Rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amidſt the flow'ry Landſcapes flow.

II.

So God, the Guardian of my Soul,
Does all my erring Steps controul;
When loſt in Sin's Perplexing Maze.
He leads me back to Virtue's Ways.

III.

Tho' I ſhould journey thro' the Plains,
Where Death in all its Horror reigns;
My ſtedfaſt Heart no Ill ſhall fear,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me there.

IV.

By Thee with Peace and Plenty bleſt,
My Life is one continued Feaſt;
Thy ever-watchful Providence
Is my Support and my Defence.

V.

O bounteous God, my future Days
Shall be devoted to thy Praiſe!
And in thy Houſe thy ſacred Name,
And wond'rous Grace ſhall be my Theme.

VIII. Long Metre.

The Majeſty and Glory of God.

I.

DO thou, my Soul, in ſacred Lays
Attempt the great Creator's Praiſe;
But, O what Tongue can ſpeak his Fame!
What mortal Verſe can reach the Theme!

II.

Enthron'd amidſt the radiant Spheres,
He Glory like a Garment wears;

And

And boundleſs Wiſdom, Power and Grace,
Command our Awe, tranſcend our Praiſe.

III.

Before his Throne a glitt'ring Band
Of Seraphim and Angels ſtand;
Etherial Spirits, who in Flight
Outwing the active Rays of Light.

IV.

To God all Nature owes its Birth,
He form'd this pond'rous Globe of Earth;
He rais'd the glorious Arch on high,
And floor'd it with the azure Sky.

V.

In all our Maker's grand Deſigns,
Omnipotence and Wiſdom ſhines;
His Works thro' all this wond'rous Frame,
Bear the great Impreſs of his Name.

VI.

Rais'd on Devotion's lofty Wing,
Do thou, my Soul, his Glories ſing;
And let his Praiſe employ thy Tongue,
'Till liſt'ning Worlds applaud the Song.

IX. Common Metre.

God's ſtupendous Goodneſs to feeble Man.

I.

O GOD to whom all Creatures bow,
Within this earthly Frame!
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

II.

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;

And

And yet thou mak'ſt the infant Tongue
Thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.

III.

Thro' thee the weak confound the ſtrong,
And cruſh their haughty Foes;
And ſo thou quell'ſt the wicked Throng,
Which Thee and Thine oppoſe.

IV.

When Heaven, thy beauteous Works on high
Employs my wond'ring Sight,
The Moon that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler Light.

V.

What's Man, O Lord, that thus thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy Mind!
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'ſt
To him ſo wond'rous kind!

VI.

Him next in Power thou didſt create
To thy celeſtial Train;
Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
O'er all thy Works to reign.

VII.

O God to whom all Creatures bow,
Within this earthly Frame;
Thro' all the World how great art thou!
How glorious is thy Name!

X. Common Metre.

God the Creator praiſed.

I.

LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
Their chearful Voices raiſe;

For

For well the Righteous it becomes,
To ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

II.

By his almighty Word at firſt
The heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light,
At his command appear'd.

III.

The ſwelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-houſe ſafe,
His wa'try Treaſures by.

IV.

Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling ſtand;
For, when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made,
'Twas fixt at his Command.

V.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
Shall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled Purpoſe of his Heart
To Ages ſhall endure.

VI.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend,
Since we for all we want, or wiſh,
On thee alone depend.

XI. Common Metre.

Encouragement to truſt in, and love God.

I.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,

The

The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill,
My Heart and Tongue employ.

II.

Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
'Till all that are diſtreſt;
From my Example Comfort take,
And charm their Griefs to reſt.

III.

The Hoſts of God encamp around
The Dwellings of the Juſt;
Protection he affords to all,
Who on his Succour truſt.

IV.

O make but Trial of his Love!
Experience will decide,
How bleſt are they, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

V.

Fear him ye Saints, and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear;
Make your his Service your Delight,
Your Wants ſhall be his Care.

VI.

While hungry Lions lack their Prey;
The Lord will Food provide,
For ſuch as put their Truſt in him,
And ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

XII. As the CXIII. Pſalm.

Proſperous Vice not to be envied, or feared.

I.

THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State
Thy Anger or thy Envy raiſe; For

For they cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flowers away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.

II.

Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the Land ſhall ſtay,
Secure from Danger and from Want:
Make his Commands thy chief Delight
And he, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all thy well weigh'd Wiſhes grant.

III.

In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And he will needful Help afford
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign:
And make, like Light ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

IV.

With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend,
Nor let thine Anger weakly riſe:
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

V.

God to the Juſt will Aid afford,
Their only Safeguard is the Lord,
Their Strength, in Time of Need, is he;
Becauſe on him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet him free.

XIII. Short Metre.

A Penitential Pſalm.

I.

HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou art ever kind;
Let me, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find,

II.

Waſh off my foul Offence,
And cleanſe me from my Sin;
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
How great my guilt has been.

III.

Make me to hear with Joy
Thy kind forgiving Voice;
That ſo the Bones which thou haſt broke,
May with freſh Strength rejoice.

IV.

Blot out my crying Sin,
Nor me in Anger view;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
An upright Mind renew.

V.

The Joy thy Favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My fainting Soul ſuſtain.

VI.

So I thy wond'rous Grace
To Sinners will declare;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
How rich thy Mercies are.

For they cut down like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flowers away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.

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So thou within the Land ſhall ſtay,
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Create in me a Heart that's clean,
An upright Mind renew.

V.

The Joy thy Favour gives,
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
My fainting Soul ſuſtain.

VI.

So I thy wond'rous Grace
To Sinners will declare;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
How rich thy Mercies are.

XIV. Long Metre.

Triumph in God's ſupreme Dominion.

I.

THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell;
To Ages yet unborn my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.

II.

Lord God of Armies who can boaſt
Of Strength or Power like thine renown'd?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround?

III.

Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep.

IV.

For thy ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heaven and Earth juſt Praiſes owe;
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.

V.

Happy, thrice happy, they who hear
Thy ſacred Goſpel's joyful Sound;
With Praiſes in thy Courts appear,
And there are with thy Goodneſs crown'd.

XV. Long Metre.

Homage due to the Almighty Sovereign.

I.

O COME loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.

II.

[Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.]

III.

For God, the Lord, inthron'd in State,
Is with unrival'd Glory great;
A King ſuperior far to all
Whom Gods the Heathen falſely call.

IV.

The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her ſecret Wealth at his Command;
The Strength of Hills that reach the Skies
Subjected to his Empire lies.

V.

The rolling Ocean's vaſt Abyſs,
By the ſame ſovereign Right is his;
'Tis mov'd by his almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the ſolid Land.

VI.

He is our God, our Shepherd he,
His Flock and Paſture-Sheep are we;
Come then, and like his Flock, draw near,
To-day his Voice attentive hear.

XVI. As the XCVI. Psalm.

Joy in God's supreme Government.

I.

SING to the Lord a new made Song;
Let Earth in one assembled throng,
The common Patron's Praise resound,
Sing to the Lord and bless his Name,
From Day to Day his Praise Proclaim,
Who us hath with Salvation crown'd.
[To Heathen Lands his Fame rehearse,
His Wonders to the Universe.]

II.

He's great, and greatly to be prais'd,
In Majesty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities:
For Pageantry and Idols all
Are they whom Gods the Heathen call,
He only rules who made the Skies.
[With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround.]

III.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose Power the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore:
Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar.
[Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.]

XVII. Long Metre.

The Majesty of God appearing in Defence of his People.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.

II.

Darkness and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazzling Glory shrowd in State;
Justice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fixt by his Pavilion wait.

III.

Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance strook,
His Light'nings set the World on blaze,
Earth saw it, and with Terror shook.

IV.

The proudest Hills his presence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could help afford;
The proudest Hills like Wax did melt,
In Presence of th' almighty Lord.

V.

Confounded be their impious Hosts,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray;
All who of Pageant Idols boast,
To him, ye Gods, your Worship pay.

VI.

You who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and Truth esteem;

He'll keep his Servant's Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

XVIII. Long Metre.

Divine Goodneſs adored.

I.

MY Soul inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name for ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill thy grateful Thanks expreſs.

II.

'Tis he who all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes thee ſound;
From Danger he thy Life retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

III.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace;
His waken'd Wrath doth ſlowly move
His willing Mercy flies apace.

IV.

God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
Delights his Puniſhments to guide
More by his Love than our Deſert.

V.

As high as Heaven its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay,
So much his boundleſs Grace tranſcends
The ſmall Reſpects which we can pay.

VI.

Let every Creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord; and thou, my Heart,

With

With grateful Joy thy Thanks expreſs,
And in this Concert bear thy Part.

XIX. Long Metre.

A Pſalm of Praiſe.

I.

BLESS God, my Soul, thou Lord alone,
Poſſeſſeſt Empire without Bounds;
With Honour thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majeſty ſurrounds,

II.

With Light thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take;
Heaven's Curtains ſtretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

III.

God builds on liquid Air, and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.

IV.

As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind,
His Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſigned;
All joy to ſerve their Sovereign's Will.

V.

How various, Lord, thy Works are found,
For which thy Wiſdom we adore;
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

VI.

In praiſing God, while he prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ;

And join Devotion to my Song,
Sincere as is in him my Joy.

XX. Long Metre.

The final Proſperity and Happineſs of the Righteous.

I.

RENDER Thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe Mercy firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

II.

Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray;
Who know what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practiſe what they know.

IV.

O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity!
That I the joyful Choir may join,
And count thy People's Triumph mine;

V.

Let Iſrael's God be ever bleſt,
His Name eternally confeſt;
Let all his Saints with full Accord,
Sing loud Amens——Praiſe ye the Lord.

XXI. As the CXIII. Pſalm.

The Majeſty and Condeſcenſion of God.

I.

YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record;
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs;
Where-e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

II.

God thro' the World extends his Sway,
The Regions of eternal Day
But Shadows of his Glory are;
Whith him whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

III.

Tho' 'tis beneath his State to view,
In higheſt Heav'n, what Angels do,
Ye he to Earth vouchſafes his Care
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

XXII. As the CXLVIII. Pſalm.

Praiſe to God, from the whole Creation.

I.

YE boundleſs Realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame;
His Praiſe your Song imploy
Above the Starry Frame:

Your Voices raiſe
Ye Cherubim,
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

II.

Thou Moon, that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun, that guid'ſt the Day
Ye glittering Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heavens above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

III.

Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe almighty Word
They all from nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From changes free;
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

IV.

Let all of royal Birth,
And thoſe of humble Frame;
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Fame proclaim:
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty air,
And Winds that where
He bids them blow.

V.

V.

United Zeal be ſhewn,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe:
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Power obey;
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

XXIII. Common Metre.

The Greatneſs of God.

I.

LONG as I live I'll bleſs thy Name,
My King, my God of Love;
My Work and Joy ſhall be the ſame
In the bright World above.

II.

Great is the Lord, his Pow'r unknown,
And let his Praiſe be great;
I'll ſing the Honours of thy Throne,
Thy Works of Grace repeat.

III.

Thy Grace ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
And while my Lips rejoice,
The Men that hear my ſacred Song
Shall join their chearful Voice.

IV.

Fathers to Sons ſhall teach thy Name,
And Children learn thy Ways;
Ages to come thy Truth proclaim,
And Nations ſound thy Praiſe.

V.

Thy Glorious Deeds of ancient Date
Shall thro' the World be known;
Thine Arm of Power, thy heavenly State,
With public Splendor ſhown.

VI.

The World is manag'd by thy Hands,
Thy Saints are rul'd by Love;
And thy eternal Kingdom ſtands,
Tho' Rocks and Hills remove.

XXIV. Common Metre.

The Goodneſs of God.

I.

SWEET is the Mem'ry of thy Grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteouſneſs
In Sounds of Glory ſing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His Goodneſs to the Skies;
Thro' the whole Earth his bounty ſhines,
And every Want ſupplies.

III.

With longing Eyes thy Creatures wait
On thee for daily Food;
Thy liberal Hand provides their Meat,
And fills their Mouth with Good.

IV.

How kind are thy Compaſſions, Lord!
How ſlow thine Anger moves!
But ſoon he ſends his pard'ning Word,
To cheer the Souls he loves.

V.

Creatures, with all their endleſs Race,
Thy Power and Praiſe proclaim;
But Saints, that taſte thy richer Grace,
Delight to bleſs thy Name.

XXV. Short Metre.

Truſt in God, and his Direction implored.

I.

TO God, in whom I truſt,
I lift my Heart and Voice;
O let me not be put to Shame,
Nor let my Foes rejoice!

II.

To me thy Truth impart,
And lead me in thy Way
For thou art he that brings me Help,
On thee I wait all Day.

III.

Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
O Lord, recall to Mind,
And graciouſly continue ſtill,
As thou wert ever kind.

IV.

Let all my youthful Crimes
Be blotted out by thee,
And, for thy wond'rous Goodneſs Sake,
In Mercy think on me.

V.

His Mercy and his Truth,
The right'ous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
And teaching them his Ways.

VI.

He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
Who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
The humble and the meek.

XXVI. Common Metre.

The Chriſtian's Joy.

I.

ALL ye that love the Lord rejoice,
And let your Songs be new;
Amidſt the Church with chearful Voice,
His later Wonders ſhew.

II.

The Jews, the People of his Grace,
Shall their Redeemer ſing;
And Gentile Nations join the Praiſe
While Sion owns her King.

III.

The Lord takes Pleaſure in the Juſt,
Whom Sinners treat with Scorn;
The Meek, that lie deſpis'd in Duſt,
Salvation ſhall adorn.

IV.

Saints ſhould be joyful in their King,
E'en on a dying Bed;
And like the Souls in Glory ſing,
For God ſhall raiſe the Dead.

V.

When Chriſt his Judgment-Seat aſcends,
And bids the World appear,
Thrones are prepar'd for all his Friends
Who humbly lov'd him here.

XXVII.

XXVII. Common Metre.

A Song of Praiſe.

I.

IN God's own Houſe pronounce his Praiſe,
His Grace he there reveals;
To Heaven your Joy and Wonder raiſe,
For there his Glory dwells.

II.

Let all your ſacred Paſſions move,
While you rehearſe his Deeds;
But the great Work of ſaving Love
Your higheſt Praiſe exceeds.

III.

All that have Motion, Life, and Breath,
Proclaim your Maker bleſt;
Yet when my Voice expires in Death,
My Soul ſhall praiſe him beſt.

XXVIII. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

I.

LORD, in the Morning thou ſhalt hear
My Voice aſcending high;
To thee will I direct my Pray'r,
To thee lift up mine Eye.

II.

Up to the Hills where Chriſt is gone,
To plead for all his Saints,
Preſenting at his Father's Throne,
Our Songs and our Complaints.

III.

Thou art a God before whose Sight
The Wicked ſhall not ſtand;
Sinners ſhall ne'er be thy Delight,
Nor dwell at thy Right-Hand.

IV.

But to thy Houſe will I reſort,
To taſte thy Mercies there;
I will frequent thy Holy Court,
And worſhip in thy Fear.

V.

O may thy Spirit guide my Feet
In ways of Righteouſneſs!
Make every path of Duty ſtrait,
And plain before my Face.

VI.

The Men that love and fear thy Name,
Shall ſee their Hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compaſs them
With Favour as a Shield.

XXIX. Short Metre.

God's Sovereignty and Goodneſs.

I.

O LORD, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine

II.

When to thy Works on high,
I raiſe my wond'ring Eyes,
And ſee the Moon compleat in Light,
Adorn the darkſome Skies.

III.

III.

When I ſurvey the Stars,
In all their ſhining Forms;
Lord, what is Man, that worthleſs Thing,
Akin to Duſt and Worms!

IV.

Lord, what is worthleſs Man,
That thou ſhould'ſt love him ſo!
Next to thy Angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

V.

Thy Honours crown his Head,
While Beaſts like Slaves obey,
And Birds that cut the Air with Wings,
And fiſh that cleave the Sea.

VI.

How rich thy Bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy Ways!
Of Duſt and Worms thy Power can raiſe
A monument of Praiſe.

VII.

O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy Name is all divine;
Thy Glories round the Earth are ſpread,
And o'er the Heav'ns they ſhine.

XXX. Long Metre.

The inviſible Creator ſeen in his Works.

I.

THE ſpacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ætherial Sky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

II.

II.

The unwearied Sun, from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Power diſplay,
And publiſhes to ev'ry Land
The Work of an almighty Hand.

III.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale;
And nightly to the liſt'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth.

IV.

Whilſt all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

V.

What tho' in ſolemn Silence, all
Move round this dark terreſtrial Ball;
What tho' nor real Voice, nor Sound,
Amidſt their radiant Orbs be found:

VI.

In Reaſon's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever ſinging, as they ſhine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

XXXI. As the CXIII. Pſalm.

The Book of Nature and Scripture.

I.

[Frame,
GREAT God, th' Heavens well-order'd
Declares the Glories of thy Name;
There thy rich Works of Wonder ſhine;
A thou-

A thouſand ſtarry Beauties there,
A thouſand radiant Marks appear,
Of boundleſs Power and Skill divine.

II.

From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
The dawning and the dying Light,
Lectures of heav'nly Wiſdom read;
With ſilent Eloquence they raiſe
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praiſe,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

III.

Yet their divine Inſtructions run
Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice;
The Sun, like ſome young Bridegroom dreſt,
Breaks from the Chambers of the Eaſt,
Rolls round and makes the Earth rejoice.

IV.

Where e'er he ſpreads his Beams abroad
He ſmiles, and ſpeaks his Maker God;
All Nature joins to ſhew thy Praiſe:
Thus God in every Creature ſhines;
Fair as the Book of Nature's Lines,
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

PAUSE.

V.

I love the Volumes of thy Word;
What Light and Joy thoſe Leaves afford,
To Souls benighted and diſtreſt!

Thy

Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to ſtray,
Thy Promiſe leads my Heart to reſt.

VI.

From the Diſcov'ries of thy Law,
The perfect Rules of Life I draw,
Theſe are my Study and Delight:
Not Honey ſo invites the Taſte,
Nor Gold that has the Furnace paſt,
Appears ſo pleaſing to the Sight.

VII.

Thy Threat'nings wake my ſlumb'ring Eyes,
And warn me where my Danger lies;
But 'tis thy bleſſed Goſpel, Lord,
That makes my guilty Conſcience clean,
Converts my Soul, ſubdues my Sin
And gives a free but large Reward.

VIII.

Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
My God, forgive my ſecret Faults,
And from preſumptuous Sins reſtrain:
Accept my poor Attempts of Praiſe,
That I had read thy Book of Grace,
And Book of Nature not in vain.

XXXII. Common Metre.

Victory over temporal Enemies.

I.

WE love thee, Lord, and we adore
Now is thine Arm reveal'd;
Thou art our Strength, our Heav'nly Tower,
Our Bulwark and our Shield.

II.

II.

We fly to our eternal Rock,
And find a ſure Defence;
His holy Name our Souls invoke,
And draw Salvation thence.

III.

When God our Leader ſhines in Arms,
What mortal Heart can bear,
The Thunder of his loud Alarms,
The Light'ning of his Spear?

IV.

He rides upon the winged Wind,
And Angels in Array,
In Millions wait to know his Mind,
And ſwift as Flames obey.

V.

He ſpeaks, and at his fierce Rebuke
Whole Armies are diſmay'd;
His Voice, his Frown, his angry Look,
Strikes all their Courage dead.

VI.

He forms out Generals for the Field,
With all their dreadful Skill;
Gives them his awful ſword to wield,
And makes their Hearts of Steel.

VII.

Oft has the Lord whole Nations bleſt
For his own Churches Sake;
The Pow'rs that give his People Reſt,
Shall of his Care partake.

XXXIII. Long Metre.

Prayer and Hope in time of War.

I.

NOW may the God of Power and Grace
Attend his People's humble Cry;
Jehovah hears when Iſrael prays,
And brings Deliv'rance from on high.

II.

The Name of Jacob's God defends
Better than Shields or brazen Walls;
He, from his Sanctuary, ſends
Succour and Strength when Zion calls.

III.

Well he remembers all our Sighs,
His Love exceeds the beſt Deſerts;
His Love accepts the Sacrifice
Of Humble Souls and contrite Hearts.

IV.

In his Salvation is our Hope,
And, in the Name of Iſrael's God,
Our Troops ſhall lift their Banners up,
Our Navies ſpread their Flags abroad.

V.

Some truſt in Horſes train'd for War,
And ſome of Chariots make their Boaſt;
Our ſureſt Expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly Hoſt.

VI.

Now ſave us, Lord, from ſlaviſh Fear,
Now let our Hope be firm and ſtrong;
'Till thy Salvation ſhall appear,
And Joy and Triumph raiſe the Song.

XXXIV. Common Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care,
My Wants are all ſupply'd.

II.

In tender Graſs he makes me feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
Refreſhing Water flows.

III.

He does my wand'ring Soul reclaim,
And to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous Ways.

IV.

I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
From Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff,
Defend and comfort me.

V.

In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes,
He does my Table ſpread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
With Oil anoints my Head.

VI.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love,
Through all my Life extend;
That Life to him I will devote,
And in his Service ſpend.

XXXIV. Short Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

THE Lord our Shepherd is
I ſhall be well ſupply'd;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beſide?

II.

He leads me to the Place,
Where heav'nly Paſture grows;
Where living Waters gently paſs,
And full Salvation flows.

III.

If e'er I go aſtray,
He doth my Soul reclaim;
And guides me in his own right Way,
For his moſt holy Name.

IV.

While he affords his Aid,
I cannot yield to fear;
Tho' I ſhould walk thro' Death's dark Shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

V.

In ſpight of all my Foes,
Thou doſt my Table ſpread;
My Cup with Bleſſings overflows,
And Joy exalts my Head.

VI.

The Bounties of thy Love,
Shall crown my following Days;
Nor from thy Houſe will I remove,
Nor ceaſe to ſpeak thy Praiſe.

XXXIV. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

I.

MY Shepherd is the living Lord;
Now ſhall my Wants be well ſupply'd;
His Providence and holy Word,
Become my Safety and my Guide.

II.

In Paſtures where Salvation grows,
He makes me feed, he makes me reſt;
There living Water gently flows,
And all the Flood's divinely bleſt.

III.

My wand'ring Feet his Ways miſtake,
But he reſtores my Soul to Peace;
And leads me for his Mercy's ſake
In the fair Paths of Righteouſneſs.

IV.

Tho' I walk through the gloomy Vale,
Where Death and all its Terrors are,
My Heart and Hope ſhall never fail,
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

V.

Amidſt the Darkneſs and the Deeps,
Thou art my Comfort, thou my Stay;
Thy Staff ſupports my feeble Steps,
Thy Rod directs my doubtful Way.

VI.

Surely the Mercies of the Lord,
Attend his Houſhold all their Days;
There will I dwell to hear his Word,
To ſeek his Face, and ſing his Praiſe.

XXXV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

I.

THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's
The Lord her Fulneſs is;
The World, and they that dwell therein,
By ſov'reign Right are his.

II.

He fram'd and fix'd it in the Seas;
And his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconſtant Floods, has made
The ſtable Fabrick ſtand.

III.

But for himſelf, this Lord of all
One choſen Seat deſign'd;
O, who ſhall to that ſacred Hill,
Deſir'd Admittance find?

IV.

The Man whoſe Hands and Heart is pure,
Whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honeſt Poverty prefers,
To gainful Perjury.

V.

This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down;
Whom God his Father ſhall vouchſafe,
With Righteouſneſs to crown.

VI.

Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
The ſacred Courts are trod:
And ſuch the Proſelytes that ſeek
The Face of Jacob's God.

XXXV. Long Metre.

Heaven prepared for the Righteous.

I.

THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's,
And Men, and Worms, and Beaſts, and Birds;
He rais'd the Building on the Seas,
And gave it for their Dwelling-place.

II.

But there's a brighter World on high,
Thy Palace, Lord, above the Sky;
Who ſhall aſcend that bleſt Abode,
And dwell ſo near his Maker, God?

III.

He who abhors and fears to ſin,
Whoſe Heart is pure, whoſe Hands are clean;
Him ſhall the Lord with Favour bleſs,
And perfect him in Righteouſneſs.

IV.

Rejoice ye ſhining Worlds on high,
Behold the King of Glory's nigh;
Who can this King of Glory be?
The mighty Lord, the Saviour's He.

V.

Ye heavenly Gates your Leaves diſplay,
To make the Lord, the Saviour, Way;
Laden with Spoils of Earth and Hell,
The Conqueror comes with God to dwell.

VI.

Rais'd from the Dead, he goes before,
He opens Heav'n's eternal Door,
To give his Saints a bleſt Abode,
Near their Redeemer and their God.

XXXVI. *Firſt*

XXXVI. *First Part.* Short Metre.

Waiting for Pardon and Direction.

I.

GOD who is good and juſt,
Will erring Souls inſtruct;
Their wand'ring Steps, to the ſafe Paths
Of Virtue will conduct.

II.

The humble Souls he'll guide,
And teach the Meek his Way;
Kindneſs and Truth expreſs to ſuch,
As his juſt Laws obey.

III.

Encourag'd by thy Grace;
For Mercy I entreat;
Pardon my Sins; O Lord, that are
Both numerous and great!

IV.

Who is that happy Man,
That fears the Lord above?
He'll ever lead him in the Ways,
That he himſelf does love.

V.

Poſſeſs'd with quiet Thoughts,
His Soul ſhall dwell at Eaſe;
His Seed ſhall after him injoy
Proſperity and Peace.

VI.

By thoſe that fear the Lord,
His Secret's underſtood;
How he, by a ſure Covenant, ſtands
Engag'd to do them good.

XXXVI. *Second*

XXXVI. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

Divine Inſtruction.

I.

WHERE ſhall the Man be found,
That fears t'offend his God;
That loves the Goſpel's joyful Sound,
And trembles at the Rod?

II.

The Lord ſhall make him know,
The Secrets of his Heart;
The Wonders of his Cov'nant ſhow,
And all his Love impart.

III.

The Dealings of his Hand,
Are Truth and Mercy ſtill,
With ſuch as to his Cov'nant ſtand,
And love to do his Will.

IV.

Their Souls ſhall dwell at Eaſe,
Before their Maker's Face;
Their Seed ſhall taſte the Promiſes,
In their extenſive Grace.

XXXVII. Common Metre.

Prayer and Hope.

I.

WHEN us to ſeek thy glorious Face,
Thou kindly doſt adviſe,
"Thy glorious Face I'll always ſeek,"
My grateful Heart replies.

II.

Then hide not thou thy Face, O Lord,
Nor me in Wrath reject;
My God, and Saviour, leave not him,
Thou didſt ſo oft protect.

III.

Tho' all my Friends and Kindred too,
Their helpleſs Charge forſake;
Yet thou, whoſe Love excells them all,
Wilt Care and Pity take.

IV.

Inſtruct me in thy Paths, O Lord;
My Ways directly guide;
Leſt envious men, who watch my Steps,
Should ſee me tread aſide.

V.

Lord, diſappoint my cruel Foes;
Defeat their ill Deſire;
Whoſe lying Lips, and bloody Hands,
Againſt my Peace conſpire.

VI.

I truſted that my future Life
Should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or elſe my fainting Soul had ſunk,
With Sorrow compaſs'd round.

VII.

God's Time with patient Faith expect,
Who will inſpire thy Breaſt
With inward Strength: Do thou thy Part,
And leave to him the reſt.

XXXVIII. Short Metre.

Forgiveneſs of Sins.

I.

O BLESSED Souls are they,
Whoſe Sins are cover'd o'er!
Divinely bleſt to whom the Lord,
Imputes their Guilt no more.

II.

They mourn their Follies paſt,
And keep their Hearts with Care;
Their Lips and Lives without Deceit,
Shall prove their Faith ſincere.

III.

While I conceal'd my Guilt,
I felt the feſt'ring Wound,
Till I confeſs'd my Sins to thee,
And ready Pardon found.

IV.

Let Sinners learn to pray;
Let Saints keep near the Throne;
Our Help in Times of deep Diſtreſs,
Is found in God alone.

XXXIX. Common Metre.

Delight and Safety in God.

I.

THE Lord of Glory is my Light,
And my Salvation too;
God is my Strength, nor will I fear,
What all my Foes can do.

II.

One Privilege my heart deſires;
O grant me an Abode,
Among the Churches of thy Saints
The Temples of my God.

III.

There ſhall I offer my Requeſts,
And ſee thy Beauty ſtill;
Shall hear thy Meſſages of Love,
And there inquire thy Will.

IV.

When Troubles riſe, and Storms appear,
There may his Children hide;
God has a ſtrong Pavilion, where
He makes my Soul abide.

V.

Now ſhall my Head be lifted high,
Above my Foes around;
And Songs of Joy and Victory,
Within thy Temple ſound.

XL. Common Metre.

Works of Creation and Providence.

I.

REJOICE ye Righteous in the Lord,
This Work belongs to you;
Sing of his Name, his Ways, his Word,
How Holy, juſt and true.

II.

His Mercyand his Righteouſne ſs
Let Heav'n and Earth procla im
His Works of Nature and of Grac
Reveal his wond'rous Name,

III.

III

His Wiſdom and Almighty Word,
The heav'nly Arches ſpread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord,
Their ſhining Hoſts were made.

V.

He bid the liquid Waters flow,
To their appointed Deep;
The flowing Seas their Limits know,
And their own Station keep.

V.

Ye Tenants of the ſpacious Earth,
With Fear before him ſtand;
He ſpake, and Nature took its Birth,
And reſts on his Command.

VI.

He ſcorns the angry Nation's Rage,
And breaks their vain Deſigns;
His Counſel ſtands thro' every Age,
And in full Glory ſhines.

XL. As the CXIII Pſalm.

Works of Nature and Grace.

I.

YE holy Souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's Praiſe becomes your Voice
Great is your Theme, your Songs be new;
Sing of his Name, his Words, his Ways,
His Works of Nature, and of Grace,
How wiſe and holy, juſt and true.

II.

Juſtice and Truth he ever loves,
And the whole Earth his Goodneſs proves,
His Word the heavenly Arches ſpread;
How wide they ſhine from North to South!
And by the Spirit of his Mouth
Were all the ſtarry Armies made.

III.

He gathers the wide-flowing Seas,
Thoſe watry Treaſures know their Place,
In the vaſt Storehouſe of the Deep:
He ſpake and gave all Nature Birth,
And Fires, and Seas, and Heaven, and Earth,
His everlaſting Orders keep.

IV.

Let Mortals tremble, and adore
A God of ſuch reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
Vain are your Thoughts, and weak your Hands,
But his eternal Counſel ſtands.
And rules the World from Age to Age.

XLI. Long Metre.

Gods Care of the Saints.

I.

LORD, I will bleſs thee all my Days,
Thy Praiſe ſhall dwell upon my Tongue;
My Soul ſhall glory in thy Grace,
While Saints rejoice to hear the Song.

II.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,
Come, let us all exalt his Name;

I ſought

I ſought th' eternal God, and he
Has not expos'd my Hope to Shame.

III.

I told him all my ſecret Grief,
My ſecret Groaning reach'd his Ears;
He gave my inward Pains Relief,
And calm'd the Tumult of my fears.

IV.

To him the Poor lift up their Eyes,
Their Faces feal the heav'nly Shine;
A beam of mercy from the Skies,
Fills them with Light and Joy divine.

V.

His holy Angels pitch their Tents
Around the Men that ſerve the Lord;
O fear, and love him, all his Saints,
Taſte of his Grace, and truſt his Word.

IV.

The wild young Lions pinch'd with Pain,
And Hunger, roar thro' all the Wood;
But none ſhall ſeek the Lord in vain,
Nor want Supplies of real Good.

XLII. Common Metre.

Peace and Holineſs.

I.

COME, Children, learn to fear the Lord,
And that your Days be long,
Let not a falſe or ſpiteful Word
Be found upon your Tongue.

II.

Depart from Miſchief, practiſe Love,
Purſue the works of Peace;

So ſhall the Lord your Ways approve;
And ſet your Souls at Eaſe.

III.

His Eyes awake to guard the Juſt;
His ears attend their Cry;
When broken Spirits dwell in Duſt,
The God of Grace is nigh.

IV.

What tho' the Sorrows here they taſte,
Are ſharp and tedious too;
The Lord who ſaves them all at laſt,
Is their Supporter now.

V.

Evil ſhall ſmite the Wicked dead,
But God ſecures his own;
Prevents the Miſchief when they ſlide,
Or heals the broken Bone.

VI.

When Deſolation like a Flood,
O'er the proud Sinner rolls,
Saints find a Refuge in their God,
For he redeem'd their Souls.

XLIII. Long Metre.

The Being and Attributes of God.

I.

O LORD, thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
Above the heav'nly Orb aſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd ſcope,
Beyond the ſpreading Sky extends!

II.

Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;

Thy

Thy Providence the World ſuſtains,
The Whole Creation is thy Care.

III

Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
With what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt,
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection truſt.

IV.

Such Gueſts ſhall to thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's repaſt;
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that ſhall for ever laſt.

V.

With thee the Springs of Life remain,
Thy Preſence is eternal Day;
O let thy Saints thy Favour gain,
To upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay!

XLIII. Long Metre.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

I.

HIGH in the Heavens, eternal God,
Thy Goodneſs in full Glory ſhines;
Thy Truth ſhall break through every Cloud,
That veils and darkens thy Deſigns.

II.

For ever firm thy Juſtice ſtands,
As Mountains their Foundations keep;
Wiſe are the Wonders of thy Hands,
Thy Judgments are a mighty Deep.

III.

Thy Providence is kind and large,
Both man and beaſt thy Bounty ſhare;

The Whole Creation is thy Charge,
But Saints are thy peculiar Care.

IV.

My God, how excellent thy Grace,
Whence all our Hope and Comfort ſprings!
The Sons of Adam in Diſtreſs
Fly to the Shadow of thy Wings.

V.

From the Proviſions of thy Houſe
We ſhall be fed with ſweet Repaſt;
There Mercy like a River flows,
And brings Salvation to our Taſte.

VI.

Life like a Fountain rich and free,
Springs from the Preſence of my Lord;
And in thy Light our Souls ſhall ſee
The Glories promis'd in thy Word.

XLIV. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

The Rewards of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

WHY ſhould I vex my Soul and fret
To ſee the Wicked riſe?
Or envy Sinners waxing great
By Violence and Lies?

II.

As flow'ry Graſs cut down at Noon,
Before the Ev'ning fades,
So ſhall their Glories vaniſh ſoon
In everlaſting Shades.

III.

Then let me make the Lord my Truſt,
And practiſe all that's Good;

So

So ſhall I dwell among the Juſt,
And he'll provide me Food.

IV.

I to my God my Ways commit,
And chearful wait his Will;
Thy Hand, which guides my doubtful Feet,
Shall my deſires fulfil.

V.

Mine innocence ſhalt thou diſplay,
And make thy Judgments known,
Fair as the Light of dawning Day,
And glorious as the Noon.

VI.

The Meek at laſt the Earth poſſeſs,
And are the Heirs of Heav'n;
True Riches, with abundant Peace,
To humble Souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

VII.

Reſt in the Lord, and keep his Way,
Nor let your Anger riſe,
Tho' Providence ſhould long delay,
To puniſh haughty Vice.

VIII.

Let Sinners join to break your Peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he ſees
Their Day of Vengeance come.

IX.

They have drawn out the threat'ning Sword,
Have bent the murd'rous Bow,

To

To ſlay the Men that fear the Lord,
And bring the Right'ous low.

X.

My God ſhall break their Bows, and burn
Their perſecuting Darts;
Shall their own Swords againſt them turn,
And Pain ſurprize their Hearts.

XLIV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.

I.

MY God, the Steps of pious Men
Are order'd by thy Will;
Tho' they ſhould fall, they riſe again,
Thy Hand ſupports them ſtill.

II.

The Lord delights to ſee their Ways,
Their Virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his Grace,
Nor leave the Men he loves.

III.

The heav'nly Heritage is theirs,
Their Portion and their Home:
He feeds them now, and makes them Heirs
Of Bleſſings long to come,

IV.

Wait on the Lord, ye Sons of Men,
Nor fear when Tyrants frown;
Ye ſhall confeſs their Pride was vain,
When Juſtice caſts them down.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

V.

The haughty Sinner have I ſeen,
Not fearing Man nor God,
Like a tall Bay-tree fair and green,
Spreading his Arms abroad.

VI.

And lo, he vaniſh'd from the Ground,
Deſtroy'd by Hands unſeen;
Nor Root, nor Branch, nor Leaf was found
Where all that Pride hath been.

VII.

But mark the Man of Righteouſneſs,
His ſeveral Steps attend;
True Pleaſure runs thro' all his Ways,
And peaceful is his End.

XLV. Common Metre.

In a Time of Sickneſs.

I.

GOD of my Life, look gently down,
Behold the Pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy Throne,
Nor dare diſpute thy Will.

II.

Diſeaſes are thy Servants, Lord,
They come at thy Command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring Word
Againſt thy chaſt'ning Hand.

III.

Yet I may plead with humble Cries
Remove thy ſharp Rebukes;

My

My Strength conſumes, my Spirit dies,
Thro' thy repeated Strokes.

IV.

Cruſh'd as a Moth, beneath thy Hand,
We moulder to the Duſt;
Our feeble Pow'rs can ne'er withſtand,
And all our Beauty's loſt.

V.

I'm but a Sojourner below,
As all my Fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go,
When I thy Summons hear.

VI.

But if my Life be ſpar'd a while,
Before my laſt Remove,
Thy Praiſe ſhall be my Buſineſs ſtill,
And I'll declare thy Love.

XLVI. Common Metre.

The Vanity of Man as Mortal.

I.

TEACH me the Meaſure of my Days,
Thou Maker of my Frame;
I wou'd ſurvey Life's narrow Space,
And learn how frail I am.

II.

A Span is all that we can boaſt,
An Inch or two of Time;
Man is but Vanity and Duſt,
In all his Flow'r and Prime.

III.

See the vain Race of Mortals move,
Like Shadows o'er the Plain,

They

They rage and ſtrive, deſire and love,
But all the noiſe is vain.

IV.

Some walk in Honour's gaudy Show,
Some dig for Golden Ore,
They toil for Heirs, they know not who,
And ſtrait are ſeen no more.

V.

What ſhould I wiſh, or wait for then,
From Creatures, Earth, and Duſt?
They make our Expectations vain,
And diſappoint our Truſt.

VI.

Now I forbid my carnal Hope,
My fond Deſires recall;
I give my mortal Int'reſt up,
And make my God my all;

XLVII. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Safety and Triumph among National Deſolations.

I.

GOD is the Refuge of his Saints,
When Storms of ſharp Diſtreſs invade;
E're we can offer our Complaints,
Behold him preſent with his Aid.

II.

Let Mountains from their Seats be hurl'd
Down to the Deep, and buried there;
Convulſions ſhake the ſolid World,
Our Faith ſhall never yield to fear.

III.

Loud may the troubl'd Ocean roar,
In ſacred Peace our Souls abide,

While

While every Nation, every Shore
Trembles and dreads the ſwelling Tide.

IV.

There is a Stream, whoſe gentle Flow
Supplies the City of our God;
Life, Love, and Joy ſtill gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine Abode.

V.

That ſacred Stream, thy holy Word,
That all our raging Fear controuls;
Sweet Peace thy Promiſes afford,
And give new Strength to fainting Souls.

VI.

Sion injoys her Monarch's Love,
Secure againſt a threat'ning Hour;
Nor can her firm Foundations move,
Built on his Truth, and arm'd with Pow'r.

XLVII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's Protection of his Church.

I.

LET Sion in her King rejoice,
Tho' Tyrants rage and Kingdoms riſe;
He utters his almighty Voice.
The Nations melt, the Tumult dies.

II.

The Lord of Old for Jacob fought,
And Jacob's God is ſtill our Aid;
Behold the Works his Hand has wrought,
What Deſolations he has made.

III.

From Sea to Sea, through all the Shores,
He makes the Noiſe of Battle ceaſe;

When

Whem from on high his Thunder roars,
He awes the trembling World to Peace,

IV.

He breaks the Bow, he cuts the Spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly Flame;
Keep Silence all the Earth, and hear
The Sound and Glory of his Name.

V.

" Be ſtill, and learn that I am God,
" I'll be exalted o'er the Lands;
" I will be known and fear'd abroad,
" But ſtill my Throne in Sion ſtands.

VI.

O Lord of Hoſts, almighty King!
While we ſo near thy Preſence dwell,
Our Faith ſhall ſit ſecure, and ſing
Defiance to the Gates of Hell.

XLVIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt aſcending and reigning.

I.

O FOR a Shout of ſacred Joy,
To God the ſov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues imploy,
And hymns of Triumph ſing.

II.

Jeſus our Lord aſcends on high;
His heav'nly Guards around,
Attend him riſing thro' the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

III.

While Angels ſhout and praiſe their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;

Let

Let all the Earth his Honours ſing,
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

IV.

Rehearſe his Praiſe with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song;
Nor mock him with a ſolemn Sound
Upon a thoughtleſs Tongue.

V.

In Iſrael ſtood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that choſen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taſte his Grace.

VI.

The Britiſh Iſlands are the Lord's
There Abraham's God is known; [Swords.
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and
Submit before his Throne.

XLIX. Short Metre.

The Honour and Safety of a Nation.

I.

[GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his Praiſe be great;
He makes his Churches his Abode,
His moſt delightful Seat.

II.

Theſe Temples of his Grace,
How beautiful they ſtand?
The Honours of our native Place,
And Bulwarks of our Land.]

III.

In Sion God is known
A Refuge in Diſtreſs;

How

How bright has his Salvation ſhone
Through all her Palaces.

IV.

When Kings againſt her join'd,
And ſaw the Lord was there,
In Wild Confuſion of the Mind
They fled with haſty Fear.

V.

When Navies, tall and proud,
Attempt to ſpoil our Peace,
He ſends his Tempeſt roaring loud,
And ſinks them in the Seas.

VI.

Oft have our Fathers told,
Our Eyes have often ſeen,
How well our God ſecures the Fold,
Where his own Sheep have been.

VII.

In ev'ry new Diſtreſs,
We'll to his Houſe repair;
We'll think upon his wond'rous Grace,
And ſeek Deliv'rance there.

L. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

The Final Judgment.

I.

THE Lord, the Judge before his Throne,
Bids the whole Earth draw nigh;
The Nations near the riſing Sun,
And near the weſtern Sky.

II.

No more ſhall bold Blaſphemers ſay,
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"

No

No more abuſe his long Delay,
To Impudence and Sin.

III.

Thron'd on a Cloud our Lord ſhall come,
Bright Flames prepare his Way,
Thunder and Darkneſs, Fire and Storm,
Lead on the dreadful Day.

IV.

Heav'n from above his Call ſhall hear,
Attending Angels come;
And Earth and Hell ſhall know and fear,
His Juſtice and their Doom.

V.

But come ye Friends of Righteouſneſs,
(Proclaims our bleſſed Lord)
And riſe with Triumph to poſſeſs,
The Kingdom Love prepar'd.

VI.

Your Faith and Works brought forth to Light,
Shall make the World confeſs,
My Sentence of Reward is right,
And Heav'n adore my Grace.

L. *Second Part.* Common Metre,

Hypocrites condemned.

I.

WHEN Chriſt to Judgment ſhall deſcend,
And Saints ſurround their Lord,
He calls the Nations to attend,
And hear his awful Word.

II.

Not for the Want of Bullocks ſlain,
Will I the World reprove:

Altars

Altars and Rites, and Forms are vain,
Without the Fire of Love.

III.

And what have Hypocrites to do,
To bring their Sacrifice?
They call my Statutes juſt and true,
But deal in Theft and Lies.

IV.

Could you expect to 'ſcape my Sight,
And ſin without controul?
But I ſhall bring your Crimes to Light,
With Anguiſh in your Soul.

V.

Conſider, ye that ſlight the Lord,
Before his Wrath appear;
If once you fall beneath his Sword,
There's no Deliv'rance there.

LI. Long Metre.

The repenting Supplicant.

I.

O THOU that hear'ſt when Sinners cry!
Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry Look,
But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

II.

Create my Nature pure within,
And form my Soul averſe to Sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy Preſence from my Heart.

III.

I cannot live without thy Light,
Caſt out and baniſh'd from thy Sight;

Thy

Thy holy Joys, my God, reſtore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

IV.

Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His Help and Comfort ſtill afford;
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
To plead the Promiſe of thy Son.

V.

A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring;
The God of Grace will ne'er deſpiſe,
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.

VI.

My Soul lies humbled in the Duſt,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence juſt;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And ſave the Soul condemn'd to die!

LI. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Confeſſion of Sin.

I.

LORD, I would ſpread my ſore Diſtreſs,
And Guilt before thine Eyes;
Againſt thy Laws, againſt thy Grace,
How high my Crimes ariſe!

II.

I from the Stock of Adam came,
To ſenſual Good inclin'd;
Strong flows the Tide to fleſhly Joys,
And weak th' oppoſing Mind.

III.

Cleanſe me, O Lord, and chear my Soul,
With thy forgiving Love!

O make

O make my broken Spirit whole,
And bid my Pains remove!

IV.

Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy Face;
Create anew my ſenſual Heart,
And fill it with thy Grace.

V

Then will I make thy Mercy known,
Before the Sons of Men;
Backſliders ſhall addreſs thy Throne,
And turn to God again.

LI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Repentance and Faith in Chriſt.

I

O GOD of Mercy, hear my Call,
And all my Guilt remove!
Break down this ſeparating Wall,
That bars me from thy Love.

II.

Give me the Preſence of thy Grace,
Then my rejoicing Tongue
Shall ſpeak aloud thy Righteouſneſs,
And make thy Praiſe my Song.

III.

No Blood of Goats, nor Heifers ſlain,
Could moral Guilt atone;
The Grace of God, in Chriſt, accepts
True Penitents alone.

IV.

A Soul oppreſt with Sin's Deſert,
My God will ne'er deſpiſe;

A hum-

A humble Groan, a broken Heart,
Is our beſt Sacrifice.

LII. Short Metre.

Daily Devotion encouraged.

I.

LET Sinners take their Courſe,
And chooſe the road to Death;
But in the Worſhip of my God,
I'll ſpend my daily Breath.

II.

My Thoughts addreſs his Throne;
When Morning brings the Light;
I ſeek his Bleſſing ev'ry Noon,
And pay my Vows at Night.

III.

Thou wilt regard my Cries,
O my eternal God!
While Sinners periſh in Surprize,
Beneath thy angry Rod.

IV.

Becauſe they dwell at Eaſe,
And no ſad Changes feel,
They neither fear, nor truſt thy Name,
Nor learn to do thy Will.

V.

But I, with all my Cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll caſt my Burdens on his Arm,
And reſt upon his Word.

VI.

His Arm ſhall well ſuſtain,
The Children of his Love.

The Ground, on which their Safety ſtands,
No earthly Pow'r can move.

LIII. Long Metre.

Truſt and Hope in the divine Providence.

I.

THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend,
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haſte,
'Till this outrageous Storm is paſt.

II.

To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou ſov'reign Judge, and God moſt high,
Who wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

III.

Be thou, O God, exalted high!
And as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
'Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

IV.

O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
Its thankful Tribute to preſent;
And with my Heart, my Voice I'll raiſe,
To thee, my God, in ſongs of Praiſe.

V.

Awake my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

VI.

Thy Praiſes, Lord, I will reſound,
To all the liſt'ning Nations round;

Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

LIII. Long Metre.

Prayer and Praiſe for Protection.

I.

MY God, in whom are all the Springs
Of boundleſs Love and Grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy ſpreading Wings,
'Till the dark Cloud is overblown.

II.

Up to the Heav'ns I ſend my Cry,
The Lord will my Deſires perform;
He ſends his Angels from the Sky,
And ſaves me from the threat'ning Storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;
Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

IV.

My Heart is fix'd; my Song ſhall raiſe
Immortal Honours to thy Name;
Awake my Tongue, to ſound his Praiſe,
My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame.

V.

High o'er the Earth his Mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmoſt Sky;
His Truth to endleſs Years remains,
When lower Worlds diſſolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the Heav'ns where Angels dwell;

Thy

Thy Pow'r on Earth be known abroad,
And Land to Land thy Wonders tell.

LIV. Long Metre.

Faith in the Power and Grace of God.

I.

MY Spirit looks to God alone;
My Rock and Refuge is his Throne,
In all my Fears, in all my Straits,
My Soul on his Salvation waits.

II.

Truſt him, ye Saints, in all your Ways,
Pour out your Hearts before his Face;
When Helpers fail and Foes invade,
God is our all-ſufficient Aid.

III.

Falſe are the Men of high Degree,
The baſer Sort are Vanity;
Laid in the Balance both appear,
Light as a Puff of empty Air.

IV.

Make not increaſing Gold your Truſt,
Nor ſet your Hearts on glitt'ring Duſt;
Why will you graſp the fleeting Smoke,
And not believe what God has ſpoke?

V.

Once has his awful Voice declar'd,
Once and again my Ears have heard,
"All Power is his eternal due;
"He muſt be fear'd and truſted too."

VI.

For Sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone,
Grace is a Partner of the Throne;

Thy Grace and Juſtice, mighty Lord,
Shall well divide our laſt Reward.

LV. Common Metre.

The Morning of a Lord's Day.

I.

EARLY, my God, without Delay,
I haſte to ſeek thy Face;
My thirſty Spirit faints away,
Without thy chearing Grace.

II.

So Pilgrims on the ſcorching Sand,
Beneath a burning Sky,
Long for a cooling Stream at hand,
And they muſt drink or die.

III.

I've ſeen thy Glory and thy Pow'r
Thro' all thy Temples ſhine;
My God, repeat that heav'nly Hour
That Viſion ſo divine.

IV.

Not all the Bleſſings of a Feaſt
Can pleaſe my Soul ſo well,
As when thy richer Grace I taſte,
And in thy Preſence dwell.

V.

Not Life itſelf, with all her Joys,
Can my beſt Paſſions move,
Or raiſe ſo high my chearful Voice,
As thy forgiving Love.

VI.

Thus till my laſt expiring Day,
I'll bleſs my God and King;

Thus

Thus will I lift my Hands to pray,
And tune my Lips to ſing.

LV. Long Metre.

The Love of God better than Life.

I.

GREAT God, indulge my humble [Claim,
Thou art my Hope, my Joy, my Reſt;
The Glories that compoſe thy Name
Stand all ingag'd to make me bleſt.

II.

Thou Great and Good, thou Juſt and Wiſe,
Thou art my Father and my God;
And I am thine by ſacred Ties,
Thy Son, thy Servant bought with Blood.

III.

With Heart and Eyes and lifted Hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As Travellers in thirſty Lands,
Pant for the cooling Water brook.

IV.

With early Feet I love t'appear
Among thy Saints, and ſeek thy Face;
Oft have I ſeen thy Glory there,
And felt the Pow'r of ſov'reign Grace.

V.

My Life itſelf without thy Love
No ſolid Pleaſure could afford;
'Twould but a tireſome Burden prove,
If I were baniſh'd from the Lord.

VI.

I'll lift my Hands, I'll raiſe my Voice,
While I have Breath to pray or praiſe;

This Work ſhall make my Heart rejoice,
And Spend the Remnant of my Days.

LV. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

MY God, permit my Tongue,
This Joy to call thee mine;
And let my early Cries prevail,
To taſte thy Love Divine.

II.

Within thy Churches, Lord,
I long to find my Place;
Thy Pow'r and Glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning Grace.

III.

For Life without thy Love,
No reliſh can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

IV.

To thee I'll lift my Hands,
And praiſe thee while I live;
Not the rich Dainties of a Feaſt
Such Food or Pleaſure give.

V.

Since thou haſt been my Help,
To thee my Spirit flies,
And on thy watchful Providence,
My chearful Hope relies.

VI.

The ſhadow of thy Wings,
My Soul in ſafety keeps;

I fol-

I follow where my Father leads,
And he ſupports my Steps.

LVI. Long Metre.

Divine Providence diſplayed in its Works.

I.

THE God of our Salvation hears,
The Groans of Zion mixt with Tears;
Yet when he comes with kind Deſigns,
Thro' all the Way his Terror ſhines.

II.

He bids the noiſy Tempeſt ceaſe;
He calms the raging Crowds to Peace,
When a tumultuous Nation raves,
Wild as the Wind, and loud as Waves.

III.

Behold, his Enſigns ſweep the Sky!
New Comets blaze, and Light'nings fly;
The Heathen Lands, with ſwift Surprize,
From the bright Horrors turn their Eyes.

IV.

Seaſons and Times obey his Voice,
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To ſee the Earth made ſoft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and dreſt in Flowers.

V.

'Tis from his wat'ry Stores on high,
He gives the thirſty Ground Supply;
He walks upon the Clouds, and thence
Doth his enriching Drops diſpenſe.

VI.

The Deſart grows a fruitful Field,
Abundant Food the Valleys yield;

The Valleys ſhout with chearful Voice,
And neighb'ring Hills repeat their Joys.

VII.

Thy Works pronounce thy pow'r divine,
O'er every Field thy Glories ſhine;
Thro' every Month thy Gifts appear;
Great God, thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

LVI. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

God hearing Prayer.

I.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord for thee;
There ſhall our Vows be paid;
Thou haſt an Ear when Sinners pray,
All Fleſh ſhall ſeek thine Aid.

II.

Lord, our Iniquities prevail,
But pardoning Grace is thine;
And thou wilt grant us Pow'r and Skill,
To conquer ev'ry Sin.

III.

Bleſs'd are the Men whom thou wilt chuſe
To bring them near thy Face;
Give them a dwelling in thine Houſe,
To feaſt upon thy Grace.

IV.

In anſwering what thy Church requeſts,
Thy Truth and Terror ſhine,
And Works of dreadful Righteouſneſs
Fulfil thy kind Deſign.

V.

Thus ſhall the wond'ring Nations ſee,
The Lord is good and juſt;

And

And diſtant Iſlands fly to thee,
And make thy Name their Truſt.

VI.

They dread thy glitt'ring Tokens, Lord,
When Signs in Heav'n appear;
But they ſhall learn thy holy Word,
And love as well as fear.

LVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Divine Bounty crowns the Year.

I.

'TIS by thy Strength the Mountains ſtand,
God of eternal Power,
The Sea grows calm at thy Command,
And Tempeſts ceaſe to roar.

II.

The Morning-Light and Evening-Shade
Succeſſive Comforts bring;
Thy plenteous Fruits make Harveſt glad,
Thy Flowers adorn the Spring.

III.

Seaſons, and Times, and Moons, and Hours,
Heav'n, Earth, and Air are thine;
When Clouds diſtil in fruitful Showers,
The Author is divine.

IV.

Thoſe wand'ring Ciſterns in the Sky,
Borne by the Winds around,
With wat'ry Treaſures well ſupply
The Furrows of the Ground.

V.

The thirſty Ridges drink their Fill,
And Ranks of Corn appear;

Thy Ways abound with Bleſſings ſtill,
Thy Goodneſs crowns the Year.

LVI. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Spring.

I.

GOOD is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the Earth his Care;
Viſits the Paſtures ev'ry Spring,
And bids the Graſs appear.

II.

The Clouds, like Rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out at thy Command,
Their wat'ry Bleſſings from the Sky,
To chear the thirſty Land.

III.

The ſoften'd Ridges of the Field
Permit the Corn to ſpring;
The Vallies rich Proviſion yield,
And the poor Labourers ſing.

IV.

The little Hills on ev'ry Side
Rejoice at falling Show'rs;
The Meadows dreſs'd in all their Pride
Perfume the Air with Flow'rs.

V.

The barren Clods refreſh'd with Rain
Promiſe a joyful Crop:
The parching Grounds look green again,
And raiſe the Reaper's Hope.

VI.

The various Months thy Goodneſs crowns;
How bount'ous are thy Ways!

The

The bleating Flocks ſpread o'er the Downs,
And Shepherds ſhout thy Praiſe.

LVII. Common Metre.

Almighty Power conducts and guards the Righteous

I.

SING, all ye Nations, to the Lord,
Sing with a joyful Noiſe;
With Melody of Sound record
His Honours and your Joys.

II.

Say to the Power that ſhakes the Sky,
"How terrible art thou!"
Sinners before thy Preſence fly,
Or at thy Feet they Bow.

III.

Come, ſee the Wonders of our God,
How glorious are his Ways!
In Moſes' Hand he put his Rod,
And cleaves the frighten'd Seas.

IV.

He made the ebbing Channel dry,
While Iſrael paſs'd the Flood;
There did the Church begin their Joy,
And Triumph in their God.

V.

He rules by his reſiſtleſs Might;
Will Rebel Mortals dare
Provoke th' Eternal to the Fight,
Or tempt that dreadful War?

VI.

VI.

O bleſs your God, and never ceaſe;
Ye Saints, fulfil his praiſe;
He keeps our Life, maintains our Peace,
And guides our doubtful Ways.

LVIII. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Prayer and Praiſe for Britain.

I.

SHINE might God, on BRITAIN ſhine
With Beams of heav'nly Grace;
Reveal thy Pow'r thro' all our Coaſts,
And ſhew thy ſmiling Face.

II.

Amidſt our Iſle, exalted high,
Do thou our Glory ſtand;
And like a Wall of guardian Fire
Surround the favourite Land.

III.

When ſhall thy Name, from Shore to Shore,
Sound all the Earth abroad;
And diſtant Nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

IV.

Sing to the Lord, ye diſtant Lands.
Sing loud with ſolemn Voice:
While Britiſh Tongues exalt his Praiſe,
And Britiſh Hearts rejoice.

V.

He, the great Lord, the ſov'reign Judge,
That ſits enthron'd above,
Wiſely commands the Worlds he made,
In Juſtice and in Love.

VI.

VI.

Earth ſhall obey her Maker's Will,
And yield a full Increaſe;
Our God will crown his choſen Iſle
With Fruitfulneſs and Peace.

VII.

God, the Creator, ſcatters round
His choiceſt Favours here;
While the Creation's utmoſt Bound
Shall ſee, adore, and fear.

LVIII. *Second Part.* Short Metre,
National Proſperity deſired.

I.

TO bleſs thy choſen Race;
In Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face,
On all thy Saints to ſhine,

II.

That ſo thy wond'rous Ways,
May through the World be known;
While diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

III.

Let diff'ring Nations join,
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the Worlds, O Lord, combine,
To praiſe thy glorious Name!

IV.

O let them ſhout and ſing,
With Joy and pious Mirth;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the Earth!

V.

V.

Then ſhall the teeming Ground,
A large Increaſe diſcloſe;
And we with Plenty ſhall be crown'd,
Which God our God beſtows.

VI.

Then God upon our Land,
Shall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand,
Of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

LIX. Long Metre.

Praiſe for Temporal Bleſſings.

I.

WE bleſs the Lord, the juſt, the good,
Who fills our Hearts with Joy and Food;
Who pours his Bleſſings from the Skies,
And loads our Days with rich Supplies.

II.

He ſends the Sun his Circuit round,
To chear the Fruits, to warm the Ground;
He bids the Clouds with plenteous Rain,
Refreſh the thirſty Earth again.

III.

'Tis to his Care we owe our Breath,
And all our near Eſcapes from Death;
Safety and Health to God belong,
He heals the Weak, and guards the ſtrong.

IV.

He makes the Saint and Sinner prove,
The common Bleſſings of his Love;
But the wide Difference that remains,
Is endleſs Joy or dreadful Pains.

V.

The Lord that bruis'd the Serpent's Head,
On all the Serpent's Seed ſhall tread;
The ſtubborn Sinner's Hope confound,
And ſmite him with a laſting Wound.

VI.

But his Right-hand his Saints ſhall raiſe
From the deep Earth, or deeper Seas;
And bring them to his Courts above,
Where they ſhall taſte his ſpecial Love.

LX. Common Metre.

Old Age, Death, and the Reſurrection.

I.

GOD of my Childhood, and my Youth,
The Guide of all my Days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly Truth,
And told thy wond'rous Ways.

II.

Wilt thou forſake my hoary Hairs,
And leave my fainting Heart?
Who ſhall ſuſtain my ſinking Years,
If God my Strength depart?

III.

Let me thy Pow'r and Truth proclaim
To the ſurviving Age,
And leave a Savour of thy Name
When I ſhall quit the Stage.

IV.

The Land of Silence and of Death
Attends my next remove;
O may theſe poor Remains of Breath
Teach the wide World thy Love!

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

V

Thy Righteouſneſs is deep and high,
Unſearchable thy Deeds;
Thy Glory ſpreads beyond the Sky,
And all my Praiſe exceeds.

VI.

Oft have I heard thy Threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the Grief;
But when thy Hand has preſt me ſore,
Thy Grace was my Relief.

VII.

By long Experience have I known
Thy ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave;
At thy Command I venture down
Securely to the Grave.

VIII.

When I lie buried deep in Duſt,
My fleſh ſhall be thy Care;
Theſe withering Limbs with thee I truſt
To raiſe them ſtrong and fair.

LXI. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

The Chriſtian's Reflection and Hope.

I.

MY God, my everlaſting Hope,
I live upon thy Truth;
Thine Hands have held my Childhood up,
And ſtrengthen'd all my Youth.

II.

My Fleſh was faſhion'd by thy Power,
With all theſe Limbs of mine;

And

And from my Mother's painful Hour,
I've been entirely thine.

III.

Still has my Life new Wonders ſeen,
Repeated ev'ry Year;
Behold my Days that yet remain,
I truſt them to thy Care.

IV.

Caſt me not off when Strength declines,
When hoary Hairs ariſe;
And round me let thy Glory ſhine,
When e'er thy Servant dies.

V.

Then in the Hiſtory of my Age,
When men review my Days,
They'll read thy Love in ev'ry Page,
In ev'ry Line thy Praiſe.

LXI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

God our Portion here and hereafter.

I.

GOD, my Supporter and my Hope,
My Help for ever near;
Thine Arm of Mercy held me up
When ſinking in Deſpair.

II.

Thy Counſels, Lord, ſhall guide my Feet
Through this dark Wilderneſs;
Thine hand conduct me near thy Seat,
To dwell before thy Face.

III.

Were I in Heav'n without my God,
'T would be no Joy to me;

And

And whilſt this Earth is my Abode,
I long for none but thee.

IV.

What if the Springs of Life were broke,
And Fleſh and Heart ſhould faint!
God is my Soul's eternal Rock,
The Strength of ev'ry Saint.

V.

Behold, the Sinners that remove,
Far from thy Preſence die;
Not all the Idol Gods they love
Can ſave them when they cry.

VI.

But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my ſweet Imploy;
My Tongue ſhall ſound thy Works abroad,
And tell the World my Joy.

LXII. Short Metre.

The Mercy of Providence unfolded.

I

SURE there's a righteous God,
Nor is Religion vain;
Tho' Men of Vice may boaſt aloud,
And Men of Grace complain.

II.

I ſaw the Wicked riſe,
And felt my Heart repine,
While haughty Fools with ſcornful Eyes,
In robes of Honour ſhine.

III.

Their impious Tongues blaſpheme
The everlaſting God;

Their

Their Malice blaſts the good Man's Name,
And ſpreads their Lies abroad.

IV.

But I with flowing Tears
Indulg'd my Doubts to riſe;
" Is there a God that ſees or hears
" The things below the Skies?"

V.

The Tumults of my Thought,
Held me in hard Suſpence,
'Till to thy Houſe my Feet were brought
To learn thy Juſtice thence.

VI.

Thy Word with Light and Pow'r,
Did my Miſtakes amend;
I view'd the Sinners Life before,
But here I learnt their End.

VII.

On what a ſlippery Steep
The thoughtleſs Wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery Deep
That waits their Fall below!

VIII.

Lord, at thy Feet I bow,
My Thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my Portion now,
And all my Pow'rs are thine.

LXIII. Common Metre.

Melancholy aſſaulting, and Hope prevailing.

I.

TO God I cry'd with mornful Voice,
I ſought his gracious Ear;

In

In the ſad Day, when Troubles roſe,
And fill'd the Night with Fear.

II.

Sad where my Days, and dark my Nights,
My Soul refus'd Relief;
I thought on God the Juſt and Wiſe,
But Thoughts increas'd my Grief.

III.

My overwhelming Sorrows grew,
'Till I could ſpeak no more;
Then I within myſelf withdrew,
And call'd thy Judgments o'er.

IV.

I call'd back Years and ancient Times,
When I beheld thy Face;
My Spirit ſearch'd for ſecret Crimes
That might with-hold thy Grace.

V.

I call'd thy Mercies to my Mind
Which I injoy'd before;
" And will the Lord no more be kind,
" His Face appear no more?"

VI.

But I forbid this hopeleſs Thought,
This dark deſpairing Frame,
Rememb'ring what thy Hand hath wrought,
Thy Hand is ſtill the ſame.

LXIV. Long Metre.

The Kingdom of Chriſt.

I.

GREAT God, whoſe univerſal Sway
The known and unknown Worlds obey,

Now

Now give the Kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his Pow'r, exalt his Throne!

II.

Thy Sceptre well becomes his Hands,
All Heav'n ſubmits to his Commands;
His Juſtice ſhall protect the Poor,
And Pride and Rage prevail no more.

III.

With Pow'r he vindicates the Juſt,
And Treads th' Oppreſſor in the Duſt;
His Worſhip and his Fear ſhall laſt,
Till Hours, and Years, and Time be paſt.

IV

As Rain on Meadows newly mown,
So ſhall he ſend his Influence down;
His Grace on fainting Souls diſtils,
Like heav'nly Dew on thirſty Hills.

V.

The Heathen Lands that lie beneath
The Shades of over-ſpreading Death,
Revive at his firſt-dawning Light,
And Deſarts bloſſom at the Sight.

VI.

The Saints ſhall flouriſh in his Days,
Dreſs'd in the Robes of Joy and Praiſe:
Peace, like a River from his Throne,
Shall flow to Nations yet unknown.

LXV. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

The Pleaſure of public Worſhip.

I.

O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the Place,

Where

Where thou, inthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
The brightneſs of thy Face!

II.

My longing Soul faints with Deſire
To view thy bleſt Abode;
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out,
For thee the living God.

III.

O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
How highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praiſe diſplay!

IV.

Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice hath thee
Their ſure Protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways
That to thy Dwelling lead.

V.

Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
And ſtill approach more near,
'Till all on Sion's holy Mount,
Before their God appear.

LXV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Advantage of public Worſhip.

I.

O WHAT a pleaſant Work it is,
To praiſe the Lord above;
Morning and Ev'ning to proclaim
His Faithfulneſs and Love!

II.

Great are thy Works, and thy Deſigns
Contain the deepeſt Senſe;

Tho'

Tho' wicked Men and Fools miſtake
Thy Ways of Providence.

III.

They ſpring and flouriſh like the Graſs
With good Succeſs o'er-joy'd,
And only grow to be mown down,
And utterly deſtroy'd.

IV.

But Right'ous Men like fruitful Palms,
Or ſtately Cedars grow;
For planted in thy Courts they're fed
With Springs that ever flow.

V.

There they are fair and ever thrive,
And ſtill more Fruit ſhall bring;
Age that makes other things decay,
Makes them more flouriſhing.

VI.

Thus God appears to all the World
To be both good and juſt;
No Falſeneſs can be charg'd on him,
Who is my Rock and Truſt.

LXVI. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

Delight in public Worſhip.

I.

LORD of the Worlds above
How pleaſant and how fair,
The Dwellings of thy Love,
Thy earthly Temples are.

To thine Abode
My Heart aſpires
With warm Deſires
To ſee my God.

II.

O happy Souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy Men that pay
Their conſtant Service there!
They praiſe thee ſtill;
And happy they
That love the Way
To Sion's Hill.

III.

They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
'Till each arrives at length,
'Till each in Heav'n appears.
O glorious Seat!
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet.

IV.

To ſpend one ſacred Day,
Where God and Saints abide,
Affords diviner Joy
Than thouſand Days beſide.
Where God reſorts,
I love it more
To keep the Door
Than ſhine in Courts.

V.

The Lord his People loves;
His Hand no Good with-holds,
From thoſe his Heart approves,
From pure and pious Souls:
Thrice happy he,
O God of Hoſts,
Whoſe Spirit truſts
Alone in thee.

LXVII. Common Metre.

The Power and Majeſty of God.

I.

WITH Rev'rence let the Saints appear,
And bow before the Lord;
His high Commands with Rev'rence hear,
And tremble at his Word.

II.

How terrible thy Glories be!
How bright thy Armies ſhine!
Where is the Pow'r that vies with thee,
Or Truth compar'd with thine?

III.

The Northern Pole, and Southern reſt
On thy ſupporting Hand;
Darkneſs and Day from Eaſt to Weſt,
Move round at thy Command.

IV.

Thy Words the raging Wind controul,
And rule the boiſt'rous Deep;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
The rolling Billows ſleep.

V.

Heav'n, Earth, and Air, and Sea are thine,
And the dark World of Hell;
How did thine Arm in Vengeance ſhine
When Egypt durſt rebel?

VI.

Juſtice and Judgment are thy Throne,
Yet wond'rous is thy Grace;
While Truth and Mercy join'd in one,
Invite us near thy Face.

LXVIII. As the CXIII. Pſalm.

Death and the Reſurrection.

I

THINK, mighty God, on feeble Man;
How few his Hours! how ſhort his Span!
Short from the Cradle to the Grave:
Who can ſecure his vital Breath,
Againſt the bold Arreſts of Death,
With Skill to fly, or Pow'r to ſave?

II.

Lord, ſhall it be for ever ſaid,
The Race of Man was only made
For Sickneſs, Sorrow, and the Duſt!
Are not thy Servants Day by Day
Sent to their Graves, and turn'd to Clay?
Lord, where's thy Kindneſs to the Juſt?

III.

Haſt thou not promis'd to thy Son,
And all his Seed a heav'nly Crown?
But Fleſh and Senſe indulge Deſpair;

For

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
That Faith can read his holy Word
And find a Reſurrection there.

IV.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who gives his Saints a large Reward
For all their Toil, Reproach and Pain:
Let all below, and all above,
Join to proclaim thy wond'rous Love,
And each repeat their loud Amen.

LXIX. Long Metre.

Man mortal, God eternal.

I.

THRO' every Age, eternal God,
Thou art our Reſt, our ſafe Abode;
High was thy Throne, e'er Heav'n was made,
Or Earth thy humble Footſtool laid.

II.

Long hadſt thou reign'd e'er Time began,
Or Duſt was faſhion'd into Man;
And long thy Kingdom ſhall endure,
When Earth and Time ſhall be no more.

III.

But Man, weak Man, is born to die,
Subject to Guilt and Vanity;
Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was juſt,
"Return, ye Sinners, to your Duſt."

IV.

Death, like an overflowing Stream,
Sweeps us away; our Life's a Dream,
An empty Tale, a Morning Flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

V.

V.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is Man,
And kindly lengthen out our Span;
Till a wiſe Care of Piety
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

LXIX. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Frailty and Vanity of human Life.

I.

LORD, if thy Eyes ſurvey our Faults,
And Juſtice grows ſevere,
Thy dreadful Wrath exceeds our Thoughts,
And burns beyond our Fear.

II.

Thy Anger turns our Frame to Duſt,
By one Offence to thee;
Adam with all his Sons have loſt
Their Immortality.

III.

Life like a vain Amuſement flies,
A Fable, or a Song;
By ſwift Degrees our Nature dies,
Nor can our Joys be long.

IV.

How few are they whoſe Days amount,
To threeſcore Years and ten!
And all beyond that ſhort Account,
Is Sorrow, Toil, and Pain.

V.

[Our Vitals with laborious Striſe,
Bear up the heavy Load,
And drag thoſe poor Remains of Life,
Along the tireſome Load.]

VI.

VI.

Almighty God, reveal thy Love,
And not thy Wrath alone;
O let our ſweet Experience prove
The Mercies of thy Throne!

VII.

Our Souls would learn the heav'nly Art
T'improve the Hours we have;
That we may act the wiſer Part,
And live beyond the Grave.

LXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Breathing after Heaven.

I.

RETURN, O God of Love return!
Earth is a tireſome Place;
How long ſhall we thy Children mourn
Our abſence from thy Face?

II.

Let Heav'n ſucceed our painful Years,
Let Sin and Sorrow ceaſe;
And in Proportion to our Tears,
So make our Joys increaſe.

III.

Thy Wonders to thy Servants ſhow,
Make thy own Work compleat;
Then ſhall our Souls thy Glory know,
And own thy Love was great.

IV.

Then ſhall we ſhine before thy Throne,
In all thy Goodneſs, Lord:
And the poor Service we have done
Meet a divine Reward.

LXX. Short Metre.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life.

I.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame!
Our Life how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name!

II.

Alas, the brittle Clay
That built our Body firſt!
And ev'ry Month and ev'ry Day
'Tis mouldring back to Duſt.

III.

Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay;
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

IV.

Well if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in ſight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.

V.

They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſt'ous Sea;
Soon we ſhall reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

LXXI. Long Metre.

For the Lord's-Day.

I.

SWEET is the Work, my God, my King,
To praiſe thy Name, give thanks and ſing;
To ſhew thy Love by Morning Light,
And talk of all thy Truth at Night.

II.

My Heart ſhall triumph in the Lord,
And bleſs his Works, and bleſs his Word;
Thy Works of Grace how bright they ſhine!
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

III.

Fools never raiſe their Thoughts ſo high,
Like Brutes they live, like Brutes they die;
Like Graſs they flouriſh, till thy Breath
Blaſt them in everlaſting Death.

IV.

But I ſhall ſhare a glorious Part,
When Grace hath well refin'd my Heart;
My inward Foes ſhall all be ſlain,
And nothing break my Peace again.

V.

Then ſhall I ſee, and hear, and know
All I deſir'd, or hop'd below;
And every Pow'r find ſweet Employ,
In that eternal World of Joy.

LXXII. Long Metre.

Safety in public Diſeaſes and Dangers.

I.

HE that hath made his Refuge God,
Shall find a moſt ſecure Abode;
Shall walk all Day beneath his Shade,
And there at Night ſhall reſt his Head.

II.

Then will I ſay, "My God, thy Pow'r
" Shall be my Fortreſs and my Tower:
" I that am form'd of feeble Duſt
" Make thy almighty Arm my Truſt."

III.

Thrice happy Man! thy Maker's Care
Shall keep thee from the Fowler's Snare;
Satan the Fowler, who betrays
Unguarded Souls a thouſand Ways.

IV.

Juſt as a Hen protects her Brood,
From Birds of Prey that ſeek their Blood,
Under her Feathers, ſo the Lord
Makes his own Arm his People's Guard,

V.

If burning Beams of Noon conſpire
To dart a peſtilential Fire;
God is their Life, his Wings are ſpread
To ſhield them with an healthful Shade.

VI.

If Vapours with malignant Breath
Riſe thick, and ſcatter Midnight Death,
Iſrael is ſafe; the poiſon'd Air
Grows pure, if Iſrael's God be there.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

VII.

What though a thouſand at thy Side,
At thy Right-Hand ten thouſand dy'd,
Thy God his choſen People ſaves
Amongſt the Dead, amidſt the Graves.

VIII.

So when he ſent his Angel down
To make his Wrath in Egypt known,
And ſlew their Sons; his careful Eye
Paſt all the Doors of Jacob by.

IX.

But if the Fire, or Plague, or Sword,
Receive Commiſſion from the Lord,
To ſtrike his Saints among the reſt,
Their very Pains and Deaths are bleſt.

X.

The Sword, the Peſtilence, or Fire,
Shall but fulfil their beſt deſire;
From Sins and Sorrows ſet them free,
And bring thy Children, Lord, to thee.

LXXIII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Incarnation, and the laſt Judgment.

I.

YE Iſlands of the Northern Sea
Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
His Word like Fire prepares his Way,
And Mountains melt to Plains.

II.

His Preſence ſinks the proudeſt Hills,
And makes the Valleys riſe;

The humble Soul enjoys his Smiles,
The haughty Sinner dies.

III.

The Heav'ns his rightful Pow'r proclaim;
The Idol-Gods around
Fill their own Worſhippers with Shame,
And totter to the Ground.

IV.

Adoring Angels at his Birth
Make the Redeemer known;
Thus ſhall he come to judge the Earth,
And Angels guard his Throne.

V.

His Foes ſhall tremble at his Sight,
And Hills and Seas retire;
His Children take their unknown Flight,
And leave the World in Fire.

VI.

The Seeds of Joy and Glory ſown
For Saints in Darkneſs here,
Shall riſe and ſpring in Worlds unknown,
And a rich Harveſt bear.

LXXIV. Common Metre.

The Meſſiah's Coming and Kingdom.

I.

JOY to the World, the Lord is come;
Let Earth receive her King;
Let every Heart prepare him Room,
And Heav'n and Nature ſing.

II.

II.

Joy to the Earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their Songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks hills and plains,
Repeat the ſounding Joy.

III.

No more let Sins and Sorrows grow,
Nor Thorns infeſt the Ground;
He comes to make his Bleſſings flow
Far as the Curſe is found.

IV.

He rules the World with Truth and Grace,
And makes the nations prove
The Glories of his Righteouſneſs,
And Wonders of his Love.

LXXV. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

Sickneſs healed, and Sorrows removed.

I.

I WILL extol thee, Lord, on high,
At thy Command Diſeaſes fly;
Who but a God can ſpeak and ſave
From the dark Borders of the Grave?

II.

Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his,
And tell how large his Goodneſs is;
Let all your Pow'rs rejoice and bleſs,
While you record his Holineſs.

III.

His Anger but a Moment ſtays;
His Love is Life and Length of Days;
Tho' Grief and Tears the Night employ,
The Morning-ſtar reſtores the Joy.

LXXV. *Second Part.*

Health, Sickneſs, and Recovery.

I.

FIRM was my health, my Day was bright,
And I preſum'd 'twould ne'er be Night;
Fondly I ſaid within my Heart,
"Pleaſure and Peace ſhall ne'er depart."

II.

But I forgot thy Arm was ſtrong,
Which made my Mountain ſtand ſo long;
Soon as thy Face began to hide,
My Health was gone, my Comforts dy'd.

III.

I cry'd aloud to thee, my God;
"What canſt thou profit by my Blood?
"Deep in the Duſt can I declare
"Thy Truth, or ſing thy Goodneſs there?

IV.

"Hear me, O God of Grace, I ſaid,
"Nor let me ſink among the Dead:"
Thy Word rebuk'd the Pains I felt,
Thy pard'ning Love remov'd my Guilt.

V.

My Groans, and Tears, and Forms of Woe,
Are turn'd to Joy and Praiſes now;
I throw my Sackcloth on the Ground,
And Eaſe and Gladneſs gird me round.

VI.

My Tongue, the Glory of my Frame,
Shall ne'er be ſilent of thy Name;
Thy praiſe ſhall ſound thro' Earth and Heav'n
For Sickneſs heal'd, and Sins forgiv'n.

LXXVI. Common Metre.

Deliverance from Death.

I.

INTO thy Hand, O God of Truth,
My Spirit I commit;
Thou haſt redeem'd my Soul from Death,
And ſav'd me from the Pit!

II.

The Paſſions of my Hope and Fear
Maintain'd a doubtful Strife,
While Sorrow, Pain, and Sin conſpir'd
To take away my Life.

III.

My Times are in thy Hand, I cry'd,
Tho' I draw near the Duſt,
Thou art the Refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I truſt.

IV.

O make thy reconciled Face
Upon thy Servant ſhine,
And ſave me for thy Mercy Sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

V.

'Twas in my Haſte, my Spirit ſaid,
"I muſt deſpair and die,
I am cut off before thy Eyes;"
But thou haſt heard my Cry.

VI.

Thy Goodneſs how divinely free?
How wond'rous is thy Grace,

To

To thoſe that fear thy Majeſty,
And truſt thy Promiſes!

VII.

O love the Lord, all ye his Saints,
And ſing his Praiſes loud;
He'll bend his Ear to your Complaints,
And recompence the Proud.

LXXVII. Long Metre.

Storm and Thunder.

I.

GIVE to the Lord, ye Sons of Fame,
Give to the Lord Renown and Pow'r,
Aſcribe due Honours to his Name,
And his eternal Might adore.

II.

The Lord proclaims his Pow'r aloud
Over the Ocean and the Land;
His Voice divides the wat'ry Cloud,
And Light'nings blaze at his Command.

III.

He ſpeaks, and Tempeſt, Hail and Wind,
Lay the wide Foreſt bare around;
The fearful Hart, and frighted Hind,
Leap at the Terror of the Sound.

IV.

The Lord ſits ſov'reign on the Flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King;
But makes his Church his bleſt Abode,
Where we his awful Glories ſing.

V.

In gentler Language there the Lord
The Counſel of his Grace imparts;

Amidſt

Amidſt the raging Storm, his Word
Speaks Peace and Courage to our Hearts.

LXXVIII. Common Metre.

Wrath and Mercy from the Judgment Seat.

I.

WIth my whole heart I'll raiſe my ſong
Thy Wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou ſov'reign Judge of Right and Wrong
Wilt put thy Foes to Shame.

II.

I'll ſing thy Majeſty and Grace;
My God prepares his Throne
To judge the World in Righteouſneſs,
And make his Vengeance known.

III.

Then ſhall the Lord a Refuge prove
For all the Poor oppreſt;
To ſave the People of his Love,
And give the Weary Reſt.

IV.

The Men that know thy Name will truſt
In thy abundant Grace;
For thou haſt ne'er forſook the Juſt,
Who humbly ſeek thy Face.

V.

Sing Praiſes to the right'ous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Who executes his threat'ning Word,
And doth his Grace fulfil.

LXXIX. Common Metre.

The Wisdom and Equity of Providence.

I.

WHen the great judge supreme & just
Shall once enquire for Blood,
The humble Souls that mourn in Dust
Shall find a faithful God.

II.

He from the dreadful Gates of Death,
Does his own Children raise;
In Zion's Gates with chearful Breath
They sing their Father's Praise.

III.

His Foes shall fall with heedless Feet
Into the Pit they made;
And Sinners perish in the Net
That their own Hands have spread.

IV.

Thus by thy Judgments, mighty God,
Are thy deep Counsels known;
When Men of Mischief are destroy'd,
The Snare must be their own.

LXXX. Common Metre.

Prayer heard, and the Righteous saved.

I.

WHY doth the Lord stand off so far?
And why conceal his Face,
When great Calamities appear,
And Times of deep Distress?

II.

Lord, shall the Wicked still deride
Thy Justice and thy Pow'r?

Shall

Shall they advance their Heads in Pride,
And ſtill thy Saints devour?

III.

They put thy Judgments from their Sight,
And then inſult the Poor;
They boaſt in their exalted Height,
That they ſhall fall no more.

IV.

Ariſe, O God, lift up thy Hand,
Attend our humble Cry;
No Enemy ſhall dare to ſtand
When God aſcends on high.

LXXXI. Common Metre.

God the Refuge of his People.

I.

WHY do the Men of Malice rage,
And ſay with fooliſh Pride,
"The God of Heav'n will ne'er engage
"To fight on Zion's Side."

II.

But thou for ever art our Lord;
And pow'rful is thy Hand,
As when the Heathens felt thy Sword,
And periſh'd from thy Land.

III.

Thou wilt prepare our Hearts to pray
And cauſe thy Ear to hear;
He hearkens what his Children ſay,
And puts the World in Fear.

IV.

Proud Tyrants ſhall no more oppreſs,
No more deſpiſe the Juſt;

And

And mighty Sinners ſhall confeſs
They are but Earth and Duſt.

LXXXII. Long Metre.

God loves the Righteous, and hates the Wicked.

I.

THE Lord in Heav'n hath fix'd his [Throne
His Eye ſurveys the World below;
To him all mortal things are known,
His Eye-lids ſearch our Spirits thro.'

II.

If he afflicts his Saints ſo far,
To prove their Love, and try their Grace,
What may the bold Tranſgreſſors fear?
His very Soul abhors their Ways.

III.

On impious Wretches he ſhall rain
Tempeſts of Brimſtone, Fire, and Death,
Such as he kindled on the Plain
Of Sodom, with his angry Breath.

IV.

The right'ous Lord loves right'ous Souls,
Whoſe Thoughts and Actions are ſincere,
And with a gracious Eye beholds
The Men who his own image bear.

LXXXIII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God for hearing Prayer.

I.

NOW ſhall my ſolemn Vows be paid
To that almighty Pow'r,
Which heard the long Requeſts I made
In my diſtreſsful Hour.

II.

II.

My Lips and chearful Heart prepare
To make his Mercies known;
Come ye that fear my God, and hear
The Wonders he hath done.

III.

When on my Head huge Sorrows fell,
I ſought his heav'nly Aid;
He ſav'd my ſinking Soul from Hell,
And Death's eternal Shade.

IV

If Sin lay cover'd in my Heart,
While Pray'r imploy'd my Tongue,
The Lord had ſhewn me no Regard,
Nor I his Praiſes ſung.

V.

But God, his Name be ever bleſt,
Hath ſet my Spirit free;
Nor turn'd from him my poor Requeſt,
Nor turn'd his Heart from me.

LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Public Worſhip delightful.

I.

HOW pleaſant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hoſts, thy Dwellings are!
With long Deſire my Spirit faints,
To meet th' Aſſemblies of thy Saints.

II.

My Fleſh would reſt in thy Abode,
My panting Heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why ſhould I be
So far from all my Joys and thee?

III.

III.

Bleſt are the Saints who ſit on high,
Around thy Throne of Majeſty;
Thy brighteſt Glories ſhine above,
And all their Work is praiſe and Love.

IV.

Bleſt are the Souls that find a Place
Within the Temple of thy Grace;
There they behold thy gentler Rays,
And ſeek thy Face, and learn thy Praiſe.

V.

Bleſt are the Men whoſe hearts are ſet,
To find the Way to Sion's Gate;
God is their Strength, and thro' the Road
They lean upon their Helper God.

LXXXV. Long Metre.

God Preſent in his Church.

I.

GREAT God, attend while Sion Sings
The Joy that from thy Preſence ſprings;
To ſpend one Day with thee on Earth
Exceeds a thouſand Days of Mirth.

II.

Might I enjoy the meaneſt Place
Within thy Houſe, O God of Grace!
Not Tents of Eaſe, nor Thrones of Pow'r
Should Tempt my Feet to leave thy Door.

III.

God is our Sun, he makes our Day;
God is our Shield, he guards our Way
From all th'Aſſaults of Hell and Sin,
From Foes without and Foes within.

IV.

IV.

All needful Grace will God beſtow,
And crown that Grace with Glory too;
He gives us all things, and with-holds
No real Good from upright Souls.

V.

O God, our King, whoſe ſov'reign Sway
The glorious Hoſts of Heav'n obey,
And Devils at thy Preſence flee,
Bleſt is the Man that truſts in thee!

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Complaint under Temptation.

I.

HOW long wilt thou conceal thy Face?
My God how long delay?
When ſhall I feel thoſe heav'nly Rays,
That chaſe my Fears away?

II.

See how the Prince of Darkneſs tries
All his malicious Arts,
He ſpreads a Miſt around my Eyes,
And throws his fi'ry Darts.

III.

Be thou my Sun, and thou my Shield,
My Soul in Safety keep;
Make haſte before my Eyes are ſeal'd
In Death's eternal Sleep.

IV.

How would the Tempter boaſt aloud
If I become his Prey!
Behold, the Sons of Hell grow proud
At thy ſo long Delay.

V.

V.

But they ſhall fly at thy Rebuke,
And Satan hide his Head;
He knows the Terrors of thy Look,
And hears thy Voice with Dread.

VI.

Thou wilt diſplay that ſov'reign Grace
Where all my Hopes have hung;
I ſhall employ my Lips in Praiſe,
And Vict'ry ſhall be ſung.

LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Mercies of God recorded.

I.

LET Children hear the mighty Deeds
Which God perform'd of old;
Which in our younger Years we ſaw,
And which our Fathers told.

II.

He bids us make his Glories known;
His Works of Pow'r and Grace;
And we'll convey his Wonders down
Through ev'ry riſing Race.

III.

Our Lips ſhall tell them to our Sons,
And they again to theirs,
That Generations yet unborn
May teach them to their Heirs.

IV.

Thus ſhall they learn, in God alone
Their Hope ſecurely ſtands;
That they may ne'er forget his Works,
But practiſe his Commands.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The Puniſhment of Luxury.

I.

WHEN Iſrael ſins, the Lord reproves,
And fills their Hearts with Dread;
Yet he forgives the Men he loves,
And ſends them heav'nly Bread.

II.

He fed them with a lib'ral Hand,
And made his Treaſures known;
He gave the Midnight-Clouds Command
To pour Proviſion down.

III.

The Manna like a Morning Show'r
Lay thick around their Feet;
The Corn of Heav'n, ſo light, ſo pure,
As tho' 'twere Angels Meat.

IV.

But they in murmuring Language ſaid,
"Manna is all our Feaſt;
We loath this light, this airy Bread;
We muſt have Fleſh to taſte."

V.

"Ye ſhall have Fleſh to pleaſe your Luſt,"
The Lord in Wrath reply'd;
And ſent them Quails like Sand or Duſt,
Heap'd up from Side to Side.

VI.

He gave them all their own Deſire;
And greedy as they fed,
His Vengeance burnt with ſecret Fire,
And ſmote the Rebels dead.

VII.

V.

Oft he chaſtis'd, and ſtill forgave,
'Till by his gracious Hand,
The Nation he reſolv'd to ſave
Poſſeſs'd the promis'd Land.

LXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

The Faithfulneſs of God.

I.

MY never-ceaſing Songs ſhall ſhow
The Mercies of the Lord;
And make ſucceeding Ages know
How faithful is his Word.

II.

The ſacred Truths his Lips pronounce
Shall firm as Heav'n endure;
And if he ſpeak a Promiſe once,
Th' eternal Grace is ſure.

III.

How long the Race of David held
The promis'd Jewiſh Throne!
But there's a nobler Cov'nant ſeal'd
To David's greater Son.

IV.

His Seed for ever ſhall poſſeſs
A Throne above the Skies;
The meaneſt Subject of his Grace
Shall to that Glory riſe.

V.

Lord God of Hoſts, thy wond'rous Ways
Are ſung by Saints above;
And Saints on Earth their honours raiſe
To thy unchanging Love.

LXXXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Bleſſings of the Goſpel.

I.

BLEST are the Souls that hear and know
The Goſpel's joyful Sound;
Peace ſhall attend the Path they go,
And Light their Steps ſurround.

II.

Their Joy ſhall bear their Spirits up,
Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
His Promiſes exalt their Hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

III.

The Lord our Glory and Defence,
Strength and Salvation gives;
Iſrael, thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

XC. Long Metre.

Mortality and Hope.

I.

REMEMBER, Lord, our mortal State,
How frail our Life, how ſhort the Date!
Where is the Man that draws his Breath,
Safe from Diſeaſe, ſecure from Death?

II.

Lord, while we ſee whole Nations die,
Our Fleſh and Senſe repine and cry,
"Muſt Death for ever rage and reign?
"Or haſt thou made Mankind in vain?"

III.

Where is thy Promiſe to the Juſt?
Are not thy Servants turn'd to Duſt?

But Faith forbids theſe mournful Sighs,
And ſees the ſleeping Duſt ariſe.

IV.

That glorious Hour, that dreadful Day,
Wipes the Reproach of Saints away,
And clears the Honour of thy Word;
Awake our Souls, and bleſs the Lord.

XC. Common Metre.

Man frail and God eternal.

I.

OUR GOD, our Help in Ages paſt,
Our Hope for Years to come;
Our Shelter from the ſtormy Blaſt,
And our eternal Home.

II.

Under the Shadow of thy Throne,
Thy Saints have dwelt ſecure;
Sufficient is thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is ſure.

III.

Before the Hills in order ſtood,
Or Earth receiv'd her Frame,
From everlaſting thou art GOD,
To endleſs Years the ſame.

IV.

Thy Word commands our Fleſh to Duſt,
"Return ye Sons of Men."
All Nations roſe from Earth at firſt,
And turn to Earth again.

V.

A thouſand Ages in thy Sight
Are like an Ev'ning gone;

Short

Short as the Watch that ends the Night
Before the riſing Sun.

VI.

Time, like an ever-rolling Stream,
Bears all its Sons away;
They fly, forgotten as a Dream
Dies at the op'ning Day.

VII.

Like flow'ry Fields the Nations ſtand,
Pleas'd with the Morning Light;
The Flowers beneath the Mower's Hand
Lie withering e'er 'tis Night.

XCI. Long Metre.

God's protecting Providence.

I.

HE that hath God for his Retreat,
Hath gain'd a ſafe and quiet Seat;
For God's o'er ſpreading Providence
Will, like a Shade, be his Defence.

II.

To him, as to my Fort, I'll fly,
On him my pow'rful God rely;
When noiſome Plagues infect the Air,
He'll ſave me from the ſecret Snare.

III.

His Care, like Wings, ſhall ſafety yield,
His faithful Promiſe be thy Shield;
So that no Dangers in the Night
Shall Seize thee with a ſudden Fright.

IV.

Since thou haſt made the Lord moſt high,
Thy Refuge and Security,

No Evil ſhall thy peace moleſt,
No Plague thy Dwelling ſhall infeſt.

V.

Becauſe he knows, and fears my Name,
I'll Honour him, and raiſe his Fame;
When he invokes me in his Need,
I'll hear and anſwer him with Speed.

XCII. Long Metre.

The Advantage of Public Worſhip.

I.

LORD, 'tis a pleaſant think to ſtand
In Gardens planted by thy Hand;
Let me within thy Courts be ſeen,
Like a young Cedar freſh and green.

II.

There grow thy Saints in Faith and Love,
Bleſt with thine Influence from above;
Not Lebanon, with all its Trees,
Yields ſuch a comely Sight as the ſe.

III.

The Plants of Grace ſhall ever live;
Nature decays, but Grace muſt thrive;
Time, that doth all things elſe impair,
Still makes them flouriſh ſtrong and fair.

IV

Laden with Fruits of Age they ſhew,
The Lord is holy, juſt, and true;
None that attend his Gates ſhall find
A God unfaithful or unkind.

XCIII. Long Metre.

The Eternal and Sovereign God.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns; He dwells in Light,
Girded with Majeſty and Might;
The World, created by his Hands,
Still on its firſt Foundation ſtands.

II.

But e'er this ſpacious World was made,
Or had its firſt Foundation laid,
Thy Throne eternal Ages ſtood,
Thy Self the ever-living GOD.

III.

Like Floods the angry Nations riſe,
And aim their Rage againſt the Skies;
Vain Floods, that aim their Rage ſo high!
At thy Rebuke the Billows die.

IV.

For ever ſhall thy Throne endure;
Thy Promiſe ſtands for ever ſure;
And everlaſting Holineſs
Becomes the Dwellings of thy Grace.

XCIV. As the CXII Pſalm.

God's Supreme Dominion.

I.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal State maintains,
His Head with awful Glories crown'd;
Array'd in Robes of Light,
Begirt with ſov'reign Might,
And Rays of Majeſty around.

II.

II.

Upheld by thy Commands
The World ſecurely ſtands;
And Skies and Stars obey thy Word;
Thy Throne was fix'd on high
Before the ſtarry Sky;
Eternal is thy Kingdom, Lord.

III.

In Vain the noiſy Croud
Like Billows fierce and loud,
Againſt thine Empire rage and roar;
In vain with angry Spite
The ſurly Nations fight,
And daſh like Waves againſt the Shore.

IV.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs engage,
Let Swelling Tides aſſault the Sky;
The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madneſs down;
Thy Throne for ever ſtands on high.

V.

Thy Promiſes are true,
Thy Grace is ever new,
There fix'd thy Church ſhall ne'er remove;
Thy Saints with holy Fear
Shall in thy Courts appear,
And ſing thy everlaſting Love;

VI.

Let Floods and Nations rage,
And all their Pow'rs ingage,
Let ſwelling Tides aſſault the Sky;

The

The Terrors of thy Frown
Shall beat their Madneſs down;
Thy Throne for ever ſtands on high.

XCV. Long Metre.

Chriſt reigning in Heaven, and coming to Judgment.

I.

HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praiſe him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And diſtant Iſlands join their Voice.

II.

Deep are his Counſels and unknown,
But Grace and Truth ſupport his Throne;
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way ſurround,
Juſtice is their eternal Ground.

III.

In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, and cleaves the Tombs
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.

IV.

His Enemies with ſore Diſmay,
Fly from the Sight, and ſhun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints on high,
And ſing, for your Redemption's nigh.

XCVI. Proper Tune.*

Univerſal Praiſe to God.

I.

LET all the Earth their Voices raiſe,
To ſing the choiceſt Pſalm of Praiſe,
To ſing and bleſs Jehovah's Name:

* As the CXIII, leaving out the Two laſt Lines in each Stanza.

His Glory let the Heathens know,
His Wonders to the Nations ſhew,
And all his ſaving Works proclaim.
[Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

II.

The Heathens know thy Glory, Lord;
The wond'ring Nations read thy Word,
In Britain is Jehovah known:
Our Worſhip ſhall no more be paid
To Gods which mortal Hands have made;
Our Maker is our God alone.
[Give to our God immortal Praiſe,
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

III.

He fram'd the Globe, he built the Sky,
He made the ſhining Worlds on high,
And reigns compleat in Glory there:
His Beams are Majeſty and Light;
His Beauties how divinely bright!
His Temple how divinely fair!
[Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.]

IV.

Come the great Day, the glorious Hour,
When Earth ſhall feel his ſaving Pow'r,
And barbarous Nations fear his Name;
Then ſhall the Race of Man confeſs
The Beauty of his Holineſs,
And in his Courts his Grace proclaim.
[Give to our God immortal Praiſe,
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways.]

XCVII. Common Metre.

The Power, Holineſs, Truth, and Juſtice of God.

I.

JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty Nations quake;
On Cherub's Wings he ſits enthron'd,
Let Earth's Foundations ſhake.

II.

On Sion's Hill he keeps his Court,
His Palace makes her Tow'rs;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

III.

Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs,
His great and dreadful Name,
And with his unreſiſted Might
His Holineſs proclaim.

IV.

For Truth and Juſtice in his Reign,
Of Strength and Pow'r take place;
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
Diſpens'd to Jacob's Race.

V.

Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
Before his Foorſtool fall;
And with his unreſiſted Might
His Holineſs extol.

VI.

With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts,
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he who only Holy is,
Alone ſhould be ador'd.

XCVIII. Long Metre.

God's unchangeable Goodneſs.

I.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy,
Well may thy Praiſe our Lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Whoſe Goodneſs crowns the circling Year.

II.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand ſupports the ſteady Pole;
The Sun is taught by thee to riſe,
And darkneſs when to veil the Skies.

III.

Seaſons and Months, and Weeks, and Days,
Demand ſucceſſive Songs of Praiſe;
Still be the chearful Homage paid,
With op'ning Light and ev'ning Shade.

IV.

O may our more harmonious Tongues
In Worlds unknown purſue the Songs!
And in thoſe brighter Courts adore,
When Days and Years revolve no more.

XCIX. Short Metre.

God to be worſhiped with Reverence.

I.

EXALT the Lord our God,
And worſhip at his Feet;
His Nature is all Holineſs,
And Mercy is his Seat.

II.

When Iſrael was his Church,
When Aaron was his Prieſt;

When

When Moſes cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
He gave his People reſt.

III.

Oft he forgave their Sins,
Nor would deſtroy their Race;
And oft he made his Vengeance known,
When they abus'd his Grace.

IV.

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whoſe Grace is ſtill the ſame;
Still he's a God of Holineſs,
And jealous for his Name.

C. Long Metre.

Praiſe to our Creator.

I.

WITH one Conſent let all the Earth,
To God their chearful Voices raiſe;
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.

II.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The Flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

III.

O enter then his Temple Gates;
Thence to his Court devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.

IV.

For He's the Lord, ſupremely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;

His

His Truth which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

C. Long Metre.

Praiſe to our Creator.

I.

SING to the Lord with joyful Voice;
Let ev'ry Land adore;
The Britiſh Iſles ſhall ſend the Noiſe
Acroſs the Ocean to the Shore.

II.

Nations attend before his Throne,
With ſolemn Fear, with ſacred Joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he deſtroy.

III.

His ſov'reign Pow'r without our Aid
Made us of Clay, and form'd us Men;
And when like wand'ring Sheep we ſtray'd,
He brought us to his Fold again.

IV.

We are his People, we his Care,
Our Souls, and all our mortal Frame;
What laſting Honours ſhall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?

V.

We'll croud thy Gates with thankful Songs,
High as the Heav'n our Voices raiſe;
And Earth, with her ten thouſand Tongues,
Shall fill thy Courts with ſounding Praiſe.

VI.

Wide as the World is thy Command,
Vaſt as eternity thy Love;

Firm

Firm as a Rock thy Truth muſt ſtand.
When rolling Years ſhall ceaſe to move.

CI. Common Metre.

The Good Man's Reſolution.

I.

OF Juſtice and of Grace I ſing,
And pay my God my Vows;
Thy Grace and Juſtice, heav'nly King,
Teach me to rule my Houſe.

II.

Now to my Tent, O God, repair,
And make thy Servant wiſe;
I'll ſuffer nothing near me there
That ſhall offend thy Eyes.

III.

The Man that doth his Neighbour wrong
By Falſhood or by Force,
The ſcornful Eye, the ſland'rous Tongue,
I'll thruſt them from my Doors.

IV.

I'll ſeek the Faithful and the Juſt,
And will their Help enjoy;
Theſe are the Friends that I ſhall truſt,
The Servants I'll imploy.

V.

The Wretch that deals in ſly Deceit
I'll not endure a Night;
The Liar's Tongue I ever hate,
And baniſh from my Sight.

VI.

I'll purge my Family around
And make the Wicked flee;

So

So ſhall my Houſe be ever found
A Dwelling fit for thee.

CII. Common Metre.

Addreſs to God in Affliction.

I.

HEAR me, O God, nor hide thy Face,
But anſwer, leſt I die!
Haſt thou not built a Throne of Grace,
To hear when Sinners cry?

II.

My Days are waſted like the Smoke
Diſſolving in the Air;
My Strength is dry'd, my Heart is broke,
And ſinking in Deſpair.

III.

My Spirits flag, like with'ring Graſs
Burnt with exceſſive Heat;
In ſecret Groans my Minutes paſs,
And I forget to eat.

IV.

Dark diſmal Thoughts and boding Fears
Dwell in my troubl'd Breaſt;
While ſharp Reproaches wound my Ears,
Nor give my Spirit Reſt.

V.

But thou for ever art the ſame,
O my Eternal God!
Ages to come ſhall know thy Name,
And ſpread thy Works abroad.

VI.

He hears his Saints, he knows their Cry,
And by myſterious Ways,

Redeems

Redeems the Priſoners doom'd to die.
And fills their Tongues with Praiſe.

CII. Long Metre.

The Mutability of the Creation.

I.

GREAT Former of this various Frame!
Our Souls adore thy awful Name;
And bow and tremble while they Praiſe
The Ancient of eternal Days.

II.

Our Days a tranſient Period run,
And change with ev'ry circling Sun;
And in the firmeſt State we boaſt,
A Moth can cruſh us into Duſt,

III.

But let the Creatures fall around;
Let Death conſign us to the Ground;
Let the laſt gen'ral Flame ariſe,
And melt the Arches of the Skies.

IV.

Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we
Can all the Wreck of Nature ſee;
While Grace ſecures us an Abode,
Unſhaken as the Throne of God.

CIII. Common Metre.

The Compaſſion of God to Mankind.

I.

A FATHER's Pity to his Child
Than God's is leſſer far;
For he conſiders our weak Frame,
And knows that Duſt we are.

II.

II.

Man's Days are like the Graſs or Flow'r,
Freſh when its newly blown,
But fades with ev'ry blaſting Wind,
Whoſe Place no more is known.

III.

But God is true and ever kind,
To good Men and their Race;
Thoſe that his Laws and Cov'nant keep,
His Favour will embrace.

IV.

Circled with Light, the Lord hath plac'd
His Throne in Heav'n above,
Whoſe ſov'reign Empire does extend
O'er all that live and move.

V.

Bleſs God, ye Angels, who in Strength
And Services tranſcend;
Bleſs him, ye Hoſts and Miniſters,
Who all his Will attend.

VI.

All ye his Works, in ev'ry Place,
Subject to his controul,
Bleſs ye your Maker; and with them
Join in his Praiſe, my Soul.

CIII. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

God's tender Mercy to his People.

I.

BLESS thou the Lord my Soul; his Name
Let all the Pow'rs within me bleſs;
O let not his paſt Favours lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs!

II.

II.

'Tis he that pardons all thy Sins;
He that in Sickneſs makes thee Sound;
'Tis he redeems thee from the Grave,
And ſtill thy Life with Love is crown'd.

III.

'Tis he that fills thy Mouth with good,
And all thy juſt Deſires ſupplies;
Who, like the Eagles, makes thy Age
To a renewed Youth ariſe.

IV.

Abundant Mercies flow from God,
Love is his Nature and Delight;
Slow is his Wrath, and tho' he chides,
He means not to deſtroy us quite.

V.

His Anger, in its riſe and ſtay,
From Rules of Juſtice never ſwerves;
And when he puniſhes our Faults,
The Meaſure's leſs than Sin deſerves.

VI.

As Heav'n is far above the Earth,
So his Rewards exceed our Love;
Farther than Eaſt is from the Weſt,
His Pardon does our Sins remove.

CIII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God's gentle Chaſtiſement.

I.

THE Lord, how wond'rous are his Ways!
How firm his Truth! how large his Grace!
He takes his Mercy for his Throne,
And thence he makes his Glories known.

II.

II.

Not half ſo high his Pow'r hath ſpread
The ſtarry Heav'ns above our Head,
As his rich Love exceeds our Praiſe,
Exceeds the higheſt Hopes we raiſe.

III.

Not half ſo far hath Nature plac'd
The riſing Morning from the Weſt,
As his forgiving Grace removes
The daily Guilt of thoſe he loves.

IV.

How ſlowly doth his Wrath ariſe!
On ſwifter Wings Salvation flies;
And if he lets his Anger burn,
How ſoon his Frowns to Pity turn!

V.

Amidſt his Wrath Compaſſion ſhines;
His Strokes are lighter than our Sins;
And while his Rod corrects his Saints,
His Ear indulges their Complaints.

VI.

So Fathers their young Sons chaſtiſe,
With gentle Hands and melting Eyes;
The Children weep beneath the Smart,
And move the Pity of their Heart.

PAUSE.

VII.

The mighty God, the Wiſe and Juſt,
Knows that our Frame is feeble Duſt;
And will no heavy Loads impoſe,
Beyond the Strength that he beſtows.

VIII.

VIII.

He knows how ſoon our Nature dies,
Blaſted by ev'ry Wind that flies;
Like Graſs we ſpring, and die as ſoon,
Or Morning Flow'rs that fade at Noon.

IX.

But his eternal Love is ſure
To all the Saints, and ſhall indure;
From Age to Age his Truth ſhall reign,
Nor Childrens Children hope in vain.

CIII. *Firſt Part.* Short Metre.

Praiſe for Temporal and Spiritual Mercies.

I.

O BLESS the Lord, my Soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my Tongue to bleſs his Name,
Whoſe Favours are divine.

II.

O bleſs the Lord, my Soul!
Nor let his Mercies lie
Forgotten in Unthankfulneſs,
And without Praiſes die.

III.

'Tis he forgives thy Sins
'Tis he relieves thy Pain;
'Tis he that heals thy Sickneſſes,
And makes thee young again.

IV.

He crowns thy Life with Love,
When ranſom'd from the Grave;
He that redeem'd my Soul from Hell,
Hath ſov'reign Pow'r to ſave.

He

V.

He fills the Poor with Good;
He gives the Sufferers Reſt;
The Lord hath Judgments for the Proud,
And Juſtice for th' Oppreſt.

VI.

His wond'rous Works and Ways
He made by Moſes known;
But ſent the World his Truth and Grace,
By his beloved Son.

CIII. *Second Part.* Short Metre.

The Compaſſion of God.

I.

MY Soul, repeat his Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies are ſo great;
Whoſe Anger is ſo ſlow to riſe,
So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide;
And when his Strokes are felt,
His Strokes are fewer than our Crimes,
And lighter than our Guilt.

III.

High as the Heav'ns are rais'd
Above the Ground we tread,
So far the Riches of his Grace
Our higheſt Thoughts exceed.

IV.

His Pow'r ſubdues our Sins,
And his forgiving Love,
Far as the Eaſt is from the Weſt,
Doth all our Guilt remove.

V.

V.

The Pity of the Lord,
To thoſe that fear his Name,
Is ſuch as tender Parents feel;
He knows our feeble Frame.

VI.

He knows we are but Duſt,
Scatter'd with ev'ry Breath;
His Anger like a riſing Wind
Can ſend us ſwift to Death.

VII.

Our Days are as the Graſs,
Or like the Morning Flow'r;
If one ſharp Blaſt ſweep o'er the Field,
It withers in an Hour.

VIII.

But thy Compaſſions, Lord,
To endleſs Years endure;
And Childrens Children ever find
Thy Words of Promiſe ſure.

CIV. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

The Glory of God in Creation and Providence.

I.

MY Soul, thy great Creator praiſe;
When cloth'd in his celeſtial Rays,
He in full Majeſty appears,
And like a Robe his Glory wears.

II.

Angels, whom his own Breath inſpires,
His Miniſters are flaming Fires;
And ſwift as Thought their Armies move,
To bear his Vengeance or his Love.

III.

III.

The World's Foundations by his Hand
Are pois'd, and ſhall for ever ſtand;
He binds the Ocean in his Chain,
Leſt it ſhould drown the Earth again.

IV.

When Earth was cover'd with the Flood,
Which high above the Mountains ſtood,
He thunder'd, and the Ocean fled,
Confin'd to its appointed Bed.

V.

The ſwelling Billows know their Bound,
And in their Channels walk their Round;
Yet thence convey'd by ſecret Veins,
They ſpring on Hills and drench the Plains.

VI.

God from his cloudy Ciſtern pours
On the parch'd Earth enriching Show'rs;
The Grove, the Garden, and the Field,
A thouſand joyful Bleſſings yield.

VII.

O bleſs his Name, ye Britons, fed
With Nature's chief Supporter, Bread!
While Bread your vital Strength imparts,
Serve him with Vigour in your Hearts.

CIV. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

God the Governor of the Univerſe.

I.

VAST are thy Works, almighty Lord!
All Nature reſts upon thy Word,
And the whole Race of Creatures ſtands,
Waiting their Portion from thy Hands.

II.

II.

While each receives his diff'rent Food,
Their chearful Looks pronounce it good
Eagles and Bears, and Whales and Worms,
Rejoice and Praiſe in different Forms.

III.

But when thy Face is hid they mourn,
And dying to their Duſt return;
Both Man and Beaſt their Souls reſign;
Life, Breath, and Spirit all are thine.

IV.

Yet thou canſt breathe on Duſt again,
And fill the World with Beaſts and Men;
A Word of thy creating Breath
Repairs the Waſtes of Time and Death.

V.

His Works, the Wonders of his Might,
Are honour'd with his own Delight;
How awful are his Glorious Ways!
The Lord is dreadful in his Praiſe.

VI.

The Earth ſtands trembling at thy Stroke,
And at thy Touch the Mountains ſmoke;
Yet humble Souls may ſee thy Face,
And tell their Wants to ſov'reign Grace.

VII.

In Thee my Hopes and Wiſhes meet,
And make my Meditations ſweet;
Thy Praiſes ſhall my Breath employ,
Till it expire in endleſs Joy.

CV. Common Metre.

Pleasure in Divine Worship.

I.

O LET us all give Thanks to God,
And call upon his Name!
His gracious and his mighty Works,
To all the World proclaim.

II.

Let us in Songs and sacred Hymns,
Our great Creator bless,
And what his pow'rful Hand hath wrought,
Our joyful Tongues express.

III.

Count it your Honour that ye know,
And bear his sacred Name;
And when you worship this great Lord
Take Pleasure in the same.

IV.

Within his Sanctuary let
Your Prayers to him be made;
Your Hopes upon his Favour rest,
And his almighty Aid.

V.

O let the Works that he hath done,
Your Admiration move!
Think on the Judgments of his Mouth,
And Wonders of his Love.

VI.

We glory that this mighty Lord,
Us for his People owns;
Whose Judgments make th' amazed Earth,
To tremble when he frowns.

VII.

VII.

His Cov'nant with his People made,
He ever call'd to mind;
And will his Promiſes fulfil,
To Ages ſtill behind.

CVI. Long Metre.

God adored for his Goodneſs.

I.

TO God the great, the ever-bleſt,
Let Songs of Honour be addreſt;
His Mercy firm for ever ſtands,
Give him the Thanks his Love demands.

II.

Who knows the Wonders of thy Ways?
Who ſhall fulfil thy boundleſs Praiſe?
Bleſt are the Souls that fear thee ſtill,
And pay their Duty to thy Will.

III.

Remember what thy Mercy did
For Jacob's Race, thy choſen Seed;
And with the ſame Salvation bleſs
The meaneſt Suppliant of thy Grace.

IV.

O may I ſee thy Tribes rejoice,
And aid their Triumphs with my Voice!
This is my Glory, Lord, to be
Join'd to thy Saints, and near to thee.

CVI. Short Metre.

God's unchangeable Love.

I.

GOD of eternal Love,
How fickle are our Ways!

And yet how oft did Iſrael prove
Thy conſtancy of Grace!

II.

They ſaw thy Wonders wrought,
And then thy Praiſe they ſung;
But ſoon thy Works of Pow'r forgot,
And murmur'd with their Tongue.

III.

Now they believe his Word,
While Rocks with Rivers flow;
Now with their Luſts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

IV.

Yet when they mourn'd their Faults,
He hearken'd to their Groans,
Brought his own Cov'nant to his Thoughts,
And call'd them ſtill his Sons.

V.

Their Names were in his Book,
He ſav'd them from their Foes;
Oft he chaſtis'd, but ne'er forſook
The People that he choſe.

VI.

Let Iſrael bleſs the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient Race;
And Chriſtians join the ſolemn Word
AMEN to all the Praiſe.

CVII. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

God's wonderful Works to the Children of Men.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God, he reigns above,
Kind are his Thoughts, his Name is Love;
His

His Mercy Ages paſt have known,
And Ages long to come ſhall own.

II.

Let the Redeemed of the Lord,
The Wonders of his Grace record;
Iſrael, the Nation whom he choſe,
And reſcu'd from their mighty Foes.

III.

In their Diſtreſs to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their March far Wand'ring round,
'Twas the right Path to Canaan's Ground.

IV.

Thus when our firſt Releaſe we gain
From Sin's old Yoke, and Satan's Chain,
We have this deſart World to paſs,
A dang'rous and a tireſome Place.

V.

He feeds and Clothes us all the Way,
He guides our Footſteps leſt we ſtray;
He guards us with a pow'rful Hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly Land.

VI.

O let the Saints with Joy record
The Truth and Goodneſs of the Lord!
How great his Works! How kind his Ways!
Let every Tongue pronounce his Praiſe.

CVII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

Providential Deliverances.

I.

WOULD you behold the Works of God,
His Wonders in the World abroad?

Go with the Mariners, and trace
The unknown Regions of the Seas.

II.

They leave their native Shores behind,
And ſeize the Favour of the Wind;
'Till God command, and Tempeſts riſe
That heave the Ocean to the Skies,

III.

Now to the Heav'ns they mount amain,
Now ſink to dreadful Deeps again;
What ſtrange Affrights young Sailors feel;
And like a ſtagg'ring Drunkard reel!

IV.

When Land is far, and Death is nigh,
Loſt to all Hope, to God they cry;
His Mercy hears the loud Addreſs,
And ſends Salvation in Diſtreſs.

V.

He bids the Winds their Wrath aſſuage,
The furious Waves forget their Rage;
'Tis calm; and Sailors ſmile to ſee
The Haven where they wiſh'd to be.

VI.

O may the Sons of Men record,
The wond'rous Goodneſs of the Lord!
Let them their private Offerings bring,
And in the Church his Glory ſing.

CVII. Common Metre.

God the Preſerver to be adored.

I.

THY Works of Glory, mighty Lord,
Thy Wonders in the Deeps,

The

The Sons of Courage ſhall record,
Who trade in floating Ships.

II.

At thy Command the Winds ariſe,
And ſwell the tow'ring Waves;
The Men aſtoniſh'd mount the Skies,
And ſink in op'ning Graves.

III.

Then to the Lord they raiſe their Cries;
He hears the loud Requeſt,
And orders Silence thro' the Skies,
And lays the Floods to reſt.

IV.

Sailors rejoice to loſe their Fears,
And ſee the Storm allay'd;
Now to their Eyes the Port appears,
There let their Vows be paid.

V.

'Tis God that brings them ſafe to Land;
Let ſtupid Mortals know,
That Waves are under his Command,
And all the Winds that blow.

VI.

O that the Sons of Men would praiſe
The Goodneſs of the Lord!
And thoſe that ſee thy wond'rous Ways,
Thy wond'rous Love record.

CVIII. Long Metre.

Nations bleſt and puniſhed.

I.

WHEN God, provok'd with daring Crimes
Scourges the Madneſs of the Times,

He turns their Fields to barren Sand,
And dries the Rivers from the Land.

II.

His Word can riſe the Springs again,
And make the wither'd Mountains green;
Send ſhow'ry Bleſſings from the Skies,
And Harveſts in the Deſarts riſe.

III.

[Thus they are bleſt, but if they ſin,
He lets the Heathen Nations in,
A ſavage Crew invades their Lands,
Their Princes die by barbarous Hands.

IV.

Their Captive Sons, expos'd to Scorn,
Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
The Country lies unſenc'd, untill'd,
And Deſolation ſpreads the Field.

V.

Yet if the humbled Nation mourns,
Again his dreadful Hand he turns;
Again he makes their Cities thrive,
And bids the dying Churches live.]

VI.

The Righteous with a joyful Senſe
Admire the Works of Providence;
And Tongues of Atheiſts ſhall no more
Blaſpheme the God that Saints adore.

VII.

How few with pious Care record
Theſe wond'rous Dealings of the Lord!
But wiſe Obſervers ſtill ſhall find
The Lord is holy, juſt and kind.

CIX. Common Metre.

Love to Enemies.

I.

GOD of my Mercy and my Praiſe,
Thy Glory is my Song;
Tho' Sinners ſpeak againſt thy Grace,
With a blaſpheming Tongue.

II.

When in the Form of mortal Man,
Thy Son on Earth was found,
With cruel Slanders falſe and vain
They compaſs'd him around.

III.

Their Mis'ries his Compaſſion move,
Their Peace he ſtill purſu'd;
They render Hatred for his Love,
And Evil for his Good.

IV.

Their Malice rag'd without a Cauſe,
Yet with his dying Breath,
He pray'd for Murd'rers on his Croſs,
And bleſt his Foes in Death.

V.

Lord, ſhall thy bright Example ſhine
In vain before my Eyes?
Give me a Soul a-kin to thine,
To love my Enemies.

VI.

The Lord ſhall on my Side engage,
And in my Saviour's Name;
I ſhall defeat their Pride and Rage,
Who ſlander and condemn.

CX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Kingdom and Prieſthood.

I.

JESUS, our Lord, aſcend thy Throne,
And near thy Father ſit;
In Zion ſhall thy Pow'r be known,
And make thy Foes ſubmit.

II.

What Wonders ſhall thy Goſpel do!
Thy Converts ſhall ſurpaſs
The num'rous Drops of Morning Dew,
And own thy ſov'reign Grace.

III.

God hath pronouc'd a firm Decree,
Nor changes what he ſwore;
"Eternal ſhall thy Prieſthood be,
"When Aaron is no more.

IV.

"Melchiſedeck that wond'rous Prieſt,
"That King of high Degree,
"That holy Man who Abraham bleſt
"Was but a Type of thee."

V.

Jeſus our Prieſt for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jeſus our King for ever gives
The Bleſſings of his Love.

VI.

God ſhall exalt his glorious Head,
And his high Throne maintain,
Shall ſtrike the Pow'rs and Princes dead,
Who dare oppoſe his Reign.

CXI. Common Metre.

The Wiſdom of God in his Works.

I.

SONGS of immortal Praiſe belong
To my almighty God;
He has my Heart, and he my Tongue,
To ſpread his Name abroad.

II.

How great the Works his Hand hath Wrought!
How glorious in our Sight!
And Men in ev'ry Age have ſought
His Wonders with Delight.

III.

How moſt exact is Nature's Frame!
How wiſe th' eternal Mind!
His Counſels never change the Scheme
That his firſt Thoughts deſigned.

IV.

When he redeem'd his choſen Sons,
He fix'd his Cov'nant ſure;
The Orders that his Lips pronounce
To endleſs Years endure.

V.

Nature and Time, and Earth and Skies
Thy heav'nly Skill proclaim;
What ſhall we do to make us wiſe,
But learn to read thy Name?

VI.

To fear thy Pow'r, to truſt thy Grace,
Is our divineſt Skill;
And he's the wiſeſt of our Race
That beſt obeys thy Will.

CXII. Common Metre.

Liberality rewarded.

I.

HAPPY is he that fears the Lord,
And follows his Commands,
Who Lends the Poor without Reward,
Or gives with lib'ral Hands.

II.

As Pity dwells within his Breast
To all the Sons of Need;
So God shall answer his Request,
With Blessings on his Seed.

III.

No evil Tidings shall surprize
His well-establish'd Mind;
His Soul to God, his Refuge flies,
And leaves his Fears behind.

IV.

In Times of general Distress
Some Beams of Light shall Shine,
To shew the World his Righteousness,
And give him Peace divine.

V.

His Works of Piety and Love
Remain before the Lord;
Honour on Earth and Joys above
Shall be his sure Reward.

CXII. Long Metre.

The Blessings of the Pious and Charitable.

I.

THAT Man is bless'd who stands in Awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law;

His

His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

II.

His Houſe, the Seat of Wealth ſhall be
An inexhauſted Treaſury;
His Juſtice free from all Decay,
Shall Bleſſings to his Heirs convey.

III.

The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brighteſt in Affliction's Night,
To pity the diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.

IV.

His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.

V.

Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground;
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt
Shall flouriſh, when he ſleeps in Duſt.

VI.

His Hands while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
When he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.

CXIII. Proper Tune.

The Majeſty and Condeſcenſion of God.

I.

YE that delight to ſerve the Lord,
The Honours of his Name record,
His ſacred Name for ever bleſs:

Where-

Where-e'er the circling Sun displays
His rising Beams, or setting Rays,
Let Lands and Seas his Pow'r confess.

II.

Not Time, nor Nature's narrow Rounds,
Can give his vast Dominion Bounds;
The Heav'ns are far below his Height:
Let no created Greatness dare
With our eternal God compare,
Arm'd with his uncreated Might.

III.

He bows his glorious Head to view
What the bright Hosts of Angels do,
And bends his Care to mortal Things;
His sov'reign Hand exalts the Poor,
He takes the Needy from the Door,
And makes them Company for Kings.

IV.

When childless Families despair,
He sends the Blessing of an Heir,
To rescue their expiring Name;
The mother with a thankful Voice
Proclaims his Praises and her Joys;
Let ev'ry Age advance his Fame.

CXIII. Long Metre.

God Sovereign and Gracious.

I.

YE Servants of th' almighty King,
In ev'ry Age his Praises sing;
Where-e'er the Sun shall rise or set,
The Nations shall his Praise repeat.

II.

II.

Above the Earth, beyond the Sky
Stands his high Throne of Majesty;
Nor Time nor Place his Pow'r restrain,
Nor bound his universal reign.

III.

Which of the Sons of Adam dare,
Or Angels with their God compare?
His Glories how divinely bright,
Who dwells in uncreated Light!

IV.

Behold his Love, he stoops to view
What Saints above and Angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
The mean Affairs of Men below.

V.

From Dust and Cottages obscure
His Grace exalts the humble Poor;
Gives them the honour of his Sons,
And fits them for their heav'nly Thrones.

CXIV. Long Metre.

Miracles attending Israel's *Journey.*

I.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharoah's Hand,
Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with chearful Homage own
Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

II.

Across the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them Way;
Jordan beheld their March, and fled
With backward current to his Head.

III.

III.

The Mountains ſhook like frighted Sheep,
Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her Baſe could ſtand,
Conſcious of ſov'reign Pow'r at Hand.

IV.

What Pow'r could make the Deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

V.

Let ev'ry Mountain, ev'ry Flood,
Retire and know th' approaching God,
The King of Iſrael; ſee him here
Tremble thou Earth, adore and fear.

VI.

He thunders, and all Nature mourns,
The rock to ſtanding Pools he turns;
Flints, ſpring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confeſs the Lord.

CXV. Long Metre.

The True God our Refuge.

I.

NOT to ourſelves, who are but Duſt,
Not to ourſelves is Glory due,
Eternal God, thou only Juſt,
Thou only Gracious, Wiſe and true,

II.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
Why ſhould a Papiſt's haughty Tongue
Inſult us, and to raiſe our Shame,
Say, "Where's the God you've ſerv'd ſo long?

III.

III.

The God we ſerve maintains his Throne
Above the Clouds, beyond the Skies;
Thro' all the Earth his Will is done,
He knows our Groans he hears our Cries.

IV.

But the vain Idols they adore
Are ſenſeleſs Shapes of Stone and Wood;
At beſt a Maſs of glitt'ring Ore,
A ſilver Saint or Golden God.

V.

O Iſrael, make the Lord thy Hope,
Thy Help, thy Refuge, and thy Reſt!
The Lord ſhall build thy Ruins up,
And bleſs the People and the Prieſt.

VI.

The Dead no more can ſpeak thy Praiſe,
They dwell in Silence and the Grave;
But we ſhall live to ſing thy Grace,
And tell the World thy Pow'r to ſave.

CXVI. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

Recovery from Sickneſs.

I.

I LOVE the Lord, he heard my Cries,
And Pity'd every Groan;
Long as I live, when Troubles riſe,
I'll haſten to his Throne.

II.

I love the Lord, he bow'd his Ear,
And chas'd my Griefs away;
O let my Heart no more deſpair,
When I have Breath to pray!

III.

III.

My Fleſh declin'd, my Spirits fell,
And I drew near the Dead,
While inward Pangs and Fears of Hell
Perplex'd my wakeful Head.

IV.

"My God, I cry'd, Thy Servant ſave,
"Thou ever good and juſt!
"Thy Pow'r can reſcue from the Grave,
"Thy Pow'r is all my Truſt."

V.

The Lord beheld me ſore diſtreſt,
He bid my Pains remove;
Return, my Soul, to God thy Reſt,
For thou haſt known his Love.

VI.

My God hath ſav'd my Soul from Death,
And Dry'd my falling Tears;
Now to his Praiſe I'll ſpend my Breath,
And my remaining Years.

CXVI. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Public Thanks for private Deliverance.

I.

WHAT ſhall I render to my God
For all his Kindneſs ſhown?
My Feet ſhall viſit thine Abode,
My Songs addreſs thy Throne.

II.

Among the Saints that fill thy Houſe
My Offerings ſhall be paid;
There ſhall my Zeal perform the Vows
My Soul in Anguiſh made.

III.

III.

How much is Mercy thy Delight,
Thou ever-bleſſed God!
How dear thy Servants in thy Sight!
How precious is their Blood!

IV.

How happy all thy Servants are!
How great thy Grace to me!
My Life which thou haſt made thy Care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
Nor ſhall my Purpoſe move;
Thy Hand has loos'd my Bonds of Pain,
And bound me with thy Love.

VI.

Here in thy Courts I leave my Vow,
And thy rich Grace record;
Witneſs, ye Saints, who hear me now,
If I forſake the Lord.

CXVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Nations.

I.

LET all the Nations of the World
Their great Creator praiſe;
And all its ſcatt'red People join
His mighty Name to raiſe.

II.

Whoſe tender Mercy knows no Bound,
His Goodneſs ever ſure;
Then let our Praiſes like his Truth,
For ever ſtill endure.

CXVIII.

CXVIII. *First Part.* Common Metre.

Public Praise for God's merciful Appearances.

I.

O PRAISE the Lord, whom Ages past
Have known to be so kind;
Whose Mercies will continue sure
To Ages still behind.

II.

Let all his People and his Priests,
That in his House attend,
With all that fear the Lord proclaim,
His Mercies have no End.

III.

Bear thou thy Part with them, my Soul,
God's Goodness to express,
Who hear'd my Pray'r, and set me free,
When I was in Distress.

IV

I need not fear what Man can do,
Since God does take my Part;
Defeated all my Foes will be,
When thou my Helper art.

V.

I all my Happiness ascribe
To God, who made me strong;
And his Salvation still shall be
The Subject of my Song.

VI.

The joyful Voice of Triumph fills
The Dwellings of the Just;
His Pow'r doth mighty things for them,
Who in his Goodness trust.

CXVIII. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

For the Lord's Day, *or Chriſt's Reſurrection.*

I.

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
He calls the Hours his own;
Let Heav'n rejoice, let Earth be glad,
And Praiſe ſurround thy Throne.

II.

To-day he roſe and left the Dead,
And Satan's Empire fell;
To-day the Saints his Triumph ſpread,
And all his Wonders tell.

III.

Hoſanna, to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord, deſcend and bring
Salvation from thy Throne!

IV.

Bleſt be the Lord who comes to Men
With Meſſages of Grace;
Who comes in God his Father's Name
To ſave our ſinful Race.

V.

Hoſanna, in the higheſt Strains,
The Church on Earth can raiſe!
The higheſt Heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler Praiſe.

CXIX. *First Part.* Common Metre.

The Blessedness of the Righteous.

I.

BLEST are the undefil'd in Heart,
Whose Ways are right and clean;
Who never from the Law depart,
But fly from ev'ry Sin.

II.

Blest are the Men that keep thy Word,
And practise thy Commands;
With their whole Heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their Hands.

III.

Great is their Peace who love thy Law;
How firm their Souls abide!
Nor can a bold Temptation draw,
Their steady Feet aside.

IV.

Then shall my Heart have solid Joy,
And keep my Face from Shame;
When all thy Statutes I obey,
And honour all thy Name.

V.

But haughty Sinners God will hate,
The Proud shall die accurst;
The Sons of Falshood and Deceit
Are troddĕn to the Dust.

VI.

Vile as the Dross the Wicked are;
And those that leave thy Ways,
Shall see Salvation from afar,
But never taste thy Grace.

CXIX.

CXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

Avouching God as our Portion.

I.

THOU art my Portion, O my God!
Soon as I know thy Way,
My Heart makes Haste t'obey thy Word,
And ſuffers no Delay.

II.

I chuſe the Path of heav'nly Truth,
And Glory in my Choice;
Not all the Riches of the Earth
Could make me ſo rejoice.

III.

The Teſtimonies of thy Grace
I ſet before my Eyes;
Thence I derive my daily Strength,
And there my Comfort lies.

IV.

If once I wander from thy Path,
I think upon my Ways;
Then turn my Feet to thy Commands,
And truſt thy pardoning Grace.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine;
O ſave thy Servant, Lord!
Thou art my Shield, my Hiding-place,
My Hope is in thy Word.

VI.

Thou haſt inclin'd this Heart of mine,
Thy Statutes to fulfil;
And thus 'till mortal Life ſhall end,
Would I perform thy Will.

CXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

Inſtruction from Scripture.

I.

HOW ſhall the Young ſecure their Hearts,
And Guard their Lives from Sin?
Thy Word the choiceſt Rules impart,
To keep the Conſcience clean.

II.

When once it enters to the Mind,
It ſpreads ſuch Light abroad,
The meaneſt Souls Inſtruction find,
And raiſe their Thoughts to God.

III.

'Tis like the Sun, a heav'nly Light,
That guides us all the Day;
And thro' the Dangers of the Night,
A Lamp to lead our Way.

IV.

The Men that keep thy Law with Care,
And meditate thy Word,
Grow wiſer than their Teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

V.

Thy Precepts make me truly wiſe;
I hate the Sinner's Road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that riſe,
But love thy Law, my God.

VI.

Thy Word is everlaſting Truth,
How pure is ev'ry Page!
That holy Book ſhall guide our Youth,
And well ſupport our Age.

CXIX. *Fourth Part.* Common Metre.

Delight in the Word of God.

I.

O How I love thy Holy Law!
'Tis daily my Delight,
And thence my Meditations draw
Divine Advice by Night.

II.

My waking Eyes prevent the Day
To meditate thy Word;
My Soul with Longing melts away
To hear thy Goſpel, Lord.

III.

How doth thy Word my Heart engage!
How well employ my Tongue!
And in my tireſome Pilgrimage
Yields me a heav'nly Song.

IV.

Am I a ſtranger, or at Home,
'Tis my perpetual Feaſt;
Not Honey droping from the Comb
So much allures the Taſte.

V.

No Treaſures ſo enrich the Mind;
Nor ſhall thy Word be ſold,
For Loads of Silver well refin'd,
Nor Heaps of choiceſt Gold.

VI.

When Nature ſinks, and Spirits droop,
Thy Promiſes of Grace
Are Pillars to ſupport my Hope,
And there I write thy Praiſe.

CXIX. *Fifth Part.* Common Metre.

Perfection of Scripture.

I.

LET all the heathen Writers join,
To form one perfect Book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their Writings look?

II.

Not their best Reas'nings could assure,
Our num'rous Sins forgiven,
Nor clear the Gloom of Death; but Christ
Absolves; and opens Heav'n.

III.

I've seen an End of what we call
Perfection here below;
How short the Pow'rs of Nature fall,
And can no farther go.

IV.

Yet Men would fain be just with God,
By Works their Hands have wrought;
But thy Commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry Thought.

V.

In vain we boast Perfection here,
While Sin defiles our Frame;
And sinks our Virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the Name.

VI.

Our Faith, and Love, and ev'ry Grace,
Fall far below thy Word;
But perfect Truth and Righteousness
Dwell only with the Lord.

CXIX. *Sixth Part.* Common Metre.

The Excellency and Variety of Scripture.

I.

LORD, I have made thy Word my Choice,
My lasting Heritage;
There shall my noblest Pow'rs rejoice,
My Warmest Thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the Histories of thy Love,
And keep thy Laws in Sight,
While thro' the Promises I rove,
With ever fresh Delight.

III.

'Tis a broad Land of Wealth unknown,
Where Springs of Life arise,
Seeds of immortal Bliss are sown,
And hidden Glory lies.

IV.

The best Relief that Mourners have,
It makes our Sorrows blest;
Our fairest Hope beyond the Grave,
And our eternal Rest.

CXIX. *Seventh Part.* Common Metre.

Desire of Spiritual Instruction.

I.

THY Mercies fill the Earth, O Lord,
How good thy Works appear!
Open my Eyes to read thy Word,
And see thy Wonders there.

II.

My Heart was fashion'd by thy Hand,
My Service is thy Due;

O make thy Servant underſtand
The Duties he muſt do!

III.

Since I'm a Stranger here below,
Let not thy Path be hid;
But mark the Road my Feet ſhould go,
And be my conſtant Guide.

IV.

If God to me his Statutes ſhew,
And heav'nly Truth impart,
His Work for ever I'll purſue,
His Law ſhall rule my Heart.

V.

This was my Comfort when I bore
Variety of Grief;
It made me learn thy Word the more,
And fly to that Relief.

VI.

When I have learn'd my Father's Will,
I'll teach the World his Ways;
My thankful Lips, inſpir'd with Zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his Praiſe.

CXIX. *Eighth Part.* Common Metre.
Breathing after Holineſs.

I.

O THAT the Lord would guide my Ways,
To keep his Statutes ſtill!
O that my God would grant me Grace,
To know and do his Will!

II.

O ſend thy Spirit down to write
Thy Law upon my Heart!

Nor

Nor let my Tongue indulge Deceit,
Nor act the Liar's Part.

III.

From Vanity turn of my Eyes;
Let no corrupt Design,
Nor covetous Desires arise,
Within this Soul of mine.

IV.

Order my Footsteps by thy Word,
And make my Heart sincere;
Let Sin have no Dominion, Lord,
But keep my Conscience clear.

V.

My Soul hath gone too far astray,
My Feet too often slip;
Yet since I've not forgot thy Way,
Restore e thy wand'ring Sheep.

VI.

Make me to walk in thy Commands,
'Tis a delightful Road;
Nor let my Head, or Heart, or Hands,
Offend against my God.

CXIX. *Ninth Part.* Common Metre.

Holy Fear and Tenderness of Conscience.

I.

WITH my whole heart I've sought thy Face,
O let me never stray,
From thy Commands, O God of Grace,
Nor tread the Sinners Way!

II.

Thy Word I've hid within my Heart,
To keep my Conscience clean,

And be an everlasting Guard
From ev'ry rising Sin.

III.

I'm a Companion of the Saints,
Who fear and love the Lord;
My Sorrows rise, my Nature faints,
When Men transgress thy Word.

IV.

While Sinners do thy Gospel Wrong,
My Spirit stands in Awe;
My Soul abhors a lying Tongue,
But loves thy righteous Law.

V.

My Heart with sacred Rev'rence hears
The Threat'nings of thy Word;
My Flesh with holy Trembling fears
The Judgments of the Lord.

VI.

My God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy Salvation still;
While thy whole Law is my Delight,
And I obey thy Will.

CXIX. *Tenth Part.* Common Metre.

Benefit of Afflictions, and Support under them.

I.

CONSIDER all my Sorrows, Lord,
And thy Deliv'rance send;
My Soul for thy Salvation faints,
When will my Troubles end!

II.

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my Father's Rod;

Affiictions

Afflictions make me learn thy Law,
And live upon my God.

III.

This is the Comfort I enjoy,
When new Diſtreſs begins;
I read thy Word, I run thy Way,
And hate my former Sins.

IV.

Had not thy Word been my Delight
When earthly Joys were fled,
My Soul, oppreſt with Sorrows Weight
Had ſunk amongſt the Dead.

V.

I know thy Judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may ſeem ſevere;
The ſharpeſt Suff'rings I endure,
Flow from thy faithful Care.

VI.

Before I knew thy chaſt'ning Rod,
My Feet were apt to ſtray;
But now I learn to keep thy Word,
Nor wander from thy Way.

CXIX. *Eleventh Part.* Common Metre.
Holy Reſolutions.

I.

O THAT thy Statutes ev'ry Hour
Might dwell upon my Mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning Pow'r,
And daily Peace I find.

II.

To meditate thy Precepts, Lord,
Shall be my ſweet Employ;

My Soul ſhall ne'er forget thy Word,
Thy Word is all my Joy.

III.

How would I run in thy Commands,
If thou my Heart diſcharge
From Sin and Satan's hateful Chains,
And ſet my Feet at large?

IV.

My Lips with Courage ſhall declare
Thy Statutes and thy Name;
I'll ſpeak thy Word tho' Kings ſhall hear,
Nor yield to ſinful Shame.

V.

Let Bands of Perſecutors riſe
To rob me of my Right,
Let Pride and Malice forge their Lyes,
Thy Law is my Delight.

VI.

Depart from me, ye wicked Race,
Whoſe Hands and Hearts are ill;
I love my God, I love his Ways,
And muſt obey his Will.

CXIX. *Twelfth Part.* Common Metre.

Divine Influence needful.

I.

MY Soul lies cleaving to the Duſt;
Lord, give me Life divine!
From vain Deſires and ev'ry Luſt
Turn off theſe Eyes of mine.

II.

I need the Influence of thy Grace
To ſpeed me in thy Way,

Leſt

Leſt I ſhould loiter in my Race,
Or turn my Feet aſtray.

III.

When ſore Afflictions preſs me down,
I need thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Thy Word that I have reſted on
Shall help my heavieſt Hours.

IV.

Are not thy Mercies ſov'reign ſtill,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer Zeal
To run the heav'nly Road?

V.

Does not my Heart thy Precepts love,
And long to ſee thy Face?
And yet how ſlow my Spirits move
Without enliv'ning Grace!

VI.

Then ſhall I love thy Goſpel more,
And ne'er forget thy Word,
When I have felt it's quick'ning Pow'r
To draw me near the Lord.

CXIX. *Laſt Part.* Long Metre.

Sanctified Afflictions.

I.

FATHER I Bleſs thy gentle Hand;
How kind was thy chaſtiſing Rod,
That forc'd my Conſcience to a Stand,
And brought my wand'ring Soul to God!

II.

Fooliſh and vain I went aſtray,
E'er I had felt thy Scourges, Lord;

I left my Guide, and loſt my Way;
But now I love and keep thy Word.

III.

'Tis good for me to wear the Yoke,
For Pride is apt to riſe and ſwell;
'Tis good to bear my Father's Stroke,
That I might learn his Statutes well.

IV.

The Law that iſſues from thy Mouth
Shall raiſe my chearful Paſſions more,
Than all the Treaſures of the South,
Or Weſtern Hills of golden Ore.

V.

Thy Hands have made my mortal Frame,
Thy Spirit form'd my Soul within;
Teach me to know thy wond'rous Name,
And guide me ſafe from Death and Sin.

VI.

Then all that love and fear the Lord,
At my Salvation ſhall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy Word,
And made thy Grace my only Choice.

CXX. Common Metre.

Seeking God's gracious Aſſiſtance.

I.

TO God whoſe Care I've ever been,
In my Diſtreſs I cry'd;
He heard me then, and ſo prevents
My Fears to be deny'd.

II.

I'll lift mine Eyes unto the Hills,
And thence will look for Aid.

Depend

Depend on God alone for Help,
Both Heav'n and Earth he made.

III.

He will ſuſtain thy weaker Pow'rs,
With his almighty Arm;
And keep thee with unweary'd Care,
From all ſurprizing Harm.

IV.

The Lord's Protection like a Shade
Will be thy ſure Defence;
Nor Sun nor Moon ſhall hurt thee with
Malignant Influence.

V.

From Harm thy Body he'll protect,
Preſerve thy Soul from Sin;
Will proſper thy Deſigns abroad,
And bleſs thy coming in.

CXXI. Long Metre.

Divine Protection.

I.

UP to the Hills I lift mine Eyes,
Th' eternal Hills beyond thy Skies;
Thence all her Help her Soul derives;
There my almighty Refuge lives.

II.

He lives; the everlaſting God,
That built the World, that ſpread the Flood;
The Heav'ns, with all their Hoſts he made,
And the dark Regions of the Dead.

III.

He guides our Feet, he guards our Way;
His Morning Smiles bleſs all the Day;

He ſpreads the Ev'ning Veil, and keeps
The ſilent Hours while Iſrael ſleeps.

IV.

Iſrael, a Name divinely bleſt,
May riſe ſecure, ſecurely reſt;
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful Eyes
Admit no Slumber, nor Surprize.

V.

No Sun ſhall ſmite thy Head by Day,
Nor the pale Moon with ſickly Ray
Shall blaſt my Couch; no baleful Star
Dart his malignant Fire ſo far.

VI.

Should Earth and Hell with Malice burn,
Still thou ſhalt go, and ſtill return,
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly Care
Defends thy Life from ev'ry Snare.

CXXI. Long Metre.

God our Preſerver.

I.

TO God my grateful Soul aſcends,
On him alone for Help depends;
His Preſence my incircling Guard,
His Grace the Source of my Reward.

II.

The expanded Skies by Pow'r divine
In all their ſplendid Radiance ſhine;
From his Command the ſolid Earth,
And all it's Stores deriv'd their Birth.

III.

Inſpected by his watchful Eyes
No threat'ning Snares my Soul ſurprize;

My

My trembling Feet he ſafely keeps,
My faithful Guardian never ſleeps.

IV.

His ſhelt'ring Arm he will extend
O'er Iſrael's Race, and them defend;
No Slumbers draw to ſoft Repoſe,
His wakeful Eye-lids never cloſe.

PAUSE.

V.

My Soul, thy Keeper is the Lord!
How firm his Pow'r! How ſure his Word!
He ſpreads a Shade on thy Right Hand,
And will a ſafe Retreat command.

VI.

No burning Sun with noxious Rays,
Shall blaſt thy Life with ſickly Days;
No baleful Moon thy Head ſhall ſmite,
Serene thy Day, ſecure thy Night.

VII.

Protected by his pow'rful Arm,
Should frightful Scenes thy Heart alarm?
Thy life is ſafe, tho' num'rous Foes
With reſtleſs Fury thee oppoſe.

VIII.

His Wiſdom guides thee ev'ry Day,
Thro' all Diſaſters in thy Way;
Thy mortal Life by him is bleſt,
His Favour crowns with endleſs Reſt.

CXXI. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

God our Preſerver.

I.

UPWARD I lift mine Eyes,
From God is all my Aid;
The God that built the Skies,
And Earth and Nature made;
God is the Tow'r
To which I fly;
His Grace is nigh
In ev'ry Hour.

II.

My Feet ſhall never ſlide,
And fall in fatal Snares,
Since God my Guard and Guide
Defends me from my Fears.
Thoſe wakeful eyes
That never ſleep,
Shall Iſrael keep,
When Dangers riſe.

III.

No burning Heats by Day,
Nor Blaſts of Ev'ning Air
Shall take my Health away,
If God be with me there.
Thou art my Sun,
And thou my Shade,
To guard my Head
By Night or Noon.

IV.

Haſt thou not giv'n thy Word
To ſave my Soul from Death?

And

And I can truſt my Lord
To keep my mortal Breath;
I'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call me Home.

CXXII. Common Metre.

Public Worſhip delightful.

I.

HOW did my Heart rejoice to hear
My Friends devoutly ſay,
"In Zion let us all appear,
"And keep the ſolemn Day."

II.

I love her Gates, I love her Road;
The Church adorn'd with Grace
Stands like a Palace built for God,
To ſhew his milder Face.

III.

Up to her Courts with Joys unknown
The holy Tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his Throne,
And ſits in Judgment there.

IV.

He hears our Praiſes and Complaints;
And while his awful Voice
Divides the Sinners from the Saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

V.

Peace be within this ſacred Place,
And Joy a conſtant Gueſt!

With

With holy Gifts and heav'nly Grace
Be her Attendance bleſt!

VI.

My Soul ſhall pray for Zion ſtill,
While Life or Breath remains;
There my beſt Friends, my Kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

CXXII. *Proper Tune.*

Going to Church.

I.

HOW pleas'd and bleſt was I,
To hear the People cry,
"Come, let us ſeek our God to day;"
Yes with a chearful Zeal
We haſte to Zion's Hill,
And there our Vows and Honours pay.

II.

Zion, thrice happy Place,
Adorn'd with wond'rous Grace,
And Walls of Strength embrace thee round;
In Thee our Tribes appear
To pray, and praiſe, and hear,
The ſacred Goſpel's joyful ſound.

III.

There David's greater Son
Hath fix'd his Royal Throne,
He ſits for Grace and Judgment there;
He bids the Saints be glad,
He makes the Sinner ſad,
And humble Souls rejoice with Fear.

IV.

IV.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the Soul of ev'ry Gueſt;
The Man that ſeeks thy Peace,
And wiſhes thine Increaſe,
A thouſand Bleſſings on him reſt!

V.

My Tongue repeats her Vows,
"Peace to this ſacred Houſe!"
For there my Friends and Kindred dwell;
And ſince my glorious God
Makes thee his beſt Abode,
My Soul ſhall ever love thee well.

VI.

May Peace attend thy Gate,
And Joy within thee wait,
To bleſs the Soul of ev'ry Gueſt;
The Man that ſeeks thy Peace,
And wiſhes thine Increaſe,
A thouſand Bleſſings on him reſt!

CXXIII. Common Metre.

Pleading with Submiſſion.

I.

O THOU whoſe Grace and Juſtice reign
Enthron'd above the Skies,
To thee our Hearts would tell their Pain,
To thee we lift our Eyes.

II.

Though for our Sins we juſtly feel
Thy Diſcipline, O God;

Yet

Yet wait the gracious Moment ſtill,
Till thou remove the Rod.

III.

Thoſe that in Wealth and Pleaſure live,
Our daily Groans deride,
And thy Delays of Mercy give
Freſh Courage to their Pride.

IV.

Our Foes inſult us, but our Hope
In thy Compaſſion lies;
This Thought ſhall bear our Spirits up,
"That God will not deſpiſe."

CXXIV. Common Metre.

God's merciful Appearance acknowledged.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the Lord, may Iſrael ſay,
Been pleas'd to interpoſe;
Had he not then eſpous'd our Cauſe
When Men againſt us roſe.

II.

Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
And rag'd without control;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
Had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

III.

But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
Who reſcu'd us that Day,
Nor to their ſavage Jaws gave up
Our threaten'd Lives a Prey.

IV.

IV.

Our Soul is like a Bird eſcap'd,
From out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are croſs'd,
And we at Freedom ſet.

V.

Secure in his almighty Name,
Our Confidence remains,
Who, as he made both Heav'n and Earth,
Of both ſole Monarch reigns.

CXXIV. Long Metre.

National Deliverance celebrated.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

HAD not the Lord, may Iſrael ſay,
Had not the Lord maintain'd our Side,
When Men, to make our Lives a Prey,
Roſe like the ſwelling of the Tide.

II.

The ſwelling Tide had ſtopt our Breath,
So fiercely did the Waters roll,
We had been ſwallow'd deep in Death;
Proud Waters had o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

III.

We leap for Joy, we ſhout and ſing,
Who juſt eſcap'd the fatal Stroke;
So flies the Bird with chearful Wing,
When once the Fowler's Snare is broke.

IV.

For ever bleſſed be the Lord,
Who broke the Fowler's curſed Snare,

Who

Who ſav'd us from the murd'ring Sword,
And made our Lives and Souls his Care.

V.

Our Help is in Jehovah's Name,
Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies;
He that upholds that wond'rous Frame,
Guards his own Church with watchful Eyes.

CXXV. Short Metre.

Afflictions moderated.

I.

FIRM and unmov'd are they
That reſt their Souls on God;
Firm as the Mount where David dwelt,
Or where the Ark abode.

II.

As Mountains ſtood to guard
The City's ſacred Ground,
So God and his almighty Love
Embrace his Saints around.

III.

What tho' the Father's Rod
Drop a chaſtizing Stroke,
Yet, leſt it wound their Souls too deep,
Its Fury ſhall be broke.

IV.

Deal gently, Lord, with thoſe
Whoſe Faith and pious Fear,
Whoſe Hope and Love, and ev'ry Grace.
Proclaim their Hearts ſincere.

V.

Nor ſhall the Tyrant's Rage
Too long oppreſs the Saints;

The

The God of Iſrael will ſupport
His Children, leſt they faint.

VI.

But if our ſlaviſh Fear
Will chooſe the Road to Hell,
We muſt expect our Portion there,
Where bolder Sinners dwell.

CXXVI. Common Metre.

Hope and Dependance on God encouraged.

I.

WHEN God reveal'd his gracious Name,
And chang'd my mournful State,
My Rapture ſeem'd a pleaſing Dream,
The Grace appear'd ſo great.

II.

The World beheld the glorious Change,
And did thy Hand confeſs;
My Tongue broke out in unknown Strains,
And ſung ſurprizing Grace.

III.

"Great is the Work, my Neighbours cry'd,
And own'd the Pow'r divine;
"Great is the Work, my Heart reply'd,
"And be the Glory thine."

IV.

The Lord can clear the darkeſt Skies,
Can give us Day for Night;
Make Drops of ſacred Sorrow riſe
To Rivers of Delight.

V.

Let thoſe that ſow in Sadneſs wait
Till the fair Harveſt come,

They

They ſhall confeſs their Sheaves are great,
And ſhout the Bleſſings home.

VI.

Tho' Seed lie buried long in Duſt,
It ſhan't deceive their Hope;
The precious Grain can ne'er be loſt,
For Grace inſures the Crop.

CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Bleſſing of God on worldly Affairs.

I.

IF God ſucceed not, all the Coſt
And Pains to build the Houſe are loſt;
If God the City will not keep,
The watchful Guards as well may ſleep.

II.

What if you riſe before the Sun,
And Work and toil when Day is done,
Careful and ſparing eat your Bread,
To ſhun that Poverty you dread.

III.

'Tis all in vain, till God hath bleſt;
He can make rich, yet give us Reſt;
Children and Friends are Bleſſings too,
If God our Sov'reign make them ſo.

IV.

Happy the Man to whom he ſends
Obedient Children, faithful Friends!
How ſweet our daily Comforts prove,
When they are ſeaſon'd with his Love!

CXXVII. Common Metre.

The Love of God the greateſt Bleſſing.

I.

IF God to build the Houſe deny,
The Builders work in vain;
And Towns without his wakeful Eye
An uſeleſs Watch maintain.

II.

Before the Morning-Beams ariſe,
Your painful Work renew,
And 'till the Stars aſcend the Skies
Your tireſome Toil purſue.

III.

Short be your Sleep, and coarſe your Fare;
In vain, till God hath bleſt;
But if his Smiles attend your Care,
You ſhall have Food and Reſt.

IV.

Nor Children, Relatives, nor Friends,
Shall real Bleſſings prove,
Nor all the Earthly Joys he ſends,
If ſent without his Love.

CXXVIII. Common Metre,

Family Bleſſings.

I.

O HAPPY Man, whoſe Soul is fill'd
With Zeal and reverend Awe!
His Lips to God their Honours yield,
His Life adorns the Law.

II.

A careful Providence ſhall ſtand
And ever guard thy Head;

Shall

Shall on the Labours of thy Hand
Its kindy Bleſſings ſhed.

III.

[Thy Wife ſhall be a fruitful Vine;
Thy Children round thy Board,
Each like a Plant of Honour ſhine,
And learn to fear the Lord.]

IV.

The Lord ſhall thy beſt Hopes fulfil,
For Months and Years to come;
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's Hill,
Shall ſend thee Bleſſings home.

V.

This is the Man whoſe happy Eyes
Shall ſee his Houſe increaſe,
Shall ſee the ſinking Church ariſe,
Then leave the World in Peace.

CXXIX. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian's Hope in evil Times.

I.

THE Lips that with Deceit abound,
Shall not maintain their Triumph long;
The God of Vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaſpheming Tongue.

II.

"Yet ſhall our Words be free," they cry,
"Our Tongue ſhall be control'd by none;
"Where is the Lord will aſk us why;
"Or ſay, our Lips are not our own?"

III.

The Lord who ſees the Poor oppreſt,
And hears the Oppreſſor's haughty Strain,

Will

Will riſe to give his Children Reſt,
Nor ſhall they truſt his Word in vain.

VI.

Thy Word, O Lord, tho' often try'd
Void of Deceit ſhall ſtill appear;
Not ſilver ſeven times purify'd
From Droſs and Mixture ſhine ſo clear.

V.

Thy Grace ſhall in the darkeſt Hour
Defend the holy Soul from Harm;
Tho' when the vileſt Men have Pow'r,
On ev'ry Side will Sinners ſwarm.

CXXX. Short Metre.

Supplicating for Mercy.

I.

FROM loweſt Depths of Woe,
To God I ſend my Cry;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
And graciouſly reply!

II.

Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
Who can the Trial bear?
But thou forgiv'ſt, leſt we deſpond,
And quite renounce thy Fear.

III.

My Soul with Patience waits,
For thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
Thy never failing Word.

IV.

My longing Eyes look out,
For thy enliv'ning Ray,

More duely than the Morning Watch,
To ſpy the dawning Day.

V.

Let Iſrael truſt in God,
No Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows.

VI.

Whoſe friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe,
And waſh our Guilt away.

CXXX. Long Metre.

Pardoning Grace.

I.

FROM deep Diſtreſs and troubl'd Thoughts,
To thee, my God, I rais'd my Cries;
If thou ſeverely mark our Faults,
No Fleſh can ſtand before thine Eyes.

II.

But thou haſt built thy Throne of Grace
Free to diſpenſe thy Pardons there,
That Sinners may approach thy Face,
And hope, and love, as well as fear.

III.

As the benighted Pilgrims wait,
And long and wiſh for breaking Day,
So waits my Soul before thy Gate;
When will my God his Face diſplay?

IV.

My Truſt is fix'd upon thy Word,
Nor ſhall I truſt thy Word in vain;

Let

Let mourning Souls addreſs the Lord,
And find Relief from all their Pain.

V.

Great is his Love, and large his Grace,
Thro' the Redemption of his Son;
He turns our Feet from ſinful Ways,
And pardons what our Hands have done.

CXXXI. Common Metre.

Humility and Submiſſion.

I.

IS there Ambition in my Heart?
Search, gracious God, and ſee?
Or do I act a haughty Part?
Lord, I appeal to thee!

II.

I charge my Thoughts, be humble ſtill,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy Will,
And quiet as a Child.

III.

The patient Soul, the lowly Mind,
Shall have a large Reward;
Let Saints in Sorrow lie reſign'd,
And truſt a faithful Lord.

CXXXII. Long Metre.

God's Preſence in his Church.

I.

WHERE ſhall we go to ſeek and find
An Habitation for our God,
A Dwelling for th' eternal Mind,
Amongſt the Sons of Fleſh and Blood?

II.

The God of Jacob choſe the Hill
Of Zion for his ancient Reſt;
And Zion is his Dwelling ſtill,
His Church is with his Preſence bleſt.

III.

Here I will fix my gracious Throne,
And reign for ever, ſaith the Lord;
Here ſhall my Pow'r and Love be known,
And Bleſſings ſhall attend my Word.

IV.

Here will I meet the hung'ry Poor,
And fill their Souls with living Bread;
Sinners that wait before my Door,
With ſweet Proviſion ſhall be fed.

V.

[Girded with Truth, and cloath'd with Grace,
My Prieſts, my Miniſters ſhall ſhine;
Not Aaron in his coſtly Dreſs
Made an Appearance ſo divine.]

VI.

The Saints unable to contain
Their inward Joys, ſhall ſhout and ſing;
The Son of David here ſhall reign,
And Zion triumph in her King.

VII.

Jeſus ſhall ſee a num'rous Seed
Born here, uphold his glorious Name;
His Crown ſhall flouriſh on his Head,
While all his Foes are cloath'd with Shame.

CXXXII. Common Metre.

God's Bleſſing on public Worſhip implored.

I.

ARISE, O King of Grace, ariſe,
And enter to thy Reſt;
Lo, thy Church waits with longing Eyes
Thus to be own'd and bleſt!

II.

Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain,
Could no ſuch Grace afford.

III.

Here, mighty God, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praiſe be ſpread;
Bleſs the Proviſions of thy Houſe,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

IV.

Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed ſhine:
Juſtice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'r divine.

V.

Here let him hold a laſting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Freſh Honours ſhall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

CXXXIII. Short Metre.

The Happineſs of Peace and Friendſhip.

I.

BLEST are the Sons of Peace,
Whoſe Hearts and Hopes are one,

Whoſe kind Deſigns to ſerve and pleaſe
Through all their Actions run.

II.

Bleſt is the pious Houſe,
Where Zeal and Friendſhip meet;
Their Songs of Praiſe, their mingled Vows,
Make their Communion ſweet.

III.

Thus when on Aaron's Head
They pour'd the rich Perfume,
The Oil thro' all his Raiment ſpread,
And Pleaſure fill'd the Room.

IV.

Thus on the heav'nly Hills
The Saints are bleſt above,
Where Joy like Morning Dew diſtils,
And all the Air is Love.

CXXXIII. As the CXXII Pſalm.

The Bleſſings of Friendſhip.

I.

HOW pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move;
And each fulfill their Part
With ſympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

II.

'Tis like the Ointment ſhed
On Aaron's ſacred Head,
Divinely rich, divinely ſweet;

The

The Oil thro' all the Room
Diffus'd a choice Perfume,
Ran thro' his Robes, and bleſt his Feet.

III.

Like fruitful Show'rs of Rain
That water all the Plain,
Deſcending from the neighb'ring Hills;
Such Streams of Pleaſure roll
Thro' ev'ry friendly Soul,
Where Love like heav'nly Dew diſtils.

IV.

How pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Kindred and Friends agree,
Each in their proper Station move;
And each fulfil their Part
With ſympathizing Heart,
In all the Cares of Life and Love!

CXXXIV. Common Metre.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

I.

YE that obey th' immortal King,
Attend his holy Place;
Bow to the Glories of his Pow'r,
And bleſs his wond'rous Grace.

II.

Lift up your Hands by Morning-light,
And ſend your Souls on high;
Raiſe your admiring Thoughts by Night
Above the ſtarry Sky.

III.

The God of Zion chears our Hearts
With Rays of quick'ning Grace;

The God that ſpreads the Heav'ns abroad,
And rules the ſwelling Seas.

CXXXV. Long Metre.

The Church God's Houſe and Care.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, the Lord is good;
To praiſe his Name is ſweet employ;
Iſrael he choſe of old, and ſtill
His Church is his peculiar Joy.

II.

The Lord himſelf will judge his Saints;
He treats his Servants as his Friends;
And when he hears their ſore Complaints,
Repents the Sorrows that he ſends.

III.

Thro' ev'ry Age the Lord declares
His Name, and breaks th' Oppreſſor's Rod;
He gives his ſuff'ring Servants Reſt,
And will be known th' Almighty God.

IV.

Bleſs ye the Lord, who taſte his Love
O Chriſtians magnify his Name!
Amongſt the Saints he ever dwells,
His Church is his Jeruſalem.

CXXXV. Common Metre.

Praiſe due to God, not to Idols.

I.

AWAKE, ye Saints, to praiſe your King
Your ſweeteſt Paſſions raiſe,
Your pious Pleaſure, while you Sing,
Encreaſing with the Praiſe.

II.

II.

Great is the Lord, and Works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But ſtill his Saints are near his Throne,
His Treaſure and his Joy.

III.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea confeſs his Hand;
He bids the Vapours riſe;
Light'ning and Storm at his Command
Sweep thro' the ſounding Skies.

IV.

All Pow'r that Gods or Kings have claim'd
Is found with him alone;
But heathen Gods ſhould ne'er be nam'd
Where our Jehovah's known.

V.

Which of the Stocks and Stones they truſt
Can give them Show'rs of Rain?
In vain they worſhip glitt'ring Duſt,
And pray to Gold in vain.

VI.

Blind are their Eyes, their Ears are deaf,
Nor hear when Mortals pray;
Mortals that wait for their Relief,
Are blind and deaf as they.

VII.

O Britain, know thy living God,
Serve him with Love and Fear;
He makes thy Churches his Abode,
And claims thy Honours there.

CXXXVI. Common Metre.

God's Wonders of Creation and Providence.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God, the ſov'reign Lord;
His Mercies ſtill endure,
And be the King of Kings ador'd,
His Truth is ever ſure.

II.

What Wonders hath his Wiſdom done!
How mighty is his Hand!
Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, he fram'd alone;
How wide is his Command!

III.

The Sun ſupplies the Day with Light;
How bright his Counſels ſhine!
The Moon and Stars adorn the Night;
His Works are all divine.

IV.

He ſaw the Nations Dead in Sin;
He felt his Pity move;
How ſad the State the World was in!
How boundleſs was his Love!

V.

He ſent to ſave us from our Woe;
His Goodneſs never fails;
From Death and Hell, and ev'ry Foe;
And ſtill his Grace prevails.

VI.

Give Thanks to God, the heav'nly King,
His Mercies ſtill endure;
Let the whole Earth his Praiſes ſing,
His Truth is ever ſure.

CXXXVI. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

God alone to be Praiſed.

I.

GIVE Thanks to God moſt high,
The univerſal Lord,
The ſov'reign King of Kings;
And be his Grace ador'd.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

II.

How mighty is his Hand!
What Wonders hath he done!
He form'd the Earth and Seas,
And ſpread the Heav'ns alone.
Thy Mercy, Lord
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

III.

His Wiſdom fram'd the Sun
To crown the Day with Light;
The Moon and twinkling Stars
To cheer the darkſome Night,
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

IV.

He ſaw the Nations lie
All periſhing in Sin,

And pity'd the ſad State
The ruin'd World was in.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

V.

He ſent his only Son
To ſave us from our Woe,
From Satan, Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Foe.
His Pow'r and Grace
Are ſtill the ſame;
And let his Name
Have endleſs Praiſe.

VI.

Give Thanks to God alone,
To God the heav'nly King;
And let the ſpacious Earth
His Works and Glories ſing.
Thy Mercy, Lord,
Shall ſtill endure;
And ever ſure
Abides thy Word.

CXXXVI. Long Metre.

The Mercy and Truth of God.

I.

GIVE to our God immortal Praiſe!
Mercy and Truth are all his Ways;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II.

II.

Give to the Lord of Lords Renown
The King of Kings with Glory crown;
His Mercies ever ſhall endure
When Lords and Kings are known no more.

III.

He built the Earth, he ſpread the Sky,
And fix'd the ſtarry Lights on high;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

He fills the Sun with Morning Light,
He bids the Moon direct the Night;
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Suns and Moons ſhall ſhine no more.

CXXXVII. Long Metre.

The Grace of God in Redemption.

I.

GOD freed the Jews from Pharaoh's [Hand,
And brought them to the promis'd Land
Wonders of Grace to him belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

II.

He ſaw the Gentiles dead in Sin,
And felt his Pity work within;
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When Death and Sin ſhall reign no more.

III.

He ſent his Son with Pow'r to ſave
From Guilt and Darkneſs, and the Grave;
Wonders of Grace to God belong,
Repeat his Mercies in your Song.

IV.

IV.

Thro' this vain World he guides our Feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly Seat;
His Mercies ever ſhall endure,
When this vain World ſhall be no more.

CXXXVIII. Long Metre.

God to be praiſed and truſted in.

I.

WITH all my Pow'rs of Heart and Tongue
I'll praiſe my Maker in my Song;
Angels ſhall hear the Notes I raiſe,
Approve the Song, and join the Praiſe.

II.

Angels that make thy Church their Care
Shall witneſs my Devotion there;
While holy Zeal directs my Eyes
To thy fair Temple in the Skies.

III.

I'll ſing thy Truth and Mercy, Lord;
I'll ſing the Wonders of thy Word;
Not all thy Works and Names below
So much thy Pow'r and Glory ſhow.

IV.

To God I cry'd when Troubles roſe,
He heard me, and ſubdu'd my Foes;
He did my riſing Fears control,
And Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul.

V.

The God of Heav'n maintains his State,
Frowns on the Proud, and ſcorns the Great;
But From his Throne deſcends to ſee
The Sons of humble poverty.

VI.

VI.

Amidſt a thouſand Snares I ſtand,
Upheld and guarded by thy Hand;
Thy Words my fainting Soul revive,
And keep my dying Faith alive.

VII.

Grace will compleat what Grace Begins,
To ſave from Sorrows or from Sins;
The Work that Wiſdom undertakes
Eternal Mercy ne'er forſakes.

CXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

The All-ſeeing God.

I.

LORD, thou haſt ſearch'd and ſeen me thro';
Thy Eye Commands with piercing View
My riſing and my reſting Hours,
My Heart and Fleſh with all their Pow'rs.

II.

Within thy circling Pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
Awake, aſleep, at home, abroad,
I am ſurrounded ſtill with God.

III.

Amazing Knowledge, vaſt and great!
What large Extent! What lofty Height!
My Soul with all the Pow'rs I boaſt,
Is in the boundleſs Proſpect loſt.

IV.

Could I ſo falſe, ſo faithleſs prove,
To quit thy Service and thy Love,
Where, Lord, could I thy Preſence ſhun?
Or from thy dreadful Glory run?

V.

V.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
Or drive to Hell, there Juſtice reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy Chains.

VI.

Or ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight
Beneath the ſpreading Veil of Night,
One Glance of thine, one piercing Ray,
Wou'd kindle Darkneſs into Day.

PAUSE.

VII.

The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes,
Thy Hand can ſeize thy Foes as ſoon
Thro' midnight Shades as blazing Noon.

VIII.

Midnight and Noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Not Death can hide what God will ſpy,
And Hell lies naked to his Eye.

IX.

O may theſe Thoughts poſſeſs my Breaſt
Where e'er I rove, where e'er I reſt!
Nor let my weaker Paſſions dare
Conſent to Sin, For God is there.

CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The wonderful Formation of Man.

I.

'TWAS from thy Hand, my God, I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;

In

In me thy chearful Wonders ſhine,
And each proclaim thy Skill divine.

II.

Thy Eyes did all my Limbs ſurvey,
Which yet in dark Confuſion lay;
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

III.

By thee my growing Parts were nam'd,
And what thy ſov'reign Counſels fram'd,
(The breathing Lungs, the beating Heart)
Was copy'd with unerring Art.

IV.

At laſt to ſhew my Maker's Name,
God ſtampt his Image on my Frame;
And in ſome unknown Moment join'd
The finiſh'd Members to the Mind.

V.

There the young Seeds of Thought began,
And all the Paſſions of the Man;
Great God, our infant Nature pays
Immortal Tribute to thy Praiſe!

PAUSE.

VI.

Lord, ſince in my advancing Age
I've acted on Life's buſy Stage,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.

VII.

I could ſurvey the Ocean o'er,
And count each Sand that makes the Shore,

Before

Before my ſwifteſt Thoughts could trace
The num'rous Wonders of thy Grace.

VIII.

Theſe on my Heart are ſtill impreſt,
With theſe I give my Eyes to reſt;
And at my waking Hours I find
God and his Love poſſeſs my Mind.

CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Long Metre.

God the Searcher of all Hearts.

I.

THOU, Lord, by Strickteſt Search haſt known,
My riſing up, and lying down;
My ſecret Thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.

II.

Thy Eye my Bed and Path ſurveys,
My public Haunts and private Ways;
Thou know'ſt what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words intent.

III.

Surrounded by thy Pow'r I ſtand;
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand;
O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal Eye!

IV.

O could I ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence ſhun?
Or whither from thy Preſence run?

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

V.

If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light;
If down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.

VI.

If I the Morning Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Weſtern Main,
Thy ſwifter Hand would firſt arrive,
And there arreſt thy Fugitive.

VII.

Or, ſhould I try to ſhun thy Sight,
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night,
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

VIII.

The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No ſcreen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' midnight Shades thou find'ſt thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

CXXXIX. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

God Omnipreſent.

I.

IN all my vaſt Concerns with thee,
In vain my Soul would try;
To ſhun thy Preſence, Lord, or flee
The Notice of thy Eye.

II.

Thy all-ſurrounding Sight ſurveys
My riſing and my Reſt,

My

My public Walks, my private Ways,
And Secrets of my Breaſt.

III.

My Thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And e're my Lips pronounce the Word,
He knows the Senſe I mean.

IV.

O wond'rous Knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a Creature hide?
Within thy circling Arms I lie,
Beſet on every Side.

V.

So let thy Grace ſurround me ſtill,
And like a Bulwark prove,
To guard my Soul from ev'ry Ill,
Secur'd by ſov'reign Love.

PAUSE.

VI.

Lord, where ſhall guilty Souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In Hell they meet thy dreadful Fire,
In Heav'n thy glorious Throne.

VII.

Should I ſuppreſs my vital Breath,
To 'ſcape the Wrath divine,
Thy Voice would break the Bars of Death,
And make the Grave reſign.

VIII.

If wing'd with Beams of Morning Light
fly beyond the Weſt,

Thy

Thy Hand, which muſt ſupport my Flight,
Would ſoon betray my Reſt.

IX.

If o'er my Sins I think to draw,
The Curtains of the Night,
Thoſe flaming Eyes that guard thy Law
Wou'd turn the Shades to Light.

X.

The Beams of Noon, the Midnight-Hour,
Are both alike to thee;
O may I ne'er provoke that Pow'r,
From which I cannot flee!

CXXXIX. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Wiſdom of God in the Human Frame.

I.

WHEN I with pleaſing Wonder ſtand,
And all my Frame ſurvey,
Lord, 'tis thy Work; I own thy Hand
Thus built my humble Clay.

II.

Thy Hand my Heart and Reins poſſeſt
Where unborn Nature grew;
Thy Wiſdom all my Features trac'd,
And all my Members drew.

III.

Thy Eye with niceſt Care ſurvey'd,
The Growth of ev'ry Part;
'Till the whole Scheme, thy Thoughts had laid,
Was copy'd by thy Art.

IV.

Heav'n, Earth, and Sea, and Fire and Wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous Skill;

But

But I review myſelf, and find
Diviner Wonders ſtill.

V.

Thy awful Glories round me ſhine,
My Fleſh proclaims thy Praiſe;
And with my Tongue my Soul ſhall join
To celebrate thy Grace.

CXXXIX. *Third Part.* Common Metre.

The Mercies of God acknowledged.

I.

LORD, when I count thy Mercies o'er,
They ſtrike me with Surprize;
Not all the Sands that ſpread the Shore
To equal Numbers riſe.

II.

My fleſh with Fear and Wonder ſtands,
The Product of thy Skill,
And hourly Bleſſings, from thy Hands
Thy Thoughts, of Love reveal.

III.

Theſe on my Heart by Night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the Hour that ends my Sleep
Still find my Thoughts with thee!

CXL. Common Metre.

Seeking to God for Help and Safety.

I.

PRESERVE me, Lord, from wicked Hands,
Nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
Who have my Ruin ſworn.

II.

II.

The Proud for me have laid their Snare,
And ſpread their wily Net;
With Traps and Gins where-e'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.

III.

But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
Thou art my God, I ſaid;
Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
That calls to thee for Aid!

IV.

O Lord, the God whoſe ſaving Strength,
Kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my Advent'rous Head
In Battle's doubtful Day.

V.

Permit not their unjuſt Deſigns,
To anſwer their Deſire,
Leſt they, encourag'd by Succeſs,
To bolder Crimes aſpire.

VI.

God will aſſert the poor Man's Cauſe,
And ſpeedy Succour give;
The Juſt ſhall celebrate his Praiſe,
And in his Preſence live.

CXLI. Common Metre.

Daily Watchfulneſs.

I.

TO thee, O Lord, my Cries aſcend,
O haſte to my Relief!
And with accuſtom'd Pity hear,
The Accents of my Grief.

II.

II.

Inſtead of Off'rings let my Pray'r
Like Morning Incenſe riſe;
My lifted Hands ſupply the Place,
Of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

III.

From haſty Language curb my Tongue,
And let a conſtant Guard,
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
With wary Silence barr'd.

IV

From wicked Men's Deſigns and Deeds,
My Hand and Heart reſtrain;
Nor let me in the Booty ſhare
Of their unrighteous Gain.

V.

But, Lord, to thee I ſtill direct
My ſupplicating Eyes;
O leave not deſtitute my Soul,
Whoſe Truſt on thee relies!

VI.

Do thou preſerve me from the Snares,
That wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
While my Eſcape is made.

CXLII. Short Metre.

Looking to God in Affliction.

I.

TO God with mournful Voice,
In deep Diſtreſs I pray'd,
Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
My Wrongs before him laid.

II.

II.

Thou didſt my Steps direct,
When my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
They had their Traps prepar'd.

III.

I look'd, but found no Friend
To own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
His Pity or Redreſs.

IV.

To God at laſt I pray'd;
Thou Lord, my Refuge art,
My Portion in the Land of Life,
'Till Life itſelf depart.

V.

Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
To thee I make my moan;
O ſave me from oppreſſive Foes,
For me too pow'rful grown!

VI.

That I may praiſe thy Name,
My Soul from Priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind regard to me,
Aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

CXLIII. Long Metre.

Complaint under heavy Afflictions.

I.

MY righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I ſpread my Hands abroad,
And cry for Succour from the Throne,
O make thy Truth and Mercy known!

II.

II.

For thee I thirſt, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy ſmiling Face return?
Shall all my Joys on Earth remove,
And God for ever hide his Love?

III.

My God, thy long Delay to ſave,
Will ſink thy Pris'ner to the Grave;
My Heart grows faint, and dim my Eye;
Make haſte to help before I die.

IV.

In thee I truſt, to thee I ſigh,
And lift my heavy Soul on high;
For thee ſit waiting all the Day,
And wear the tireſome Hours away.

V.

Teach me to do thy holy Will,
And lead me to thy heav'nly Hill;
Let the good Spirit of thy Love,
Conduct me to thy Courts above.

VI.

Then ſhall my Soul no more complain,
The Tempter then ſhall rage in vain;
And Fleſh, that was my Foe before,
Shall never vex my Spirit more.

CXLIV. *Firſt Part.* Common Metre.

The Grace and Aſſiſtance of God owned.

I.

FOR ever bleſſed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my Shield;
He ſends his Spirit with his Word,
To arm me for the Field.

II.

II.

When Sin and Hell their Force unite,
He makes my Soul his Care,
Inſtructs me to the heav'nly Fight,
And guards me thro' the War.

III.

A Friend and Helper ſo divine
Does my weak Courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And his ſhall be the Praiſe.

CXLIV. *Second Part.* Common Metre.

The Vanity of Man and Condeſcenſion of God.

I.

LORD, what is Man, poor feeble Man,
Born of the Earth at firſt?
His Life a Shadow, light and vain,
Still haſting to the Duſt.

II.

O what is feeble dying Man,
Or any of his Race,
That God ſhould make it his Concern
To viſit him with Grace!

III.

That God who darts his Light'nings down,
Who ſhakes the Worlds above,
And Mountains tremble at his Frown,
How wond'rous is his Love!

CXLV. *Long Metre.*

The Greatneſs of God.

I.

MY God, my King, thy various Praiſe
Shall fill the Remnant of my Days:
Thy Grace employ my humble Tongue,
'Till Death and Glory raiſe the Song.

II.

The Wings of ev'ry Hour ſhall bear
Some thankful Tribute to thy Ear;
And ev'ry ſetting Sun ſhall ſee
New Works of Duty done for thee.

III.

Thy Truth and Juſtice I'll proclaim;
Thy Bounty flows an endleſs Stream;
Thy Mercy ſwift, thy Anger ſlow,
But dreadful to the ſtubborn Foe.

IV.

Thy Works with ſov'reign Glory ſhine;
And ſpeak thy Majeſty divine;
Let Britain round her Shores proclaim
The Sound and Honour of thy Name.

V.

Let diſtant Times and Nations raiſe,
The long Succeſſion of thy Praiſe;
And unborn Ages make my Song,
The Joy and Labour of their Tongue.

VI.

But who can ſpeak thy wond'rous Deeds?
Thy Greatneſs all our Thoughts exceeds;
Vaſt and unſearchable thy Ways,
Vaſt and immortal be thy Praiſe?

CXLV. Common Metre.

God hearing Prayer.

I.

LET ev'ry Tongue thy Goodneſs ſpeak,
Thou ſov'reign Lord of all;
Thy ſtrength'ning Hands uphold the Weak,
And raiſe the Poor that fall.

II.

When Sorrow bows the Spirit down,
Or Virtue lies diſtreſt,
Beneath ſome proud Oppreſſor's Frown,
Thou giv'ſt the Mourners Reſt.

III.

The Lord ſupports our tottering Days,
And guides our giddy Youth;
Holy and juſt are all his Ways,
And all his Words are Truth.

IV.

He knows the Pain his Servants feel,
He hears his Children cry,
And their beſt Wiſhes to fulfil,
His Grace is ever nigh.

V.

His Mercy never ſhall remove,
From Men of Heart ſincere;
He ſaves the Souls whoſe humble Love
Is join'd with holy Fear.

VI.

My Lips ſhall dwell upon his Praiſe,
And ſpread his Fame abroad;
Let all the Sons of Adam raiſe
The Honours of their God.

CXLVI. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God for his Goodneſs and Truth.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord, my Heart ſhall join
In Work ſo pleaſant, ſo divine;
Now while the Fleſh is my Abode,
And when my Soul aſcends to God.

II.

Praiſe ſhall employ my nobleſt Pow'rs,
While Immortality endures;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt.

III.

Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt?
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And Thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour.

IV.

Happy the Man, whoſe Hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

V.

His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure;
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor;
He ſends the labouring Conſcience Peace,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet releaſe.

VI.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs.

VII.

VII.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

CXLVI. as the CXIII Pſalm.

Praiſe to God for his Providential Care.

I.

I'LL praiſe my Maker with my Breath;
And when my Voice is loſt in Death;
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs;
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being Laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

II.

Why ſhould I make a Man my Truſt;
Princes muſt die and turn to Duſt;
Vain is the Help of Fleſh and Blood;
Their Breath departs, their Pomp and Pow'r,
And thoughts all vaniſh in an Hour,
Nor can they make their Promiſe good.

III.

Happy the Man whoſe Hopes rely
On Iſrael's God: He made the Sky,
And Earth and Seas with all their Train;
His Truth for ever ſtands ſecure:
He ſaves th' Oppreſt, he feeds the Poor,
And none ſhall find his Promiſe vain.

IV.

The Lord hath Eyes to give the Blind;
The Lord ſupports the ſinking Mind;
He ſends the lab'ring Conſcience Peace,

He helps the Stranger in Diſtreſs,
The Widow and the Fatherleſs,
And grants the Pris'ner ſweet Releaſe.

V.

He loves his Saints, he knows them well,
But turns the Wicked down to Hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let ev'ry Tongue, let ev'ry Age,
In this exalted Work engage;
Praiſe him in everlaſting Strains.

VI.

I'll praiſe him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is loſt in Death,
Praiſe ſhall employ my nobler Pow'rs:
My Days of Praiſe ſhall ne'er be paſt,
While Life and Thought and Being laſt,
Or Immortality endures.

CXLVII. *Firſt Part.* Long Metre.

God's Works wonderful, and Saints lovely in his Sight.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord; 'tis good to raiſe,
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praiſe;
His Nature and his Works invite,
To make this Duty our Delight.

II.

He form'd the Stars, thoſe heav'nly Flames,
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names;
His Wiſdom vaſt, and knows no Bound,
A Deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

III.

III.

Great is our Lord, and great his Might,
And all his Glories infinite;
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Juſt,
And treads the Wicked to the Duſt.

PAUSE.

IV.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who ſpreads his Clouds all round the Sky:
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops deſcend in vain.

V.

He makes the Graſs the Hills adorn,
And clothes the ſmiling Fields with Corn;
The Beaſts with Food his Hands ſupply,
And the young Ravens when they cry.

VI.

What is the Creatures Skill or Force,
The ſprightly Man, the warlike Horſe,
The nimble Wit, the active Limb?
All are too mean Delights for him.

VII.

But Saints are lovely in his Sight;
He views his Children with Delight;
He ſees their Hope, he knows their Fear,
And looks and loves his Image there.

CXLVII. *Second Part.* Long Metre.

The Divine Nature, Providence, and Grace.

I.

O BRITAIN, praiſe thy mighty God,
And make his Honours known abroad;

He bid the Ocean round thee flow;
Nor Bars of Braſs could guard thee ſo.

II.

Thy Children are ſecure and bleſt,
Thy Shores have Peace, thy Cities Reſt;
He feeds thy Sons with fineſt Wheat,
And adds his Bleſſing to their Meat.

III.

Thy changing Seaſons he ordains,
Thy early and thy latter Rains;
His Flakes of Snow like Wool he ſends,
And thus the ſpringing Corn defends.

IV.

With hoary Froſt he ſtrews the Ground,
His Hail deſcends with clatt'ring Sound;
Where is the Man ſo vainly bold,
That dares defy his dreadful Cold?

V.

He bids the Southern Breezes blow;
The Ice diſſolves, the Waters flow;
But he hath nobler Works and Ways,
To call the Britons to his Praiſe.

VI.

To all the Iſle his Laws are ſhown;
His Goſpel through the Nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his Word
To ev'ry Land.—Praiſe ye the Lord.

CXLVII. Common Metre.

The Seaſons of the Year.

I.

WITH Songs and Honours ſounding loud,
Addreſs the Lord on high;

O'er

Over the Heav'ns he ſpreads his Clouds,
And Waters veil the Sky.

II.

He ſends his Show'rs of Bleſſing down,
To chear the Plains below;
He makes the Graſs the Mountains crown,
And Corn in Valleys grow.

III.

He gives the grazing Ox his Meat,
He hears the Ravens cry;
But Man who taſtes his fineſt Wheat,
Should raiſe his Honours high.

IV.

His ſteady Counſels change the Face,
Of the declining Year;
He bids the Sun cut ſhort his Race,
And wint'ry Days appear.

V.

His hoary Froſt, his fleecy Snow,
Deſcend and clothe the Ground;
The liquid Streams forbear to flow,
In Icy Fetters bound.

VI.

When from his dreadful Stores on high,
He pours the ratt'ling Hail,
The Wretch that dares his God defy,
Shall find his Courage fail.

VII.

He ſends his Word and melts the Snow,
The Fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer Gales to blow,
And bids the Spring return,

VIII.

The changing Wind, the flying Cloud,
Obey his mighty Word;
With Songs and Honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord.

CXLVIII. Proper Metre.

The Creator to be praised.

I.

YE Tribes of Adam, join
With Heaven and Earth and Seas,
And offer Notes divine
To your Creator's Praise.
Ye holy Throng
Of Angels bright,
In Worlds of Light,
Begin the Song.

II.

Thou Sun with dazling Rays,
And moon that rules the Night,
Shine to your Maker's Praise,
With stars of twinkling Light:
His Pow'r declare,
Ye Floods on high,
And Clouds that fly,
In empty Air.

III.

The shining Worlds above,
In glorious Order stand,
Or in swift Courses move,
By his supreme Command.

He

He ſpake the Word,
And all their Frame
From Nothing came
To Praiſe the Lord.

IV.

He mov'd their mighty Wheels,
In unknown Ages paſt,
And each his Word fulfils,
While Time and Nature laſt.
In diff'rent Ways
His Works proclaim,
His wond'rous Name,
And ſpeak his Praiſe.

V.

Let all the Nations fear,
The God that Rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love.
While Earth and Sky,
Attempt his Praiſe,
His Saints ſhall raiſe
His Honours high.

CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Univerſal Praiſe.

I.

LET ev'ry Creature join,
To Praiſe th' eternal God,
Ye heav'nly Hoſts, the Song begin,
And ſound his Name abroad.

II.

Thou Sun with golden Beams,
And Moon with paler Rays,

Ye ſtarry Lights, ye twinkling Flames,
Shine to your Maker's Praiſe.

III.

He build thoſe Worlds above,
And fix'd their wond'rous Frame;
By his Command they ſtand or move,
And ever ſpeak his Name.

IV.

Ye Vapours, when ye riſe,
Or fall in Show'rs or Snow;
Ye thunders murmuring round the Skies,
His Pow'r and Glory ſhow.

V.

Wind, Hail, and flaſhing Fire,
Agree to praiſe the Lord,
When ye in dreadful Storms conſpire
To execute his Word.

VI.

By all his Works above,
His Honours be expreſt;
But Saints that taſte his ſaving Love,
Should ſing his praiſes beſt.

PAUSE.

VII.

Monarchs of wide Command,
Praiſe ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that ſov'reign Hand,
Whence all your Honours ſpring.

VIII.

Let Vigorous Youth engage,
To ſound his Praiſes high;

While

While growing Babes and with'ring Age,
Their feebler Voices try.

IX.

United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe;
God is the Lord; his Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.

X.

Let Nature join with Art,
And all pronounce him bleſt;
But Saints that dwell ſo near his Heart,
Should Sing his Praiſes bleſt.

CXLIX. Common Metre.

The Majeſty, Goodneſs, and Love of God.

I.

THEE I will bleſs, my God and King,
Thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim,
This Tribute I will daily bring,
And ever bleſs thy Name.

II.

Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majeſty with boundleſs Height,
Above our Knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty Acts thy Fame,
To future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name,
Succeſſively deſcends.

IV.

Whilſt I thy Glory and Renown,
And wond'rous Works expreſs,

The

The World with me thy Might ſhall own,
And thy great Pow'r confeſs.

V.

The Praiſe that to thy Love belongs,
They ſhall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth, of all their grateful Songs,
Shall be thy conſtant Theme.

PAUSE.

VI.

The Lord is good; freſh Acts of Grace,
His Pity ſtill ſupplies;
His Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace,
His willing Mercy flies.

VII.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
To all thy Works expreſt;
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name
Is by thy Servants bleſt.

VIII.

Thy ſtedfaſt Throne, from Changes free,
Shall ſtand for ever faſt;
Thy boundleſs ſway no End ſhall ſee,
But Time itſelf outlaſt.

IX.

How holy is the Lord, how juſt,
How right'ous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Truſt,
For his Aſſiſtance prays!

X.

My Time to come in Praiſes ſpent,
Shall ſtill advance his Fame;
And all Mankind, with one Conſent,
For ever bleſs his Name.

CL.

CL. Long Metre.

The Goodneſs of God to be adored by all.

I.

O PRAISE the Lord in that bleſt Place
From whence his Goodneſs largely flows!
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory flows.

II.

Praiſe him for all the mighty Acts,
Which he in our Behalf hath done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
With which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.

III.

Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he doth to them afford,
In juſt Returns of Praiſe employ;
Let every Creature praiſe the Lord.

CL. Common Metre.

God the Creator to be Praiſed.

I.

PRAISE God within that ſacred Place,
Where he his Grace beſtows;
Your wandering Thoughts to Heav'n raiſe,
Where he his Glory ſhows.

II.

Let all his mighty Acts of Pow'r
Your inward Paſſions move;
That your Acknowledgments my ſuit,
The Greatneſs of his Love.

III.

Since all to this Creator owe
That Breath by which they live,
Let ev'ry thing that breathes, to him
Their chearful Praiſes give.

HYMNS

FOR

DIVINE WORSHIP.

HYMN I. Common Metre.

God the Creator.

I.

O LORD, how excellent thy Name!
How glorious to behold;
Engraven fair on all thy Works,
In Characters of Gold!

II.

On Heav'ns unmeaſurable Face,
In Lines immenſely great;
In ſmall, on ev'ry Leaf and Flow'r,
Creator God is writ.

III.

Tho' Reaſon be not given to all,
Nor Voice to thee, O Sun!
Their Maker all proclaim, and here
Their Language is but one.

IV.

IV.

From Land to Land, and World to World,
Thy Fame is echo'd round;
And Ages, as they paſs, tranſmit
The never-dying Sound.

V.

Angels, the eldeſt Sons of Light,
Began the lofty Song;
They ſaw the Heavens unfurl'd abroad,
And Earth on Nothing hung.

VI.

Then Man, the laſt and nobleſt Piece,
Of all this nether Frame,
With the firſt vital Breath he drew
Conceit from whence he came.

VII.

And thou, my Soul, what wilt thou do,
To ſpeak thy Former's Praiſe?
Harmonious Hymns, and Raptures high,
Thy Theme and Thee ſhould raiſe.

II. Common Metre.

God the Preſerver.

I.

BEFORE the Lord our Maker we
With reverent Awe ſhould bow;
Thou Lord, the Maker art of all,
And their Preſerver thou!

II.

The Being which thy Pow'r beſtow'd,
Thy Providence maintains;
And the whole Maſs of Things is held
By ſtrong, tho' ſecred Chains.

III.

III.

The ſtarry Hoſts in Order move,
Obſervant of their Bounds;
And ev'ry Year, and ev'ry Day,
The Sun repeats his Rounds.

IV.

Thro' pathleſs Skies he finds his Road,
Bent of himſelf to ſtray,
For God directs his ſteady Courſe,
Along the doubtful Way.

V.

Nor leſs in things that Subject lie
To Time's all-conqu'ring Pow'r,
Are thy eternal Laws fulfill'd,
By ev'ry ſhort-liv'd Hour.

PAUSE.

VI.

While Generations riſe and fall,
Immortal is the Race;
And Time may ſhift the fading Scenes,
But not the Earth diſplace.

VII.

What Winter's with'ring Breath deſtroys,
The following Spring ſupplies;
And Age, in vigorous Youth renew'd,
Beholds itſelf and dies.

VIII.

The Life by thee preſerv'd, my God,
Shall all be ſpent for thee;
And flowing bear thy Praiſe along
Into Eternity.

III. Common Metre
God the Sovereign Good.

I.

THOU glorious God, whom none can ſee,
Yet all mankind muſt own,
Our Hearts acknowledge, and to thee
We ſpeak in ev'ry Groan.

II.

Our Souls confin'd to darkſome Clay,
A ſad and heavy Load,
'Midſt Fogs of Senſe miſtake their Way
To thee, their ſov'reign Good.

III.

We travel thro' this World of Sin,
As o'er enchanted Ground;
Following the fond deluſive Scene,
'Till in Perdition drown'd.

IV.

Heav'n warns us of the dang'rous Road,
And would our Steps recal,
But we muſt tread where Crouds have trod,
And where they fell we fall.

V.

Great God, diſſolve the dreadful Spell
Which does our Reaſon blind,
That reſcu'd from the Gates of Hell,
We thy Abode may find.

IV. Common Metre.
The Mercies of God gratefully acknowledged.

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys,

Tranſ-

Traſported with the View I'm loſt,
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe!

II.

O how ſhall Words with equal Warmth,
The Gratitude declare,
That Glows within my raviſh'd Heart;
But thou canſt read it there!

III.

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my Wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
Thy Mercy lend an Ear,
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt,
To form themſelves in Pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul,
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe Comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the ſlipp'ry Paths of Youth,
With heedleſs Steps I ran,
Thy Arm unſeen convey'd me ſafe,
And led me up to Man.

VII.

Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my Way,
And thro' the pleaſing Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

PAUSE.

PAUSE.

VIII.

When worn with Sickneſs oft haſt thou,
With Health renew'd my Face;
And when in Sins and Sorrows ſunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bount'ous Hand with worldly Bliſs
Hath made my Cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful Friend,
Hath doubled all my Store.

X.

Ten thouſand thouſand precious Gifts,
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Through ev'ry Period of my Life,
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds,
The Glorious Theme renew.

XII.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more,
My ever grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore!

XIII.

Through all Eternity to thee,
A joyful Song I'll raiſe;
For Oh, Eternity's too ſhort,
To utter all thy Praiſe!

V. Long Metre.

God's Fatherly Protection.

I.

THE Lord my Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Preſence ſhall my Wants ſupply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye.

II.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile.

III.

My Noon-Day Walks he ſhall attend,
And all my midnight Hours defend:
Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread;

IV.

My ſtedfaſt Heart ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me ſtill!
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

VI. Common Metre.

The Mercy of God pleaded by the Penitent.

I.

WHEN riſing from the Bed of Death,
O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear,
I ſee my Maker Face to Face,
O how ſhall I appear?

II.

If yet, while Pardon may be found,
And Mercy may be ſought,

My

My Heart with inward Horror ſhrinks,
And trembles at the Thought.

III.

When Thou, O Lord, ſhalt ſtand diſclos'd,
In Majeſty ſevere,
And ſit in Judgment on my Soul,
O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

But thou haſt told the troubled Mind,
Who does her Sins lament,
The timely Tribute of her Tears,
Shall endleſs Woe prevent.

V.

Then ſee the Sorrows of my Heart,
E'er yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying Groans,
To give thoſe ſorrows Weight.

VI.

For never ſhall my Soul deſpair,
Her Pardon to procure,
Who knows thy only Son hath dy'd
To make her Pardon ſure.

VII. Long Metre.

God's abundant Goodneſs and Mercy to be praiſed.

I.

BLESS, O my Soul, the living God,
Call home thy Thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the Pow'rs within me join,
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

II.

Bleſs O my Soul, the God of Grace!
His Favours claim thy higheſt Praiſe;

Why

Why ſhould the Wonders he hath wrought,
Be loſt in Silence and forgot?

III.

The Vices of the Mind he heals,
And cures the Pains that Nature feels;
Redeems the Soul from Hell, and ſaves
Our waſting Lives from threat'ning Graves.

IV.

Our Youth decay'd his Pow'r repairs;
His Mercy crowns our growing Years;
He ſatisfies our Mouth with Good,
And fills our Hopes with heav'nly Food.

V.

His Pow'r he ſhew'd by Moſes' Hands,
And gave to Iſra'l his Commands;
But ſent his Truth and Mercy down,
To all the Nations by his Son.

VI.

Let the whole Earth his Pow'r confeſs;
Let the whole Earth adore his Grace;
The Gentile with the Jew ſhall join,
In Work and Worſhip ſo divine.

VIII. Common Metre.

God's Gracious Regard to his Creatures.

I.

LORD, we adore thy wond'rous Name,
And make that name our Truſt,
Which rais'd at firſt this curious Frame,
From mean, and lifeleſs Duſt.

II.

A while theſe frail Machines endure,
The Fabrick of a Day;

Then know their vital Pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to Clay.

III.

Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt, or fear'd,
This Thought is our Repoſe,
That he by whom this Frame was rear'd,
It's various Weakneſs knows.

IV.

Thou view'ſt us with a pitying Eye,
While ſtrugling with our Load;
In Pains and Dangers thou art nigh,
Our Father, and our God.

V.

Gently ſupported by thy Love,
We tend to Realms of Peace;
Where ev'ry Pain ſhall far remove,
And ev'ry Frailty ceaſe.

IX. Long Metre.

God's Name a Foundation of Truſt.

I.

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims,
His various, and his ſaving Names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our ſure Experience known!

II.

Let great Jehovah be ador'd,
Th'eternal, all-ſufficient Lord,
He thro' the World moſt high confeſs'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is poſſeſs'd.

III.

Awake our nobleſt Pow'rs to bleſs
The God of Abra'm, God of Peace;

Now

Now by a dearer Title known,
Father and God of Chriſt his Son.

IV.

Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear,
Is open to his Servants Pray'r;
Nor can one humble Soul complain,
That it has ſought it's God in vain.

V.

What unbelieving Heart ſhall dare,
In Whiſpers to ſuggeſt a Fear?
While ſtill he owns his ancient Name,
The ſame his Pow'r, his Love the ſame.

VI.

To thee our Souls in Faith ariſe,
To thee we lift expecting Eyes;
And boldly thro' the Deſart tread,
For God will guard where God ſhall lead.

X. Common Metre.

The dying Chriſtian's Farewel.

I.

YE golden Lamps of Heav'n, farewel,
With all your feeble Light;
Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,
Pale Empreſs of the Night.

II.

And thou refulgent Orb of Day,
In brighter Flames array'd,
My Soul, that ſprings beyond thy Sphere,
No more demands thy Aid.

III.

Ye Stars are but the ſhining Duſt,
Of my divine abode,

The Pavement of thoſe heav'nly Courts,
Where I ſhall reign with God.

IV.

The Father of eternal Light,
Shall there his Beams diſplay;
Nor ſhall one Moment's Darkneſs mix,
With that unvary'd Day.

V.

No more the Drops of piercing Grief,
Shall ſwell into my Eyes;
Nor the Meridian Sun decline,
Amidſt thoſe brighter Skies.

VI.

There all the Millions of his Saints,
Shall in one Song unite,
And each the Bliſs of all ſhall view,
With infinite Delight.

XI. Long Metre.

God the Portion and Happineſs of the Upright.

I.

MY God, whoſe all-pervading Eye,
Views Earth beneath, and Heav'n above,
Witneſs, if here, or there thou ſeeſt
An Object of my equal Love.

II.

Not the gay Scenes, where mortal Men,
Purſue their Bliſs, and find their Woe,
Detain my riſing Heart, which ſprings
The nobler Joys of Heav'n to know

III.

Not all the faireſt Sons of Light,
That lead the Army round thy Throne,

Can

Can bound its Flight; it preſſeth on,
And ſeeks its Reſt in God alone.

IV.

Fix'd near the immortal Source of Bliſs,
Dauntleſs and joyous it ſurveys
Each form of Horror and Diſtreſs,
That Earth, combin'd with Hell, can raiſe.

V.

This feeble Fleſh ſhall faint, and die,
This Heart renew its Pulſe no more;
Ev'n now it views the Moment nigh,
When Life's laſt Movements all are o'er.

VI.

But come, thou vanquiſh'd King of Dread,
With thy own Hand thy Pow'r deſtroy;
'Tis thine to bear my Soul to God,
My Portion, and eternal Joy.

XII. Long Metre.

God the Protector of good Men.

I.

THOU, Lord, thro' ev'ry changing Scene,
Haſt to thy Saints a Refuge been;
Thro' ev'ry Age, eternal God,
Their pleaſing Home, their ſafe Abode.

II.

In thee our Fathers ſought their Reſt;
In thee our Fathers ſtill are bleſt;
And, while the Tomb confines their Duſt,
In thee their Souls abide, and truſt.

III.

Lo, we are ris'n a feeble Race,
A while to fill our Fathers Place;

Our helpleſs State with Pity view,
And let us ſhare their Refuge too.

IV.

Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace,
In this uncertain Wilderneſs,
When Friends deſert, and Foes invade,
Revive our Heart, and guard our Head.

V.

So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,
And we muſt dwell in Fleſh no more,
To thee our ſep'rate Souls ſhall come,
And find in thee a ſurer Home.

VI.

To thee our Infant Race we leave;
Them may their Father's God receive;
That Voices yet unform'd may raiſe
Succeeding Hymns of humble Praiſe.

XIII. Long Metre.

The innumerable Mercies of God thankfully owned.

I.

IN glad Amazement, Lord, I ſtand,
Amidſt the Bounties of thy Hand!
How numberleſs thoſe Bounties are!
How rich, how various, and how fair!

II.

But O, what poor Returns I make!
What lifeleſs Thanks I pay thee back!
Lord, I confeſs with humble Shame,
My Off'rings ſcarce deſerve the Name.

III.

Fain would my lab'ring Heart deviſe
To bring ſome nobler Sacrifice;

It ſinks beneath the mighty Load,
What ſhall I render to my God?

IV.

To him I conſecrate my Praiſe,
And vow the Remnant of my Days;
Yet what at beſt can I pretend,
Worthy ſuch Gifts from ſuch a Friend?

V.

In deep Abaſement, Lord, I ſee
My Emptineſs and Poverty;
Enrich my Soul with Grace, divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.

VI.

Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,
That Heav'n may echo with my Song;
The Theme, too great for Time, ſhall be
The Joy of long Eternity.

XIV. Long Metre.

Praiſing God through the whole of our Exiſtence.

I.

GOD of my Life, thro' all its Days,
My grateful Pow'rs ſhall ſound thy Praiſe;
The Song ſhall wake with op'ning Light,
And warble to the ſilent Night.

II.

When anxious Cares would break my Reſt,
And Griefs would tear my throbbing Breaſt,
Thy tuneful Praiſes rais'd on high,
Shall check the Murmur, and the Sigh.

III.

When Death o'er Nature ſhall prevail,
And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,

Joy thro' my ſwimming Eyes ſhall break,
And mean the Thanks I cannot ſpeak.

IV.

But O, when that laſt Conflict's o'er,
And I am chain'd to Fleſh no more,
With what glad Accents ſhall I riſe,
To join the Muſic of the Skies!

V.

Soon ſhall I learn th' exalted Strains,
Which echo o'er the heav'nly Plains;
And emulate with Joy unknown,
The glowing Seraphs round thy Throne.

VI.

The chearful Tribute will I give,
Long as a deathleſs Soul can live;
A Work ſo ſweet, a Theme ſo high,
Demands, and crowns Eternity.

XV. Common Metre.

The Goodneſs of God appearing in the whole Frame of Nature

I.

LORD, thou art good; all Nature ſhews
Thee full, and free, and kind;
Thy Bounty through Creation flows,
Nor can it be confin'd.

II.

The whole and ev'ry Part proclaims
Unlimited Good-will;
It ſhines in Stars, and flows in Streams,
And broods on ev'ry Hill.

III.

III.

It ſpreads through all the ſpreading Main,
And Heav'ns which ſpread more wide;
It drops in ev'ry Show'r of Rain,
And rolls on ev'ry Tide.

IV.

This makes the heav'nly People ſing,
Their Hearts with Tranſport glow;
Supplies and comforts ev'ry Thing,
That lives and moves below.

V.

Still hath it been diffus'd and free,
Thro' Ages paſt and gone;
Nor ever can exhauſted be,
But ſtill keeps flowing on.

VI.

Still on this all it pours Supplies,
Spreads Joys thro' ev'ry Part;
Lord, let ſuch Goodneſs draw my Eyes,
And captivate my Heart.

VII.

Let it high Admiration raiſe,
And ſtrong Affection move;
Imploy my Tongue in Songs of Praiſe,
And fill my Heart with Love.

XVI, Long Metre.

On glorifying of God.

I.

YES, Lord, ſince I am wholly thine,
I'll give thee ev'ry Thing that's mine;
My Body, Soul, and Subſtance too,
'Tis only yielding up thy Due.

II.

My Mind, and all its Pow'rs ſhall be,
Henceforth devoted all to thee;
I'll think and chuſe, reſolve and love,
As thou ſhall dictate, and approve.

III.

For thee my Wealth ſhall be enjoy'd,
My Time and Strength for thee employ'd;
And ev'ry Appetite and Senſe,
Reſtrain'd from giving thee Offence.

IV.

For thee I'll Health and Eaſe forego,
I'll Pain endure, and welcome Woe;
Nor when requir'd will I refuſe,
My very Life for thee to loſe.

V.

Thus ſtill to act, is to purſue
The End I ſtill ſhould have in View;
And whilſt I live, and when I die,
My gracious God to glorify.

XVII. Common Metre.

God's ſovereign Dominion.

I.

ALMIGHTY God, thy pow'rful Word,
From nothing all Things brought!
Earth, Seas, and Skies, by thee their Lord,
With Skill divine were wrought!

II.

By thee preſerv'd the whole remains,
A Proof of Pow'r divine;
And all that this great all contains,
By ſov'reign Right is thine.

III.

III.

Thou over all art Lord ſupreme,
All elſe from thee derive;
No Being can diſpute this Claim,
Or independent live.

IV.

To thee, our Lord, we therefore bow,
To thee our all reſign;
Entire to thee ourſelves we vow,
For we are wholly thine.

V.

To thee, and thee alone we'll live,
From other Lords withdrawn;
No more to Sin Obedience give,
Nor think ourſelves our own.

VI.

Accept what now, without Reſerve,
We to thy Will reſign;
And let thy mighty Grace preſerve,
And perfect what is thine.

XVIII. Long Metre.

Giving Thanks to God.

I.

YES, Lord, my joyful Thanks to thee,
Shall, like my Debts, continual be;
In conſtant Streams thy Bounty flows,
Nor End, nor Intermiſſion knows.

II.

Thy kindneſs all my Comforts gives,
My num'rous Wants thy Hand relieves;
Nor can I ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thy exhauſtleſs Store.

III.

III.

If what I wiſh thy Will denies,
'Tis becauſe thou art good and wiſe;
Afflictions which may make me mourn,
Thou canſt, thou doſt to Bleſſings turn.

IV.

Deep, Lord, upon my thankful Breaſt,
Let all thy Favours be impreſt,
That I may never more forget,
The Sum, or any ſingle Debt.

V.

I would with grateful Heart each Day,
For all thy Gifts my Praiſes pay;
And always well-diſpos'd would be,
In all Things to give Thanks to thee.

XIX. Common Metre.

The Frailty of human Life.

I.

LORD, what a feeble Frame is our's!
How vain a thing is Man!
How frail are all his boaſted Pow'rs!
And ſhort, at beſt, his Span!

II.

Swift as the feather'd Arrow flies,
And cuts the yielding Air;
Or as a kindling Meteor dies,
E'er it can well appear.

III.

So paſs our fleeting Years away,
And time runs on its Race;
In vain we aſk a Moment's Stay,
Nor will it ſlack its Pace.

IV.

IV

But, Lord, what mighty Things depend,
On our precarious Breath!
And ſoon this dying Life will end,
In endleſs Life or Death.

V.

Oh, make us truly wiſe to learn,
How very frail we are;
That we may mind our grand Concern,
And for our Change prepare!

VI.

May think of Death, and learn to die,
To all inferior Things;
Whilſt our glad Souls ſtill ſoaring fly,
Tow'rds Life's eternal Springs.

VII.

Then may we bid our Years roll on,
And time make haſte away;
The ſooner will our Souls be gone;
To endleſs Life and Day.

XX. Long Metre.

A Thought of Sickneſs and Death.

I.

MY Soul, the Minutes haſte away;
Apace comes on th' important Day,
When in the icy Arms of Death,
I muſt give up my vital Breath.

II.

Look forward to the awful Scene,
How wilt thou be affected then?
When from on high ſome ſharp Diſeaſe,
Reſiſtleſs ſhall theſe Vitals ſeize.

III.

III.

When worldly Glories fade away,
Faſt as I feel my Life decay;
Still dwindling till they diſappear,
Like Vapours loſt in empty Air.

IV.

When all Eternity's in Sight;
The brighteſt Day, or blackeſt Night;
One Shock will break the Building down,
And waſt thee ſwift to Worlds unknown.

V.

Oh, come, my Soul, the Matter weigh;
How wilt thou leave thy kindred Clay?
And how the unknown Regions try,
And launch into Eternity?

VI.

By Faith the heav'nly Realms explore,
Oft try the Wings, and upward ſoar;
Be dead to Earth, dwell much on high,
Then Calmly live, and bravely die.

XXI. Long Metre.

Going the Way whence we ſhall not return.

I.

BEHOLD the Path that Mortals tread,
Down to the Regions of the Dead!
Nor will the fleeting Moments ſtay,
Nor can we meaſure back the Way.

II.

Our Kindred and our Friends are gone;
Know, O my Soul, this Doom thy own!
Feeble as their's my mortal Frame,
The ſame my Way, my Houſe the ſame.

III.

III.

From vital Air, from chearful Light,
To the cold Grave's perpetual Night;
From Scenes of Duty, Means of Grace,
Muſt I to God's Tribunal paſs,

IV.

Awake, my Soul, thy Way prepare,
And loſe in this each mortal Care;
With ſteddy Feet that Path be trod,
Which thro' the Grave conducts to God.

V.

My God to thee my all I truſt!
And if thou call me down to Duſt,
I know thy Voice, I bleſs thy Hand,
And die in Smiles at thy Command.

VI.

What was my Terror, is my Joy;
Theſe Views my brighteſt Hopes employ,
To go, e'er many Years are o'er,
Secure I ſhall return no more.

XXII. Short Metre.

Support in the View of Death.

I.

BEHOLD the gloomy Vale,
Which thou my Soul muſt tread,
Beſet with Terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to to the Dead!

II.

Ye pleaſing Scenes, adieu,
Which I ſo long have known;
My Friends, a long Farewell to you,
For I muſt paſs alone.

III.

III.

And thou, beloved Clay,
Long Partner of my Cares,
In this rough Path art torn away,
With Agony and Tears.

IV.

But ſee a Ray of Light,
With Splendor all divine,
Breaks thro' theſe doleful Realms of Night,
And makes its Horrors ſhine.

V.

Where Death and Darkneſs reigns,
Jehovah is my Stay;
His rod my trembling Feet ſuſtains,
His ſtaff defends my Way.

VI.

Dear Shepherd, lead me on;
My Soul diſdains to fear,
Death's gloomy Phantoms all are flown,
Now Life's great Lord is near.

XXIII. Common Metre

The Ways of the Upright known to God.

I.

THO thee, my God, my Days are known;
My Soul enjoys the Thought;
My Actions all before thy Face,
Nor are my Faults forgot.

II.

Each ſecret Breath Devotion vents
Is vocal to thy Ear;
And all my Walks of daily Life
Before thy Eye appear.

III.

III.

The vacant Hour, the active Scene,
Thy Mercy ſhall approve,
And ev'ry Pang of Sympathy,
And ev'ry Care of Love.

IV.

Each golden Hour of beaming Light,
Is gilded by thy Rays,
And dark Afflictions midnight Gloom,
A preſent God ſurveys.

V.

Full in thy View thro' Life I paſs,
And in thy View I die;
And, when each mortal Bond is broke,
Shall find my God is nigh.

VI.

Strip'd of its little earthly all,
My Soul in Smiles ſhall go;
And in a heav'nly Heritage,
It's Father's Bounty know.

XXIV. Common Metre.

The timorous Saint encouraged by the Aſſurance of divine Hope.

I.

AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To diſſipate our Fear?
Doſt thou proclaim thyſelf our God,
Our God for ever near?

II.

Doth thy right Hand, which form'd the Earth,
And bears up all the Skies,

Stretch

Stretch from on high it friendly Aid,
When Dangers round us riſe?

III.

Doſt thou a Father's Bowels feel
For all thy humble Saints?
And in ſuch tender Accents ſpeak
To ſooth their ſad Complaints?

IV.

On this Support my Soul ſhall learn,
And baniſh ev'ry Care;
The gloomy Vale of Death muſt ſmile,
If God be with me there.

V.

While I his gracious Succour prove
'Midſt all my various Ways,
The darkeſt Shades, thro' which I paſs,
Shall echo with his Praiſe.

XXV. As the CXIII Pſalm.

The dying Chriſtian.

I.

O VITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame!
Reſign and quit thy mortal Frame;
Tho' trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying;
How vaſt the Pain, the Bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy Striſe,
And let me languiſh into Life.

II.

Hark, hark, they whiſper, Angels ſay,
"Come, Siſter Spirit, come away;"
But what is this abſorbs me quite!

Which

Which ſteals my Senſes, ſhuts my Sight!
Which drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath!
Tell me, my Soul can this be Death?

III.

The World recedes, it diſappears,
Heav'n opens on my Eyes, my Ears
With ſweeteſt Sounds ſeraphic ring;
Lend, lend your Wings, I mount, I fly,
O grave where is thy Victory!
O Death where is thy pointed Sting!

XXVI. Long Metre.

Deliverance celebrated.

I.

GREAT Source of Life, our Souls confeſs
The various Riches of thy Grace;
Crown'd with thy Mercy we rejoice,
And in thy Praiſe exalt our Voice.

II.

By thee Heav'n's ſhining Arch was ſpread,
By thee were Earth's Foundations laid,
And all the Charms of Men's Abode,
Proclaim the wiſe and gracious God.

III.

Thy tender Hand reſtores our Breath,
When trembling near the Verge of Death;
Gently it wipes away our Tears,
And lengthens Life to future Years.

IV.

Theſe Lives are ſacred to the Lord;
Kindled by him, by him reſtor'd:
And while our Hours renew their Race,
Still would we walk before his Face.

So

V.

So when our Souls by him are led,
Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead;
With Joy triumphant, ſhall they move,
To Seats of nobler Life above.

XXVII. Long Metre.

The Goodneſs of God invariable.

I.

ETERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!
Well may thy Praiſe our Lips employ,
While in thy Temple we appear,
Thy Goodneſs crowns the circling Year.

II.

Wide as the Wheels of Nature roll,
Thy Hand ſupports the ſteddy Pole;
The Sun is taught by thee to riſe,
And Darkneſs when to veil the Skies.

III.

The flow'ry Spring at thy command,
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land;
The Summer Rays with Vigour ſhine,
To raiſe the Corn, and chear the Vine.

IV.

Seaſons and Months, and Weeks, and Days,
Demand ſucceſſive Songs of Praiſe;
Still be the chearful Homage paid,
With op'ning Light, and Ev'ning Shade.

V.

Here in thy Houſe ſhall Incenſe riſe,
As circling Sabbaths bleſs our Eyes;
Still will we make thy Mercies known
Around thy Board, and round our own.

VI.

VI.

O may our more harmonious Tongues,
In Worlds unknown purſue the Songs;
And in thoſe brighter Courts adore,
Where Days and Years revolve no more!

XXVIII. Common Metre.

God's Mercy and Grace to his Creatures.

I.

OUR Souls with pleaſing Wonder view,
The Bounties of thy Grace;
How much beſtow'd, how much reſerv'd,
For them that ſeek thy Face!

II.

Thy lib'ral Hand with worldly Bliſs,
Oft makes their Cup run o'er,
And in the Cov'nant of thy Love,
They find diviner Store.

III.

Here Mercy hides their num'rous Sins;
Here Grace their Soul renews;
Here thy own reconciled Face,
Doth heav'nly Beams diffuſe.

IV.

But Oh, what Treaſures yet unknown,
Are lodg'd in Worlds to come!
If theſe th' Enjoymens by the Way,
How happy is their Home!

V.

And what ſhall mortal Worms reply?
Or how ſuch Goodneſs own?
But 'tis our Joy that, Lord, to thee
Thy Servants Hearts are known.

VI.

VI.

Since Time's too ſhort, all-gracious God,
To utter all thy Praiſe,
Loud to the Honour of thy Name
Eternal Hymns we'll raiſe.

XXIX. As the CXIII Pſalm.

The happy Man.

I.

BLEST is the Man who fears the Lord,
And walks with Pleaſure in his Ways,
Who trembles at his holy Word,
And gladly his Commands obeys:
His Houſe with Bleſſings ſhall abound,
His Seed be mighty and renown'd.

II.

A gen'rous Pity warms his Heart,
His Kindneſs widely he extends;
The Poor in all his Wealth have Part,
To ſome he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Bounty waſtes, repairs
By wiſely ord'ring his Affairs.

III.

When Times with diſmal Face appear,
By frightful Clouds and Gloom o'erſpread,
His Heart ſhall entertain no Fear,
Above the Gloom he'll lift his Head:
His Faith ſhall bear his Courage up,
And God approve, and crown his Hope.

IV.

When raging Waves and Tempeſts roar,
And Sinners and their Hopes are drown'd;

He'll

He'll ſit, and ſee it, ſafe on Shore,
With Life and with Salvation crown'd:
On Earth Renown, and Heav'n above
Shall recompence his Faith and Love.

XXX. Long Metre.

Properties of Charity.

I.

LET Men of high Conceit and Zeal,
Their Fervours, and their Faith proclaim;
If Charity be wanting ſtill,
The reſt is but a ſounding Name.

II.

Knowledge is apt to bloat the Mind,
And Zeal to ſet the World on Fire;
But Charity is calm and kind,
And gentle Thoughts will ſtill inſpire.

III.

She's meek and patient, ſuff'ring long,
But ſlowly her reſentments riſe;
Soon ſhe forgets the greateſt Wrong,
But Rage and all Revenge defies.

IV.

She envies none their better State,
But makes her Neighbour's Bliſs her own;
Nor vaunts herſelf with Mind elate,
But ſtill a modeſt Air puts on.

V.

She drives all Malice from her Breaſt,
To ill Suſpicions ne'er gives Way;
But ever hopes and thinks the beſt,
And, as ſhe thinks, is apt to ſay.

VI.

VI.

This is the Grace that reigns on high,
And brightly will for ever burn;
When Hope ſhall in Enjoyment die,
And Faith to Sight triumphant turn.

XXXI. As the CXIII Pſalm.

God's Government.

I.

YE Subjects of the Lord, proclaim
The royal Honours of his Name;
"Jehovah reigns," be all your Song:
'Tis he, thy God, O Zion, reigns,
Prepare thy moſt harmonious Strains
Glad Hallelujahs to prolong.

II.

Ye Princes, boaſt no more your Crowns,
But lay the glitt'ring trifles down
In lowly Honours at his Feet:
A ſpan your narrow Empire bounds,
He reigns beyond created Rounds,
In ſelf-ſufficient Glory great.

III.

Tremble, ye Pageants, of a Day,
Form'd like your Slaves of brittle Clay,
Down to the Duſt your Sceptres bend:
To everlaſting Years he reigns,
And undiminiſh'd Pomp maintains,
When Kings, and Suns, and Time ſhall end.

IV.

So ſhall his favour'd Zion live;
In vain confed'rate Nations ſtrive
Her ſacred Turrets to deſtroy:

Her

Her Sov'reign ſits enthron'd above,
And endleſs Pow'r, and endleſs Love
Inſure her Safety, and her Joy.

XXXII. Common Metre.

Gratitude and Submiſſion to God.

I.

WHAT Bleſſings Lord thy Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For thou art paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

II.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodneſs let me bound;
Or think thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round.

III.

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Preſume thy Bolts to throw;
Or deal Damnation round the Land
On each I judge thy Foe.

IV.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

PAUSE.

V.

If I am right, thy Grace impart
Still in the right to ſtay;

If I am Wrong, Oh teach my Heart
To find that better Way.

VI.

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At aught thy Wiſdom hath deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodneſs lent.

VII.

Mean though I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me whereſo'er I go,
Through this Day's Life, or Death.

VIII.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot,
All elſe beneath the Sun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd, or not,
And let thy Will be done.

IX.

To thee whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Beings raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

XXXIII. Long Metre.

God our heavenly Father.

I.

FATHER of all, enthron'd above,
Eternal Honours crown thy Name!
Thy Kingdom come with Pow'r, and Love,
'Till Earth like Heav'n approve the ſame.

II.

Lord, make our daily Wants thy Care,
Forgive our Sins which taint the Mind;

May

May we ſuch Mercy ever ſhare,
As we to Mercy are inclin'd.

III.

From dang'rous Snares defend each Hour,
And let no Evil preſs us ſore;
For thine's the Kingdom, thine's the Pow'r,
The Glory's thine for evermore.

XXXIV. Common Metre.

God our conſtant Benefactor.

I.

GREAT God, to thee my grateful Tongue,
Directs its firſt Eſſays!
Inſpire my Heart to raiſe the Song,
Which celebrates thy Praiſe.

II.

From thy almighty forming Hand,
I drew my vital Pow'rs;
My time revolves at thy Command,
In all it's circling Hours.

III.

Thy Pow'r, my ever-preſent Guard,
From ev'ry Ill defends;
While num'rous Dangers me ſurround,
My Help from thee deſcends.

IV.

Beneath the ſhadow of thy Wings,
How ſweet is my Repoſe!
The Morning-Light revives the ſprings,
From whence my Comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy Praiſe,
Let me employ my Breath;

And walking ſtedfaſt in thy Ways,
I'll triumph over Death. *F.*

XXXV. Long Metre.

For ſpreading Divine Knowledge.

I.

INDULGENT Sov'reign of the Skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious Ear?
While feeble Mortals raiſe their Cries,
While thou the great Jehovah hear?

II.

Look down, O God, with pitying Eye,
And view the Deſolation round;
See what wide Realms in Darkneſs lie,
And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

III.

Loud let the Goſpel-Trumpet blow,
And call the Nations from afar;
Let all the Iſles their Saviour know,
And Earth's remoteſt Ends draw near.

IV.

With gentle Beams on Britain ſhine,
And bleſs her Princes, and her Prieſts;
And by thy Energy divine,
Let ſacred Love o'erflow their Breaſts.

V.

Triumphant here let Jeſus reign,
And on his Vineyard ſweetly ſmile;
While all the Virtues of his Train,
Adorn our Church, and bleſs our Iſle.

VI.

On all our Souls let Grace deſcend,
Like Heav'nly Dew, in copious Show'rs;

That

That we may call our God our Friend,
That we may hail Salvation our's.

VII.

Then ſhall each Age and Rank agree,
United Shouts of Joy to raiſe;
And Zion, made a Praiſe by thee,
To thee ſhall render back the Praiſe.

XXXVI. Common Metre.

God the Support and Guardian of the Poor.

I.

PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the Sky,
Who, from this lofty Throne,
Looks down on all that humble lie,
And calls ſuch Souls his own.

II.

The haughty Sinner he diſdains,
Tho' Gems his Temples crown;
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride,
His Vengeance hurls him down.

III.

On his afflicted pious Poor,
He makes his Face to ſhine,
He fills their Cottages of Clay
With Luſtre all divine.

IV.

Among the meaneſt of thy Flock,
There let my Dwelling be,
Rather than under gilded Roofs,
If abſent, Lord, from thee,

V.

Poor and afflicted though we are,
In thy ſtrong Name we truſt,

And bleſs the Hand of ſov'reign Love,
Which lifts us from the Duſt.

XXXVII. Common Metre.

God's Condeſcenſion in his tender Care of Mankind

I.

AND will the Majeſty of Heav'n
Accept us for his Sheep?
And with a Shepherd's tender Care,
Such worthleſs Creatures keep?

II.

And will he ſpread his guardian Arms
Round our defenceleſs Head?
And cauſe us gently to lie down
In his refreſhing Shade?

III.

And will he lead our weary Souls
To that delightful Scene,
Where Rivers of Salvation flow
Thro' Paſtures ever green?

IV.

What Thanks can mortal Men repay
For Favours great as thine?
Or how can tongues of feeble Clay
Proclaim ſuch Love divine?

V.

Eternal God, how mean are we!
How richly gracious Thou!
Our Souls, o'erwhelm'd with humble Joy,
In ſilent Tranſports bow.

XXXVIII. Common Metre.

The awful God.

I.

SING to the Lord, ye heav'nly Hoſts,
And thou, O Earth, adore!
Let Death and Hell thro' all their Coaſts,
Stand trembling at his Pow'r.

II.

His ſounding Chariot ſhakes the Sky,
He makes the Clouds his Throne;
There all his Stores of Light'ning lie,
Till Vengeance darts them down.

III.

His Noſtrils breath out fiery Streams,
And from his awful Tongue
A ſov'reign Voice divides the Flames,
And Thunder roars along.

IV.

Think, O my Soul, the dreadful Day,
When this incenſed God
Shall rend the Sky, and burn the Sea,
And fling his Wrath abroad!

V.

What ſhall the Wretch, the Sinner do!
He once defy'd the Lord;
But he ſhall dread the Thund'rer now,
And ſink beneath his Word.

XXXIX. Common Metre.

The divine Glories above our Reaſon.

I.

HOw wond'rous great, how glorious bright
Muſt our Creator be,

Who dwells amidſt the dazling Light,
Of vaſt Infinity!

II.

Our Reaſon ſtretches all its Wings,
And climbs above the Skies;
But ſtill how far beneath thy Feet,
Our grov'ling Reaſon lies!

III.

Lord, here we bend our humble Souls,
And awfully adore;
For the weak Pinions of our Mind
Can ſtretch a Thought no more.

IV.

Thy Glories infinitely riſe
Above our lab'ring Tongue;
In vain the higheſt Seraph tries;
To form an equal Song.

XL. Short Metre.

God's Kindneſs in Affliction.

I.

HOW gracious and how wiſe
Is our chaſtiſing God!
And O, how rich his Bleſſings are,
Which bloſſom from his Rod!

II.

He lifts it up on high
With Pity in his Heart,
That ev'ry Stroke his Children feel
May Grace and Peace impart.

III.

Inſtructed thus they bow,
And own his ſov'reign Sway;

They

They turn their erring Footſteps back
To his forſaken Way.

IV.

His Cov'nant-Love they ſeek,
And ſeek the happy Bands,
That cloſer ſtill engage their Hearts
To honour his Commands.

V.

Dear Father, we conſent
To Diſcipline divine;
And bleſs the Pains, that make our Souls
Still more compleatly thine.

XLI. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian Race.

I.

AWAKE, our Souls (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heav'nly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.

II.

True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the Stength of ev'ry Saint.

III.

The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r,
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures, while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.

IV.

From thee, the ever-flowing Spring,
Our Souls ſhall draw a large Supply;

While ſuch as ſeek refreſhing Draughts,
From mortal Streams ſhall droop and die.

V.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thy Abode;
On Wings of Love our Souls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heav'nly Road.

XLII. Short Metre.

Preſerving Grace.

I.

TO God the only wiſe,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
Their humble Praiſes ſing.

II.

'Tis his almighty Love,
His Council and his Care,
Preſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death,
And ev'ry hurtful Snare.

III.

He will preſent our Souls
Unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
With Joys divinely great.

IV.

Then all the faithful Seed
Shall meet around the Throne,
Shall bleſs the conduct of his Grace,
And make his Wonders known.

V.

To our moſt gracious God,
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,

Im-

Immortal Crowns of Majeſty,
And everlaſting Songs.

XLIII. Common Metre.

Obedience to our heavenly Father.

I.

MY God, my Father; I adore
That dear commanding Name;
'Twill my whole Soul to Life reſtore,
And kindle all my Flame.

II.

Entire I bow to thy Commands,
Thus filial Homage pay;
With Heart and Life, with Tongue and Hands
I'll chearfully obey.

III.

I'll wilfully no more tranſgreſs,
As I too oft have done;
But ev'ry ſinful Thought ſuppreſs,
Each ſinful Action ſhun.

IV.

Each Day I live, I'll ſeek with Care
My Father well to pleaſe;
And in this Courſe will perſevere
By thy aſſiſting Grace.

V.

Thus will I cloſe Relation claim,
And prove myſelf thy Son;
And whilſt I bear the glorious Name,
My Father's Rights will own.

VI.

I will, but thou muſt Strength impart,
This Promiſe to fulfil;

Lord,

Lord, write thy Laws upon my Heart,
That I may do thy Will!

XLIV. Common Metre.

The gracious Aſſiſtance of God implored.

I.

BEHOLD the Glaſs the Goſpel lends,
That Men themſelves may view;
How free from Stains its Surface is!
How poliſh'd and how true!

II.

Behold that wiſe, that perfect Law,
Which nobleſt Freedom gives!
O may it all our Souls refine,
And ſanctify our Lives!

III.

Not with a tranſient Glance ſurvey'd,
And in an Hour forgot;
But deep inſcrib'd on ev'ry Heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry Thought.

IV.

Great Author of each perfect Gift,
Thy quick'ning Grace diſplay,
That theſe rebellious roving Pow'rs,
May hearken and obey.

V.

Inſpir'd by thee, our feeble Souls
Shall paſs victorious on;
As the faint dawning Light improves,
To all the blaze of Noon.

XLV. Common Metre.

Holineſs and Comfort from the Word of God.

I.

LORD, I eſteem thy Judgments right,
And all thy Statutes juſt;
Thence I maintain a conſtant Fight
With ev'ry flatt'ring Luſt.

II.

Thy Precepts often I ſurvey;
I keep thy Law in Sight,
Thro' all the Buſineſs of the Day,
To form my Actions right.

III.

My Heart in Midnight Silence cries,
"How ſweet thy Comforts be,"
My Thoughts in holy Wonder riſe,
And bring their Thanks to thee.

IV.

And when my Spirit drinks her fill,
At ſome good word of thine,
Not mighty Men that ſhare the Spoil,
Have Joys compar'd to mine.

XLVI. Common Metre.

God the Searcher of our Thoughts and Ways.

I.

GOD is a Spirit juſt and wiſe,
He ſees our inmoſt Mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raiſe our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

II.

Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear;

The

The painted Hypocrites are known
Thro' the Diſguiſe they wear.

III.

Their lifted Eyes ſalute the Skies,
Their bending Knees the Ground;
But God abhors the Sacrifice,
Where not the Heart is found.

IV.

Lord, ſearch my Thoughts and try my Ways,
And make my Soul ſincere;
Then ſhall I ſtand before thy Face,
And find Acceptance there.

XLVII. Long Metre

Searching and trying our Ways.

I.

THY piercing Eye, O God, Surveys,
The various Windings of our Ways;
Teach us their Tendency to know,
And judge the Paths in which we go.

II.

Had not thy Mercy been our Aid,
So fatally our Feet had ſtray'd,
Stern Juſtice had its Priſ'ners lead,
Down to the Chambers of the Dead.

III.

O turn us back to thee again,
Or we ſhall ſearch our Ways in vain;
Shine, and the Path of Life reveal,
And bear us on to Zion's Hill.

IV.

Roll on, ye ſwift-revolving Years,
And end this round of Sins and Cares;

No

No more a Wan'drer would I roam,
But near my Father fix at home.

XLVIII. Short Metre.

God's Care of thoſe that truſt in him.

I.

HOW gentle God's Commands!
How kind his Precepts are!
Come caſt your Burdens on the Lord,
And truſt his conſtant Care.

II.

While Providence ſupports,
Let Saints ſecurely dwell;
That Hand, which bears all Nature up,
Shall guide his Children well.

III.

Why ſhould this anxious Load,
Preſs down your weary Mind?
Haſte to thy heav'nly Father's Throne,
And ſweet Refreſhment find.

IV.

His Goodneſs ſtands approv'd
Down to the preſent Day;
I'll drop my Burden at his Feet,
And bear a Song away.

XLIX. Common Metre.

God's Protection and Grace relied on.

I.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
I am for ever thine,
I fear before thee all the Day,
Nor would I dare to Sin.

II.

II.

And while I reſt my weary Head
From Cares, and Buſineſs free,
'Tis ſweet converſing on my Bed
With my own Heart, and thee.

III.

I pay this Ev'ning Sacrifice;
And when my Work is done,
Great God, my Faith and Hope relies
Upon thy Grace alone.

IV.

Thus with my Thoughts compos'd to Peace,
I'll give my Eyes to Sleep;
Thy Hand in Safety keeps my Days,
And will my Slumbers keep.

L. Common Metre.

The Way and End of the Righteous and Wicked.

I.

BLEST is the Man who ſhuns the Place,
Where Sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked Ways,
And hates the Scoffer's Seat.

II.

But in the Statutes of the Lord,
Hath plac'd his chief Delight;
By Day he reads, or hears the Word,
And meditates by Night.

III.

Green as the Leaf, and ever fair
Shall his Profeſſion ſhine;
While Fruits of Holineſs appear
Like Cluſters on the Vine.

IV.

IV.

Not ſo the Impious and Unjuſt;
What vain Deſigns they form!
Their Hopes are blown away like Duſt,
Or Chaff before the Storm.

V.

Sinners in Judgment ſhall not ſtand,
Amongſt the Sons of Grace,
When Chriſt the Judge at his right Hand,
Appoints his Saints a Place.

VI.

His Eyes behold the Path they tread,
His Heart approves it well;
But crooked Ways of Sinners lead
Down to the Gates of Hell.

LI. Common Metre.

God's Eternity.

I.

RISE, riſe my Soul, and leave the Ground,
Stretch all my Thoughts abroad;
And rouſe up ev'ry tuneful Sound,
To praiſe th' eternal God.

II.

Long e'er the lofty Skies were ſpread
Jehovah fill'd his Throne;
Or Adam form'd, or Angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.

III.

His boundleſs Years can ne'er decreaſe,
But ſtill maintain their Prime;
ETERNITY's his dwelling Place,
And EVER is his Time.

IV

IV

While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
The preſent, and the paſt,
He fills his own immortal Now,
And ſees our Ages waſte.

V.

The Sea and Sky muſt periſh too,
And vaſt Deſtruction come;
The Creatures, look, how old they grow,
And wait their fiery Doom!

VI.

Well, let the Sea ſhrink all away,
And Flame melt down the Skies,
My God, ſhall live an endleſs Day,
When th' old Creation dies.

LII. Common Metre.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

I.

MY drowſy Pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
Awake my ſluggiſh Soul;
Nothing hath half thy Work to do,
Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

II.

The little Ants for one poor Grain,
Labour, and tug, and ſtrive;
Yet we who have a Heav'n t'obtain
How negligent we live!

III.

We, for whoſe Sake the Sun ſtill ſhines,
And Moons their Courſes move;
We, for whoſe Guard, the Angel-Bands
Come flying from above.

VI.

IV.

We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labour'd for our good,
How careleſs to ſecure that Crown,
He purchas'd with his Blood!

V.

Lord, ſhall we lie ſo ſluggiſh ſtill,
And never act our Parts!
Come heav'nly Grace, from God the Source,
And animate our Hearts.

VI.

Then ſhall our active Spirits move,
Upward our Souls ſhall riſe;
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly to take the Prize.

LIII. Common Metre.

Chriſtian Virtues.

I.

STRAIT is the Way, the Door is ſtrait
That leads to Joys on high;
'Tis but a few that find the Gate,
While Crowds miſtake and, die.

II.

Beloved Self muſt be deny'd,
The Mind and Will renew'd;
Paſſion ſuppreſs'd, and Patience try'd,
And vain Deſires ſubdu'd.

III.

The Love of Gold be baniſh'd hence,
(That vile Idolatry)
And ev'ry Member, ev'ry Senſe,
In ſweet Subjection lie.

IV.

IV.

The Tongue, that moſt unruly Pow'r,
Requires a ſtrong Reſtraint;
We muſt be watchful ev'ry Hour,
And pray, but never faint.

V.

Lord, can a feeble, helpleſs Worm,
Fulfil a Work ſo hard?
Thy Grace will aid us to perform,
And give a large Reward.

LIV. Common Metre.

Unfruitfulneſs under Goſpel Privileges.

I.

LONG have I ſat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord;
But ſtill how weak my Faith is found,
And Knowledge of thy Word!

II.

Oft I frequent thy holy Place,
And hear almoſt in vain;
How ſmall a Portion of thy Grace
My Memory can retain!

III.

Thou great Almighty, and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And Bleſſings of thy Throne!

IV.

How cold and feeble is my Love!
How neligent my Fear!
How low my Hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!

V.

V.

Great God, thy quick'ning Pow'r impart,
To give thy Word Succeſs;
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

VI.

Shew my forgetful Feet thy Way
That leads to Joys on high;
There Knowledge grows without Decay,
And Love ſhall never die.

LV. Common Metre.

Frailty and Folly.

I.

HOW ſhort and haſty is our Life!
How vaſt our Souls Affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs Mortals vainly ſtrive
To laviſh out their Years.

II.

Our Days run thoughtleſsly along,
Without a Moment's ſtay;
Juſt as a Story, or a Song,
We paſs our Lives away.

III.

God from on high invites us Home,
But we march heedleſs on;
And ever haſt'ning to the Tomb,
Stoop downwards as we run.

IV.

How they deſerve that Bliſs to loſe,
Who ſlight the Joys above!
What Chains of Vengeance may they fear,
Who break ſuch Cords of Love!

V.

V.

Draw us, O God, with ſov'reign Grace,
And lift our Thoughts on high;
That we may end this mortal Race,
And ſee Salvation nigh.

LVI. Common Metre.

Life frail, Eternity approaching.

I.

THEE we adore, eternal Name;
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal Frame!
What dying Worms are we!

II.

Our waſting Lives grow ſhorter ſtill,
As Months and Days increaſe;
And ev'ry beating Pulſe we tell
Leaves but the number leſs.

III.

Dangers ſtands thick thro' all the Ground
To puſh us to the Tomb;
And fierce Diſeaſes wait around
To hurry Mortals Home.

IV.

Good God, on what a ſlender Thread,
Hang everlaſting Things!
Th' eternal States of all that die,
Upon Lifes feeble Strings!

V.

Infinite Joy, or endleſs Woe
Attends on ev'ry Breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the Brink of Death.

VI.

VI.

Waken, O Lord, our drowſy Senſe
To walk this dang'rous Road;
And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
May they be found with God!

LVII. Common Metre.

The Miſery of being without God in this World.

I.

NO, I ſhall envy them no more
Who grow profanely great;
Tho' they increaſe their golden Store,
And riſe to wond'rous Height.

II.

They taſte of all the Joys that grow
Upon this earthly Clod;
Well, they may ſearch the Creatures thro',
For they have ne'er a God.

III.

Shake off the Thought of dying too,
And think your Life your own;
But Death comes haſt'ning on to you
To mow your Glory down.

IV.

Yes, you muſt bow your ſtately Head,
Away your Spirit flies;
And no kind Angel near your Bed
To bear it to the Skies.

V.

Go now, and boaſt of all your Stores,
And tell how bright you ſhine;
Your Heaps of glitt'ring Duſt are your's
And my Redeemer's mine.

LVIII. Common Metre.

A Funeral Thought.

I.

HARK, from the Tombs a doleful Sound!
My Ears attend the Cry;
"Ye living Men come view the Ground,
Where you muſt ſhortly lie."

II.

"Princes, this Clay muſt be your bed,
In Spight of all your Tow'rs;
The Tall, the Wiſe, the Rev'rend Head,
Muſt lie as low as our's."

III.

Great God, is this our certain Doom?
And are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

IV.

Give us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
To fit our Souls to fly;
Then when we drop this dying Fleſh,
We'll riſe above the Sky.

LIX. Common Metre.

The Death and Burial of a Saint.

I.

WHY do we mourn, departing Friends?
Or ſhake when Death draws nigh?
The Meſſenger which Jeſus ſends,
To call them to the Sky.

II.

Are we not tending upward too,
As faſt as Time can move?

Nor

Nor would he wiſh the Hours more ſlow,
To keep us from our Love.

III.

Why ſhould we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
'Twas there the Fleſh of Jeſus lay,
And left a long Perfume.

IV.

The Graves of all the Saints he bleſt,
And ſoften'd ev'ry Bed;
Where ſhould the dying Members reſt,
But with the dying Head?

V.

Thence he aroſe, aſcending high,
And ſhew'd our Feet the Way;
Up to the Lord our Fleſh ſhall fly
At the great riſing Day.

VI.

Then let the laſt loud Trumpet ſound,
And bid our Kindred riſe;
Awake ye Nations under Ground,
Ye ſaints aſcend the Skies.

LX. Common Metre.

Man's neceſſary Dependence on God.

I.

HOSANNA, with a chearful Sound,
To God's upholding Hand;
Ten Thouſand Snares attend us round,
And yet ſecure we ſtand.

II.

That was a moſt amazing Pow'r
Which rais'd us with a Word;

And ev'ry Day and ev'ry Hour,
We lean upon the Lord.

III.

The Ev'ning reſts our weary Head,
And Angels guard the Room;
We wake, and we admire the Bed
Which was not made our Tomb.

IV.

The riſing morn cannot aſſure
That we ſhall end the Day,
For Death ſtands ready at the Door
To take our Lives away.

V.

God is our Sun, whoſe daily Light
Our Joy and Safety brings;
Our feeble Fleſh lies ſafe at Night
Beneath his ſhady Wings.

LXI. Common-Metre.

Submiſſion in afflictive Providences.

I.

THE dear Delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort Favours, borrow'd now,
To be repaid anon.

II.

'Tis God who lifts our Comforts high,
Or ſinks them in the Grave;
He gives, and, bleſſed be his Name,
He takes but what he gave.

III.

Peace all our angry Paſſions then,
Let each rebellious Sigh,

Be ſilent at his ſov'reign Will,
And ev'ry Murmur die.

IV.

If ſmiling Mercy crowns our Lives,
Its Praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the Juſtice too,
That ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

LXII. Long Metre.

The Conqueſt of Death and Grief by Views of the Heavenly State.

I.

LIFT up, ye Saints, your weeping Eyes,
Suſpend your Sorrows and your Sighs;
Turn all your Groans to joyful Songs,
Which Jeſus dictates to your Tongues.

II.

Thus ſaith the Saviour from his Throne,
"Behold all former Things are gone,
Paſt like an anxious Dream away,
Chas'd by the golden Beams of Day."

III.

"See in celeſtial Pomp array'd,
A new-created World diſplay'd;
Mark with what Light its Proſpects ſhine!
How grand, how various, how divine!"

IV.

"There my own gentle Hand ſhall dry,
Each Tear from each o'erflowing Eye;
For ever there my People dwell,
Beyond the Rage of Death and Hell."

V.

Vain King of Terrors, boaſt no more
Thy ancient wide extended Pow'r;
Each Saint in Life with Chriſt his Head
Shall reign, when thou thyſelf art Dead.

LXIII. Long Metre.

Parting with carnal Joys.

I.

I SEND the Joys of Earth away,
Away ye Tempters of the Mind,
Falſe as the ſmooth deceitful Sea,
And empty as the whiſtling Wind.

II.

Your Streams have carry'd Souls along,
Down to the Gulf of black Deſpair;
And if I liſten to your Song,
My dreadful Portion muſt be there.

III.

Lord, I adore thy matchleſs Grace,
That warns me of that dark Abyſs;
That draws me from thoſe treach'rous Seas,
And bids me ſeek ſuperior Bliſs.

IV.

Now to the ſhining Realms above,
I ſtretch my Hands, and raiſe my Eyes;
O for the Pinions of a Dove,
To bear me to the upper Skies!

V.

There from the Preſence of my God,
Oceans of endleſs Pleaſure roll;
There would I fix my laſt abode,
And drown the Sorrows of my Soul.

LXIV. Common Metre.

The divine Perfections as displayed in Creation.

I.

I SING th' almighty Power of God,
Who bid the Mountains riſe,
Who ſpread the flowing Seas abroad,
And built the lofty Skies.

II.

I ſing the Wiſdom which ordain'd
The Sun to rule the Day;
The Moon ſhines full at his Command,
And all the Stars obey.

III.

I ſing the Goodneſs of the Lord,
Who fill'd the Earth with Food;
He form'd the Creatures with his Word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

IV.

And Man the chief ordain'd to rule
O'er all his Works below,
Enjoy his World, his Works admire,
And the great Author know.

V.

Of Goodneſs and of Piety,
The noble Joys to prove;
And thus to Angels growing like,
Riſe to their Bliſs above.

VI.

Bleſs God my Soul, who thee deſign'd,
For endleſs Bliſs on high:
And with the Sons of Light in Praiſe,
Love, and Obedience vie.

LXV. Common Metre.

The divine Omnipresence.

I.

LORD how thy Wonders are display'd,
Where-e'er I turn my Eyes:
If I survey the Ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the Skies.

II.

There's not a Plant or Flower below,
But makes thy Glories known;
And Storms arise, and Tempests blow,
By order from thy Throne.

III.

Creatures as num'rous as they be,
Are subject to thy Care;
There's not a Place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

IV.

In Heaven he shines with Beams of Love,
Of Wrath in Hell beneath;
'Tis on his Earth I stand, or move,
And 'tis his Air I breathe.

V.

His Hand is my perpetual Guard,
He keeps me with his Eye;
Why should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

LXVI. Long Metre.

The Creation, Preſervation, Diſſolution, and Reſtoration of this World.

I.

SING to the Lord who built the Skies,
The Lord who rear'd this ſtately Frame;
Let all the Nations ſound his Praiſe,
And ev'ry Heart adore his Name.

II.

He form'd the Seas, and form'd the Hills,
Made ev'ry Drop and ev'ry Duſt,
Nature and Time, with all their Wheels,
And puſh'd them into Motion firſt.

III.

Now from his high imperial Throne,
He looks far down upon the Spheres;
He bids the ſhining Orbs roll on,
And round he turns our haſty Years.

IV.

Thus ſhall this moving Engine laſt,
'Till all his Saints are gather'd in;
Then for the Trumpet's dreadful Blaſt
To ſhake it all to Duſt again!

V.

Yet when the Sound ſhall tear the Skies,
And Light'ning burn the Globe below,
Saints, you may lift your joyful Eyes,
There's a new Heav'n and Earth for you.

LXVII. Common Metre.

The Frailty of Man.

I.

LET others boaſt how ſtrong they be,
Nor Death, nor Danger fear;
But we'll confeſs, O Lord to thee,
What feeble Things we are.

II.

Freſh as the Graſs our Bodies ſtand,
And flouriſh bright and gay;
A blaſting Wind ſweeps o'er the Land,
And fades the Graſs away.

III.

Our Life contains a thouſand ſprings,
And dies if one be gone;
Strange, that a Harp of thouſand Strings,
Should keep in Tune ſo long.

IV.

But 'tis our God ſupports our Frame,
The God who built us firſt;
Salvation to th' almighty Name
Which rear'd us from the Duſt.

V.

While we have Breath, or uſe our Tongues,
Our maker we'll adore;
His ſpirit moves our heaving Lungs,
Or they would breath no more.

LXVIII. Common Metre.

Death and Eternity.

I.

STOOP down my Thoughts, that uſe to riſe,
Converſe awhile with Death;

Think

Think how a graſping Mortal lies,
And pants away his Breath.

II.

His quiv'ring Lip hangs feeble down,
His pulſes faint and few,
Then, ſpeechleſs, with a doleful Groan,
He bids the World adieu.

III.

But O the Soul that never dies!
At once it leaves the Clay!
Ye Thoughts purſue it where it flies,
And trace its won'drous Way.

IV.

Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,
It mounts triumphing there;
Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,
In infinite Deſpair.

V.

And muſt my Body faint and die?
And muſt this Soul remove?
O for ſome guardian Angel nigh,
To bear it ſafe above!

VI.

Jeſus to thy dear faithful Hand,
My naked Soul I truſt;
And my Fleſh waits for thy Command,
To drop into my Duſt.

LXIX. Short Metre.

Heavenly Joy on Earth.

I.

COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;

Join in a Song with ſweet Accord,
And thus ſorround the Throne.

II.

The Sorrows of the Mind
Be baniſh'd from the Place;
Religion never was deſign'd,
To make our Pleaſures leſs.

III.

Let thoſe refuſe to ſing
Who never knew our God;
But Fav'rites of the heav'nly King
May ſpeak their Joys abroad.

IV.

The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he pleaſe;
Who rides upon the ſtormy Sky,
And manages the Seas.

V.

This awful God is ours,
He guards us with his Love;
He ſhall ſend down his heav'nly pow'rs,
To carry us above.

VI.

There ſhall we ſee his Face,
And never, never Sin;
There from the Rivers of his Grace
Drink endleſs Pleaſures in.

VII.

Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry;
We're marching o'er our Sov'reign's Ground,
To fairer Worlds on high.

LXX. Common Metre.

Love to God.

I.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inſpires the Breaſt;
Love is the brighteſt of the Train,
And ſtrengthens all the reſt.

II.

Knowledge, alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear;
Our ſtubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be abſent there.

III.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In ſwift Obedience move;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

IV.

This is the Grace that lives and ſings,
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Strings
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

V.

Before we quite forſake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To ſee our ſmiling God.

LXXI. Long Metre.

A Sight of God mortifies us to the World.

I.

UP to the heav'nly Paradiſe,
Where pureſt Streams of Pleaſure roll,

Fain

Fain would my nobler Paſſions riſe,
But Earth and Senſe oppreſs my Soul.

II.

O might I once mount up and ſee,
The Glories of th' eternal Skies;
What little Things theſe Worlds would be,
How deſpicable to my Eyes!

III.

Had I a Glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and Men would vaniſh ſoon,
Vaniſh as tho' I ſaw 'em not,
As a dim Candle does at Noon.

IV.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
I ſhould perceive the Noiſe no more,
Than we can hear a ſhaking Leaf,
While rattling Thunders round us roar.

V.

Great All in All, eternal King,
My Heart aſpires to ſee thy Face;
And all my Pow'rs admire and ſing,
Thy endleſs Grandeur, and thy Grace.

LXXII. Long Metre.

The Pleaſures of a good Conſcience.

I.

LORD, how ſecure and bleſt are they,
Whoſe Hearts are pure, whoſe Hands are clean!
Should Storms of Wrath ſhake Earth and Sea,
Their Minds have Heav'n and Peace within.

II.

The Day glides ſwiftly o'er their Heads,
Made up of Innocence and Love;

And

And ſoft and ſilent as the Shades,
Their nightly Minutes gently move.

III.

Quick as their Thoughts their Joys come on,
But fly not half ſo faſt away;
Their Souls are ever bright as Noon,
And calm as Summer Evenings be.

IV.

How oft they look to th' heavenly Hills,
Where Groves of living Pleaſures grow;
And longing Hopes and chearful Smiles,
Sit undiſturb'd upon their Brow.

V.

They ſcorn to ſeek for golden Toys,
But ſpend the Day, and ſhare the Night,
In num'bring o'er the richer Joys,
Which Heaven prepares for their Delight.

LXXIII. Long Metre

The Shortneſs of Life, and the Goodneſs of God.

I.

TIME, what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how ſwift they are!
Swift as an Indian Arrow flies,
Or like a ſhooting Star.

II.

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh;
The Moment when our Lives begin,
We all begin to die.

III.

Yet mighty God, our fleeting Days
Thy laſting Favours ſhare;

Yet

Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace,
Thou load'ſt the rolling Year.

IV.

'Tis ſov'reign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloath'd with Love;
While Grace ſtands pointing out the Road,
That leads our Souls above.

V.

His Goodneſs runs an endleſs Round;
All Glory to the Lord!
His Mercy never knows a Bound,
And be his Name ador'd!

VI.

Thus we begin the laſting Song!
And when we cloſe our Eyes,
Let the Next Age thy Praiſe prolong,
Till Time and Nature dies.

LXXIV. Long Metre.

The Promiſes of God our Security.

I.

PRAISE, everlaſting Praiſe, be paid
To him that Earth's Foundation laid:
Praiſe to the God whoſe ſtrong Decrees,
Sway the Creation as he pleaſe.

II.

Praiſe to the Goodneſs of the Lord,
Who rules his People by his Word,
And there as ſtrong as his Decrees,
He ſets his kindeſt Promiſes.

III.

Whence then ſhould Doubts and Fears ariſe?
Why trickling Sorrow drown our Eyes?

Slowly,

Slowly, alas, our Mind receives
The Comforts that our Maker gives.

IV.

O for a ſtrong, a laſting Faith,
To credit what th' Almighty ſaith!
T'obey the Precepts of his Son,
And call the Joys of Heav'n our own.

V.

Then ſhould the Earth's old Pillars ſhake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break!
Our ſteady Souls ſhould fear no more,
Than ſolid Rocks when Billows roar.

VI.

Our everlaſting Hopes ariſe
Above the ruinable Skies,
Where the eternal Builder reigns,
And his own Courts his Power ſuſtains.

LXXV. Common Metre.

A Thought of Death and Glory.

I.

MY Soul, come, meditate the Day,
And think how near it ſtands,
When thou muſt quit this Houſe of Clay,
And fly to unknown Lands.

II.

And you, my Eyes, look down and view
The hallow gaping Tomb;
This gloomy Priſon waits for you,
When-e'er the Summons come.

III.

O could we die with thoſe that die,
And place us in their Stead,

Then

Then would our Spirits learn to fly,
And converſe with the Dead.

IV.

Then ſhould we ſee the Saints above,
In their own glorious Forms,
And wonder why our Souls ſhould love
To dwell with mortal Worms.

V.

We ſhould, almoſt, forſake our Clay
Before the Summons come,
And pray and wiſh our Souls away
To their eternal Home.

LXXVI. Common Metre

The Chriſtian's Security in the Promiſes of God.

I.

BEGIN my Tongue ſome heav'nly Theme,
And ſpeak ſome boundleſs Thing,
The mighty Works, or mightier Name
Of our eternal King.

II.

Proclaim Salvation from the Lord
For wretched dying Men;
His Hand has writ the ſacred Word
With an immortal Pen.

III.

Engrav'd as in eternal Braſs
The mighty Promiſe ſhines;
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raſe
Thoſe everlaſting Lines.

IV.

His very Word of Grace is ſtrong
As that which built the Skies,

The

The Voice that rolls the Stars along
Speaks all the Promiſes.

V.

He ſaid, "Let the wide Heav'n be ſpread,"
And Heav'n was ſpread abroad;
"Abra'm, I'll be thy God," he ſaid,
And he was Abra'm's God.

VI.

Then let my Faith the World o'ercome,
My Heart and Life be pure;
I'll truſt the all-creating Voice,
And know my Heav'n ſecure.

LXXVII. Common Metre.

Future Happineſs the Chriſtian's preſent Joy.

I.

AWAKE, ye Saints, and raiſe your Eyes,
And raiſe your Voices high;
Awake, and praiſe the won'drous Love,
Which ſhews Salvation nigh.

II.

On all the Wings of Time it flies;
Each Moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining Day;
Welcome each cloſing Year.

III.

Not many Years their Round ſhall run,
Nor many Mornings riſe,
E'er all its Glories ſtand reveal'd
To our admiring Eyes.

IV.

Ye Wheels of Nature ſpeed your Courſe;
Ye mortal Pow'rs, decay;

Faſt

Faſt as ye bring the Night of Death,
Ye bring eternal Day.

LXXVIII. Short Metre.

The Death of Friends improved.

I.

HOW ſwift the Torrent rolls,
That bears us to the Sea;
The Tide that bears our thoughtleſs Souls
To vaſt Eternity!

II.

Our Fathers, where are they,
With all they call'd their own?
Their Joys and Griefs, and Hopes and Cares,
And Wealth and Honour gone.

III.

But Joy or Grief ſucceeds
Beyond our mortal Thought,
While the poor Remnant of their Duſt
Lies in the Grave forgot.

IV.

There, where the Fathers lie,
Muſt all the Children dwell.
Nor other Heritage poſſeſs
But ſuch a gloomy Cell.

V.

God of our Fathers, hear,
Thou everlaſting Friend;
While we, as on Life's utmoſt Verge,
Our Souls to thee commend.

VI.

Of all the pious Dead
May we the Footſteps trace,

Till

'Till with them in the Land of Light
We dwell before thy Face.

LXXIX. Long Metre.

The Saints Expectation of a Judgement-Day.

I.

BEHOLD the Son of God, he comes
To ſhake the Earth, and rend the Tombs;
Theſe Heav'ns before him melt away,
And Sun and Stars in Smoke decay.

II.

Yet, 'midſt this general Wreck and Dread,
Ye Saints, with Triumph lift the Head;
With glad Suprize your Saviour meet,
Who comes to make your Bliſs compleat.

III.

My Soul, a Happineſs ſo great
With pleaſing Expectation wait;
And while I dwell upon the Thought,
Be Earth and all it's Toys forgot.

IV.

O bleſſed Lord, what Grace is thine,
Which gives a Proſpect ſo divine!
Come joyful Day, and teach our Tongues
How Angels warble out their Songs.

LXXX. Common Metre.

Chriſt coming to Judgement.

I.

JESUS adorn'd with Grace divine,
Aſcends his Judgement-Throne;
Thro' Heav'ns extended Realms above,
He makes his Glory known.

II.

II.

By his Command the Trumpet ſounds,
And ſummons to his Bar;
The piercing Blaſt ſhakes Heav'n around,
And thunders in the Air.

III.

The Earth and Seas his Orders hear,
Unclos'd is ev'ry Tomb;
The awaken'd World attend and fear,
His Sentence and their Doom.

IV.

His Glory ſets the World on Fire,
The burning Earth and Seas;
With mingled Ruin ſoon expire,
And ſink before his Face.

V.

The Saints obedient to his call,
With Joy receive their Crowns;
The Wicked into Ruin fall,
Beneath his wrathful Frowns.

VI.

Break, ſacred Morning, thro' the Skies,
And ſpread this glorious Day!
Bleſt Jeſus, ſend a guardian Band,
To bear me ſafe away!

VII.

Then may I view thy ſmiling Face,
With ſtrong immortal Eyes;
Through endleſs Ages taſte thy Grace,
With Pleaſure and Suprize. *F.*

LXXXI. Common Metre.

Life to be improved.

I.

ONCE more, my Soul, the riſing Day
Salutes thy waking Eyes;
Once more, my Voice, thy Tribute pay
To him who rules the Skies.

II.

Night unto Night his Name repeats,
The Day renews the Sound,
Wide as the Heav'n on which he ſits
To turn the Seaſons round.

III.

'Tis he ſupports my mortal Frame,
My Tongue ſhall ſpeak his Praiſe;
My Sins would rouze his Wrath to flame,
And yet his Wrath delays.

IV.

A Thouſand wretched Souls are fled
Since the laſt ſetting Sun;
And yet thou length'neſt out my Thread,
And yet my Moments run!

V.

Good God, let all my Hours be thine,
Whilſt I enjoy the Light;
Then ſhall my Sun in Smiles decline,
And bring a pleaſing Night.

LXXXII. Common Metre.

The Day approaching.

I.

THE Day approacheth, O my Soul!
The great deciſive Day,

Which

Which from the Verge of mortal Life
Shall bear thee far away?

II.

Another Day more awful dawns;
And lo, the Judge appears!
Ye Heav'ns, retire before his Face,
And ſink, ye darken'd Stars!

III.

Yet does one ſhort preparing Hour,
One precious Hour remain;
Rouſe then my Soul, with all thy Pow'r,
Nor let it paſs in vain.

IV.

With me my Brethren ſoon muſt die,
And at the Bar appear;
Now be our Intercourſe improv'd,
To mutual Comfort here.

V.

For this thy Temple, Lord, we throng;
For this thy Board ſurround;
Here may our Service be approv'd,
And in thy Preſence crown'd.

LXXXIII. As the CXXVIII Pſalm.

God faithful to his Promiſes.

I.

THE Promiſes I Sing,
Which wond'rous Love hath ſpoke;
Nor will th' eternal King
His Words of Grace revoke;

They

They ſtand ſecure,
And ſtedfaſt ſtill;
Not Zion's Hill
Abides ſo ſure.

II.

The Mountains melt away
When once the Judge appears;
And Sun and Moon decay,
That meaſure Mortals Years;
But ſtill the ſame,
In radiant Lines,
The Promiſe ſhines
Thro' all the Flame.

III.

Their Harmony ſhall ſound
Thro' my attentive Ears,
When Thunders cleave the Ground,
And diſſipate the Spheres;
'Midſt all the Shock,
Of that dread Scene
I ſtand ſerene,
Thy Word my Rock.

IV.

Let all the Nations fear
The God who rules above;
He brings his People near,
And makes them taſte his Love;
While Earth and Sky,
Attempt his Praiſe,
His Saints ſhall raiſe
His Honours high.

LXXXIV. Long Metre

Diligence in the Chriſtian Race.

I.

GOD of the Morning, at whoſe Voice
The chearful Sun makes haſte to riſe,
And like a Giant doth rejoice
To run his Journey thro' the Skies.

II.

From the fair Chambers of the Eaſt
The Circuit of his Race begins,
And Without Wearineſs or Reſt
Round the whole Earth he flies and ſhines.

III.

O like the Sun may I fulfil
Th' appointed Duties of the Day;
With ready Mind and active Will
March on and keep my heav'nly Way.

IV.

But I ſhall rove and loſe the Race,
If God, my Sun, ſhould diſappear,
And leave me in this World's wide Maze,
To follow ev'ry wand'ring Star.

V.

Lord, thy Commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded Eyes;
Thy Threat'nings juſt thy Promiſe ſure,
Thy Goſpel makes the Simple wiſe.

VI.

Give me thy Counſels for my Guide,
And then receive me to thy Bliſs;
All my Deſires and hopes beſide
Are faint and cold compar'd with this.

*LXXXV. Short Metre.

The Lords Day welcomed.

I.

WELCOME ſweet Day of reſt
That ſaw the Saviour riſe;
Welcome to this reviving Breaſt,
And theſe rejoicing Eyes.

II.

Our God himſelf comes near,
And meets his Saints to Day;
His Face they ſee, his Voice they hear,
And Love, and Praiſe, and Pray.

III.

Where God his Grace diſplays,
And gives ſuch Pleaſure birth,
One Hour is worth a thouſand Days
Of vain and ſinful Mirth.

IV.

My Soul O Lord prepare
For Work and Joy like this,
Till I thy Voice enraptur'd hear
In Realms of endleſs Bliſs.

LXXXVI. Common Metre.

Praiſe for Recovery from Sickneſs.

I.

SOV'REIGN of Life, I own thy Hand
In ev'ry chaſt'ning Stroke;
And while I ſmart beneath thy Rod,
Thy Preſence I invoke.

* As in the former Edition, the LXXXV Hymn was contained in the LIII Pſalm, it has been thought proper to inſert the above in the room of it.

II.

To thee in my Diſtreſs I cry'd,
And thou haſt bow'd thy Ear;
Thy pow'rful Word my Life prolong'd,
And brought Salvation near.

III.

Unfold, ye Gates of Right'ouſneſs,
That, with the pious Throng,
I may record my ſolemn Vows,
And tune my grateful Song.

IV.

Praiſe, to the Lord, whoſe gentle Hand
Renews our lab'ring Breath;
Praiſe to the Lord who makes his Saints
Triumphant ev'n in Death.

V.

My God, in thy appointed Hour,
Thoſe heav'nly Gates diſplay,
Where Pain, and Sin, and Fear, and Death,
For ever flee away.

VI.

There while the Nations of the bleſs'd
With Raptures bow around,
My Anthems to deliv'ring Grace
In ſweeter Strains ſhall ſound.

LXXXVII. Common Metre.

Support in God's Covenant under Trouble.

I.

MY God, the Cov'nant of thy Love
Abides for ever ſure,
And in its matchleſs Grace I feel
My Happineſs ſecure.

What

II.

What tho' my Houſe be not with thee,
As Nature could deſire!
To nobler Joys than Nature gives,
Thy Servants all aſpire.

III.

Since thou the everlaſting God,
My Father art become;
Jeſus my Guardian, and my Friend,
And Heav'n my final Home.

IV.

I welcome all thy ſov'reign Will,
For all that Will is Love;
And when I know not what thou doſt,
I wait the Light above.

V.

Thy Cov'nant in the darkeſt Gloom,
Shall Heav'nly Rays impart;
Which, when my Eye-lids cloſe in Death,
Shall warm my chilling Heart.

LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

The Upright encouraging himſelf in the Lord his God.

I.

JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious Name!
Still pregnant with Delight;
It Scatters round a chearful Beam
To gild the darkeſt Night.

II.

What tho' our mortal Comforts fade,
And drop like with'ring Flow'rs!
Nor Time, nor Death, can break that Band,
Which makes Jehovah our's.

III.

My Cares I give you to the Wind,
And ſhake you off like Duſt;
Well may I truſt my All with him,
With whom my Soul I truſt.

LXXXIX. Common Metre.

The Faithful happy in Death.

I.

HEAR what the Voice from Heav'n pro-[claims
For all the pious Dead,
Sweet is the Saviour of their Names,
And ſoft their ſleeping Bed.

II.

They die in Jeſus, and are bleſt;
How kind their Slumbers are!
From Suff'rings and from Sin releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry Snare.

III.

Far from this World of Toil and Strife
They're preſent with the Lord;
The Labours of their mortal Life
End in a large Reward.

XC. Common Metre.

Joy and Proſperity from the Bleſſing of God.

I.

SHINE on our Souls, eternal God,
With Rays of Favour ſhine!
O let thy Mercy crown our Days,
And all their Round be thine!

II.

Did we not raiſe our Hand to thee,
Our Hands might toil in vain;

Small

Small Joy, Succeſs itſelf could give,
If thou thy Love reſtrain.

III.

With thee let ev'ry Week begin,
With thee each Day be ſpent;
For thee each fleeting Hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.

IV.

Thus chear us thro' this deſert Road,
'Till all our Labours ceaſe;
And Heav'n refreſh our weary Souls
With everlaſting Peace.

XCI. Short Metre.

The Mercies of God leading to Repentance.

I.

IS this the kind Return,
And theſe the Thanks we owe,
Thus to abuſe eternal Love
Whence all our bleſſings flow?

II.

To what a ſtubborn Frame
Hath Sin reduc'd our Mind?
What ſtrange rebellious Creatures we,
And God as ſtrangely kind;

III.

On us he bids the Sun
Shed his reviving Days;
For us the Skies their Circle run
To lengthen out our Rays.

IV.

The Brutes obey their God,
And bow their Necks to Man;

But we more baſe, more brutiſh Things,
Reject his eaſy Reign.

V.

Let paſt Ingratitude
Provoke our weeping Eyes,
And hourly as new Mercies fall,
Let hourly Thanks ariſe.

XCII. Common Metre.

Faith of Things unſeen.

I.

FAITH is the Brighteſt Evidence
Of Things beyond our Sight,
Breaks thro' the Clouds of Fleſh and Senſe,
And dwells in heav'nly Light.

II.

It ſets Time paſt in preſent view,
Brings diſtant Proſpects home,
Of Things a thouſand Years ago,
Or thouſand Years to come.

III.

By Faith we know the Worlds were made
By God's almighty Word;
Abra'm to unknown Countries led,
By Faith obey'd the Lord.

IV.

He ſought a City fair and high;
Built by th' eternal Hands;
And Faith aſſures us, tho' we die,
That heav'nly Building ſtands

XCIII. Common Metre.

The Saints View of Death and Glory.

I.

THERE is a Houſe not made with Hands,
Eternal and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting ſtands,
'Till God ſhall bid it fly.

II.

Shortly this Pris'n of my Clay
Muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
Thy heav'nly Father's Call!

III.

We walk by Faith of Joys to come;
Faith lives upon his Word;
But while the Body is our Home,
We're abſent from the Lord.

IV.

'Tis pleaſant to believe thy Grace,
But we had rather ſee;
We would be abſent from the Fleſh,
And preſent, Lord, with thee.

XCIV. Common Metre.

The Chriſtian prepared to die.

I.

DEATH may diſſolve my Body now,
And bear my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move ſo ſlow,
Nor my Salvation come;

II.

With heav'nly Weapons I have fought,
The Battles of the Lord,

Finiſh'd my Courſe and kept the Faith,
And wait the ſure Reward.

III.

God hath laid up in Heav'n for me
A Crown which cannot fade;
The right'ous Judge at that great Day,
Shall place it on my Head.

IV.

Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
This Prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to ſee
Th' Appearance of his Son.

V.

God is my everlaſting Aid,
And Hell ſhall rage in vain;
To him be higheſt Glory paid,
And endleſs Praiſe.—Amen.

XCV. Long Metre.

God the Fountain of all Good.

I.

FATHER of Lights, we ſing thy Name,
Who kindleſt up the Lamp of Day;
Wide as he ſpreads his golden Flame,
His Beams thy Pow'r and Love diſplay.

II.

Fountain of Good, from thee proceed
The copious Drops of genial Rain;
Which, thro' the Hills, and thro' the Meads,
Revive the Graſs, and ſwell the Grain.

III.

Thro' the wide World thy Bounties ſpread;
Yet Millions of our guilty Race,

Tho'

Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,
Affront thy Law, and ſpurn thy Grace.

IV.

Not ſo may our forgetful Hearts,
O'er-look the Tokens of thy Care;
But what thy lib'ral Hand imparts,
Still own in Praiſe, ſtill aſk in Pray'r.

V.

So ſhall our Suns more grateful ſhine,
And Show'rs in ſweeter Drops ſhall fall;
When all our Hearts and Lives are thine,
And thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.

VI.

May Chriſt our brighter Sun ariſe;
In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit ſend;
Earth then ſhall grow a Paradiſe,
And in the heav'nly Eden end.

XCVI. Long Metre.

The Beatitudes.

I.

BLEST are the humble Souls which ſee
Their Emptineſs and Poverty;
Treaſures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.

II.

Bleſt are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;
From the divine Compaſſion flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.

III.

Bleſt are the Meek, who ſtand afar
From Rage and Paſſion, Noiſe and War;

God will ſecure their happy State,
And plead their Cauſe againſt the great.

IV.

Bleſt are the Souls which thirſt for Grace,
Hunger and long for Right'ouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupplied and fed,
With living Streams and living Bread.

PAUSE.

V.

Bleſt are the Men whoſe Bowels move,
And melt in Sympathy and Love;
From God their Father they obtain,
Like Sympathy and Love again.

VI.

Bleſt are the Pure, whoſe Heart is clean
From the defiling Pow'rs of Sin;
With endleſs Pleaſure they ſhall ſee,
A God of ſpotleſs Purity.

VII.

Bleſt are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;
They ſhall be call'd the Heirs of Bliſs,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.

VIII.

Bleſt are the Suff'rers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for Jeſus' Sake;
Their Souls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

XCVII. Common Metre.

Praiſe to God from all Creatures.

I.

THE Glories of my Maker God
My joyful Voice ſhall ſing,
And call the Nations to adore
Their Former and their King.

II.

'Twas his right Hand that ſhap'd our Clay,
And wrought this human Frame;
But from his own immediate Breath
Our nobler Spirits came.

III.

We bring our mortal Pow'rs to God,
And worſhip with our Tongues:
We claim ſome kindred with the Skies
And join th' angelic Songs.

IV.

Let grov'ling Beaſts of ev'ry Shape,
And Fowls of ev'ry Wing,
And Rocks and Trees, and Fires and Seas,
Their various Tribute bring.

V.

Ye Planets, to his Honour ſhine,
And Wheels of Nature roll;
Praiſe him in your unweary'd Courſe,
Around the ſteady Pole.

VI.

The Brightneſs of our Maker's Name
The wide Creation fills;
And his unbounded Grandeur flies
Beyond the heav'nly Hills.

XCVIII. Long Metre.

Salvation by Divine Grace.

I.

NOW to the Pow'r of God ſupreme
Be everlaſting Honours giv'n;
He ſaves from Hell (we Bleſs his Name)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.

II.

Not for their Duties or Deſerts,
But of his own abounding Grace,
He gave the Goſpel to Mankind
To form a People for his Praiſe.

III.

Jeſus, the Lord, appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Counſels known;
Declares the great Tranſactions paſt,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down.

IV.

He dies; and, in that dreadful Night,
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell deſtoy;
Riſing he brought our Heav'n to Light,
And took Poſſeſſion of the Joy.

XCIX. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

The Names and Titles of Chriſt.

I.

WITH chearful Voice I ſing
The Titles of my Lord,
And borrow all the Names
Of Honour from his Word:

Nature

Nature and Art
Can ne'er ſupply
Sufficient Forms
Of Majeſty.

II.

In Jeſus we behold
His Father's glorious Face,
Shining for ever bright
With mild and lovely Rays:
Th' eternal God's
Beloved Son,
Inherits and
Partakes the Throne.

III.

The ſov'reign King of Kings,
The Lord of Lords moſt high,
Writes his own Name upon
His Garment and his Thigh:
His Name is call'd
The Word of God;
He rules the Earth
With Iron Rod.

IV.

Immenſe Compaſſion reigns
In our Redeemer's Heart,
When he deſcends to act
A Mediators Part:
He is a Friend,
And Brother too;
Divinely kind,
Divinely true.

V.

V.

At length the Lord the Judge
His awful Throne aſcends,
And drives the Rebels far
From Favourites and Friends:
Then ſhall the Saints
Compleatly prove
The Heighths and Depths
Of all his Love.

C. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

The Offices of Chriſt.

I.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wiſdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That ever Mortals knew,
That Angels ever bore:
All are too mean
To ſpeak his Worth,
Too mean to ſet
My Saviour forth.

II.

But, O, what gentle Terms,
What condeſcending Ways,
Doth our Redeemer uſe
To teach his Heav'nly Grace!
My Eyes with Joy
And Wonder ſee
What Forms of Love
He bears for me.

III.

III.

Array'd in mortal Fleſh
He like an Angel ſtands,
And holds the Promiſes,
And Pardons in his Hands;
Commiſſion'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

IV.

Great Prophet of my God,
My Tongue would bleſs thy Name;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came;
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

V.

Now let my Soul ariſe,
And tread the Tempter down;
My Captain leads me forth
To Conqueſt and a Crown:
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day
Tho' Death and Hell
Obſtruct the Way.

CI. Long Metre.

Chriſt the Sun of Righteouſneſs.

I.

TO thee, O God, we Homage pay,
Source of the Light that rules the Day;
Who,

Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,
Reflects thy Rays, and ſpeaks thy Name.

II.

In louder Strains we ſing that Grace,
Which gives the Sun of Right'ouſneſs;
Whoſe nobler Light Salvation brings,
And ſcatters Healing from his Wings.

III.

Still on our Hearts may Jeſus ſhine
With Beams of Light and Love divine;
Quick'ned by him our Souls ſhall live,
And chear'd by him ſhall grow and thrive.

IV.

O may his Glories ſtand confeſs'd
From North to South, from Eaſt to Weſt!
Succeſsful may his Goſpel run,
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun!

V.

When ſhall the radiant Scene ariſe,
When, fix'd on high in purer Skies,
Chriſt all his Luſtre ſhall diſplay
On all his Saints thro' endleſs Day?

CII. Long Metre.

The Excellency of the Chriſtian Religion.

I.

LET everlaſting Glories crown
Thy Head, my Saviour, and my Lord?
Thy Hands have brought Salvation down,
And writ the Bleſſings in thy Word,

II.

What if we trace the Globe around,
And ſearch from Britain to Japan;

There

There ſhall be no Religion found,
So juſt to God, ſo ſafe to Man.

III.

How well thy bleſſed Truths agree!
How wiſe and holy thy Commands!
Thy Promiſes how firm they be!
How firm our Hope and Comfort ſtands!

IV.

Not the feign'd Fields of heath'niſh Bliſs
Could raiſe ſuch Pleaſure in the Mind.
Nor does the Turkiſh Paradiſe
Pretend to Joys ſo well refin'd.

V.

Should all the Forms that Men deviſe
Aſſault my Faith with treach'rous Art,
I'd call them Vanity and Lies,
And bind the Goſpel to my Heart.

CIII. Common Metre.

Hoſanna to Chriſt coming.

I.

HARK the glad ſound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

II.

On him the Spirit largely pour'd
Exerts its ſacred Fire;
Wiſdom and Might, and Zeal and Love,
His holy Breaſt inſpire.

III.

He comes the Pris'ners to releaſe,
In Satan's Bondage held;

The

The Gates of Braſs before him burſt,
The Iron Fetters yield.

IV.

He comes from thickeſt Films of Vice
To clear the mental Ray;
And on the Eye oppreſt with Night
To pour celeſtial Day.

V.

He comes the broken Heart to bind,
The bleeding Soul to cure;
And with the Treaſures of his Grace,
T'enrich the humble Poor.

VI.

Our glad Hoſannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy Welcome ſhall proclaim;
And Heav'ns eternal Arches ring
With thy beloved Name.

CIV. Long Metre.

The holy Scriptures.

I.

GOD, who in various Methods told
His Mind and Will to Saints of old,
Sent his own Son with Truth and Grace,
To teach us in theſe latter Days.

II.

Our Nation reads the written Word,
That Book of Life, that true Record;
The bright Inheritance of Heav'n
Is by this ſure Conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindeſt Thoughts are here expreſt,
Able to make us wiſe and bleſt;

The

The Doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for Reproof and Comfort too.

IV.

Ye Britiſh Iſles who read his Love
In fair Epiſtles from above;
(He hath not ſent his ſacred Word
To ev'ry Land) Praiſe ye the Lord.

CV. Short Metre.

Communion with God and Chriſt.

I.

OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Chriſt invites us near;
With both our Friendſhip ſhall be ſweet,
And our Communion dear.

II.

God pities all my Griefs,
He pardons every Day;
Almighty to protect my Soul,
And wiſe to guide my Way.

III.

How large his Bounties are!
What various Stores of Good
Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,
And purchas'd with his Blood!

IV.

Jeſus my living Head,
I bleſs thy faithful Care;
My Advocate before the Throne,
And my Fore-runner there.

V.

Here fix my roving Heart,
Here wait my warmeſt Love,

Till

Till the Communion be compleat,
In nobler Scenes above.

CVI. Long Metre.

Chriſt the King of the inviſible World.

I.

HAIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,
Who holds the Keys of Death and Hell!
The ſpacious World unſeen is his,
And ſovereign Pow'r becomes him well.

II.

In Shame and Torment once he dy'd;
But now he lives for evermore:
Bow down, ye Saints, around his Seat,
And, all ye Angel Bands, adore.

III.

So ſhall he live a glorious Lord,
To cruſh his Foes, and guard his Friends;
While all his faithful Tribes rejoice,
That his Dominion never ends.

IV.

Worthy his Hand to hold the Keys,
Guided by Wiſdom, and by Love;
Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life,
O'er Worlds below and Worlds above.

V.

When Death his Servants ſhall invade,
When Pow'rs of Hell his Church annoy;
Controul'd by him, their Rage ſhall help
The Cauſe, they labour'd to deſtroy.

VI.

O may he reign a glorious King!
Wide thro' the Earth his Name be known!

My

My longing Soul aſpires to ſing
Sublimer Anthems near his Throne.

CVII. Common Metre.

Grace perfected in Glory.

I.

HOW rich thy Favours, God of Grace!
How various and divine!
Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as Heav'n they ſhine.

II.

He to eternal Glory calls,
And leads the wond'rous Way
To his own Palace, where he reigns
In uncreated Day.

III.

Jeſus, the Herald of his Love,
Diſplays the radiant Prize,
And ſhews a Heav'n of endleſs Bliſs,
To our admiring Eyes.

IV.

He perfects what his Hand begins,
And Stone on Stone he lays;
Till firm and fair the Building riſe,
A Temple to his Praiſe.

V.

The Songs of everlaſting Years
That Mercy ſhall attend,
Which leads thro' Suff'rings of an Hour
To Joys that never end.

CVIII.

CVIII. Common Metre.

The final Happineſs of the Righteous.

I.

ATTEND my Ear, my Heart rejoice;
While Jeſus from his Throne,
Amidſt the bright angelic Hoſts,
Makes his laſt Sentence known.

II.

When Sinners, baniſh'd from his Face,
To raging Flames are driv'n,
His Voice, with Melody divine,
Thus calls his Saints to Heav'n.

III.

" Bleſt of my Father, all draw near,
Receive the large Reward;
And riſe with Triumph to poſſeſs
The Kingdom Love prepar'd."

IV.

" E'er Earth's Foundations firſt were laid,
This ſov'reign Purpoſe wrought,
And rear'd thoſe Palaces divine
To which you now are brought."

V.

" There ſhall you reign unnumber'd Years,
Protected by my Pow'r,
While Sin, and Hell, and Pains, and Cares,
Shall vex your Souls no more."

VI.

May Chriſt our glorious Saviour come,
This Jubilee proclaim,
And teach us Accents fit to praiſe
So great, ſo dear a Name.

CIX Common Metre.

Heaven invisible and holy.

I.

NOR Eye hath seen, nor Ear hath heard,
Nor Sense, nor Reason known,
What Joys the Father hath prepar'd
For those who love his Son.

II.

But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a Heav'n to come;
The Beams of Glory in his Word,
Allure and guide us Home.

III.

Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
And all the Region Peace;
No wanton Lip, nor envious Eye
Can see or taste the Bliss.

IV.

Those holy Gates for ever bar
Pollution, Sin, and Shame;
None shall obtain Admittance there,
But followers of the Lamb.

V.

He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
There all their names are found;
The Hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heav'nly Ground.

CX. Long Metre.

The eternal Sabbath.

I.

THY earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler Rest above;

To

To that our lab'ring Souls aſpire
With Ardent Pangs of ſtrong Deſire.

II.

No more Fatigue, no more Diſtreſs;
Nor Sin nor Hell ſhall reach the Place;
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,
Which warble from immortal Tongues.

III.

No rude Alarms of raging Foes;
No cares to break the long Repoſe;
No midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But Sacred, high, eternal Noon.

IV.

O long expected Day, begin;
Dawn on theſe Realms of Woe and Sin!
Fain would we leave this weary Road,
And ſleep in Death to reſt with God.

CXI. Long Metre.

The Diſſolution of the preſent World.

I.

MY waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings
Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;
See this vain World in Smoke decay,
And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

II.

Behold the fiery Deluge roll
Thro' Heav'ns wide Arch from Pole to Pole;
Pale Sun, no more thy Luſtre boaſt;
Tremble and fall, ye ſtarry Hoſt!

III.

This Wreck of Nature all around,
The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound:
Loud

Loud the deſcending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous Name.

IV.

Children of Adam all appear,
With Rev'rence round his awful Bar;
For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go
To endleſs Bliſs, or hopeleſs Woe.

V.

Lord, to my Eyes this Scene diſplay,
Frequent thro' each revolving Day,
And let thy Grace my Soul prepare
To meet its full Redemption there!

CXII. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Regard to little Children.

I.

SEE Iſrael's gentle Shepherd ſtand,
With all engaging Charms;
Hark, how he calls his tender Lambs,
And folds them in his Arms!

II.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
Nor ſcorn their humble Name;
It was to bleſs ſuch Souls as theſe,
The Lord of Angels came."

III.

We bring them, Lord, in thankful Hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourſelves are thine,
Thine let our Offſpring be.

IV.

Ye little Flock, with Pleaſure hear;
Ye Children, ſeek his Face;

And fly with Tranſports to receive
The Bleſſings of his Grace.

V.

If Orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian Care we truſt;
That Care ſhall heal our bleeding Hearts,
If weeping o'er their Duſt.

CXIII. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

YES, the Redeemer roſe,
The Saviour left the Dead;
And o'er our helliſh Foes
High rais'd his conquering Head.
In wild diſmay
The Guards around
Fell to the Ground,
And ſunk away.

II.

Lo, the Angelic Bands,
In full Aſſembly meet
To wait his high Commands,
And worſhip at his Feet:
Joyful they come
And wing their Way
From Realms of Day
To ſuch a Tomb.

III.

Then back to Heav'n they fly,
And the glad Tidings bear;
Hark, as they ſoar on high
What Muſick fills the Air!

Their Anthems ſay,
"Jeſus who bled
Hath left the Dead
He roſe To-day.

IV.

Ye Mortals catch the Sound,
Preſerv'd by him from Hell;
And ſend the Tidings round
The Globe on which you dwell:
Tranſported cry,
"Jeſus who bled
Hath left the Dead
No more to die."

V.

All hail, triumphant King!
Thou riſing reigning Lord,
Who ſav'ſt us by thy Life,
Wide be thy Name ador'd:
With thee we riſe,
With thee we reign,
And Empire gain
Beyond the Skies.

CXIV. Short Metre.

Chriſt Crucified.

I.

BEHOLD, th' amazing Sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold, the Son of God's Delight,
Expire in Agony!

II.

For whom, for whom, my Heart,
Were all theſe Sorrows born?

Why did he feel that piercing Smart,
And meet that various Scorn?

III.

For Love of us he bled,
And all in Torture dy'd;
'Twas Love that bow'd his fainting Head,
And op'd his gushing Side.

IV.

I see, and I adore
In sympathy of Love;
I feel the strong attractive Pow'r,
To lift my Soul above.

V.

Drawn by such Cords as these,
Let all the Earth combine,
With chearful Ardor to confess
The Energy divine.

VI.

In thee our Hearts unite,
Nor share thy Griefs alone;
But from thy Cross pursue their Flight
To thy triumphant Throne.

CXV. Short Metre.

The Birth of Christ.

I.

BEHOLD, the Grace appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd;
MARY the wond'rous Virgin bears,
And Jesus is the Child.

II.

The Lord the highest God,
Calls him his only Son;

He bids him rule the Lands abroad,
And gives him David's Throne.

III.

To bring the glorious News,
A heav'nly Form appears;
He tells the Shepherds of their Joy,
And baniſhes their Fears.

IV.

"Go humble Swains," ſaid he,
To David's City fly;
The promis'd Infant born To-day,
Doth in a Manger lie."

V.

"With Looks and Hearts ſerene
Go viſit Chriſt your King;"
And ſtrait a flaming Troop was ſeen,
The Shepherds heard them ſing.

VI.

"Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly Peace on Earth,
Good Will to Men, to Angels Joy,
At the Redeemer's Birth."

VII.

In worſhip ſo divine,
Let Saints employ their Tongues;
With the celeſtial Hoſt we join,
And loud repeat their Songs.

CXVI. Short Metre.

The Bleſſedneſs of Goſpel Times.

I.

HOW beauteous are their Feet
Who ſtand on Zion's Hill,

Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
And Words of Peace reveal!

II.

How charming is their Voice!
How ſweet the Tydings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."

III.

How happy are our Ears,
That hear this joyful Sound;
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
And ſought but never found!

IV.

How bleſſed are our Eyes,
That ſee this heav'nly Light!
Prophets and Kings deſir'd it long,
But dy'd without the Sight.

V.

Our God makes bare his Arm
To ſpread his ſacred Word;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
Their Saviour and their Lord.

CXVII. Short Metre.

Salvation by Grace.

I.

GRACE, 'tis a charming Sound!
Harmonious to my Ear!
Heav'n with the Echo ſhall reſound,
And all the Earth ſhall hear.

II.

Grace firſt contriv'd a Way
To ſave rebellious Man,

And all the Steps that Grace diſplay,
Which drew the won'drous Plan.

III.

Grace taught my wand'ring Feet
To tread the heav'nly Road;
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,
While preſſing on to God.

IV.

Grace all the Work ſhall Crown,
Thro' everlaſting Days;
It lays in Heav'n the topmoſt Stone,
And well deſerves the Praiſe.

CXVIII. Long Metre.

A Viſion of the Lamb.

I.

ALL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears;
Behold, amidſt the eternal Throne,
A Viſion of the Lamb appears!

II.

Lo, he receives a ſealed Book,
From him that ſits upon the Throne;
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.

III.

The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlaſting Hills,
"Worthy art thou alone (they cry)
To read the Book, to looſe the Seals."

IV.

Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with tranſporting Pleaſure ſing,

"Worthy the Lamb that once was ſlain,
To be our Teacher and our King."

V.

"Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for Treaſons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And ſit upon his Father's Throne."

CXIX. Common Metre.

Hope of Heaven by the Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

BLEST be the everlaſting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
His Majeſty ador'd.

II.

When from the Dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope,
That they ſhould never die.

III.

Tho' for aboliſhing of Sin,
Our Fleſh muſt turn to Duſt,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
So all his Followers muſt.

IV.

There's an Inheritance divine
Reſerv'd againſt that Day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot waſte away.

V.

Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept
Till the Salvation come;

We

We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
Till Chriſt ſhall call us Home.

CXX. Common Metre.

Saints glorified.

I.

THESE glorious Minds, how bright they ſhine!
Whence all their white Array?
How came they to the happy Seats
Of everlaſting Day?

II.

Patient they ſuffer'd for the Lord,
And did the Will of God,
Thus they ſecur'd their Maker's Love,
And gain'd this bleſt Abode.

III.

Now they Approach a ſpotleſs God,
And bow before his Throne,
Their warbling Harps, and ſacred Songs,
Adore the holy One.

IV.

The unveil'd Glories of his Face,
Amongſt his Saints reſide;
While the rich Treaſure of his Grace,
Sees all their Wants ſupply'd.

V.

Tormenting Thirſt ſhall leave their Souls,
And Hunger flee as faſt;
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree,
Shall be their ſweet Repaſt.

VI.

The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly Flock
Where living Fountains riſe;

And love divine ſhall wipe away
The Sorrows of their Eyes.

CXXI. Long Metre

Chriſt our high Prieſt and King; and his coming to Judgement.

I.

NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And Strains of nobler Praiſe above.

II.

'Twas he that cleans'd our fouleſt Sins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt Blood;
'Tis he that makes us Kings and Prieſts,
And brings us Rebels near to God.

III.

To Jeſus our moſt gracious Prieſt,
To Jeſus our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting Pow'r confeſt,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory ſing.

IV.

Behold, on flying Clouds he comes,
And ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee him move;
The diſobedient World ſhall mourn,
While good Men triumph in his Love.

CXXII. Short Metre.

Adoption.

I.

BEHOLD, what wond'rous Grace,
The Father hath beſtow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!

II.

II.

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we muſt be made;
But when we ſee our Saviour here,
We ſhall be like our Head.

III.

A Hope, ſo much divine,
May Trials well endure!
May purify our Souls from Sin,
As Chriſt the Lord is pure.

IV.

Why then ſhould Chriſtians lie
Like Slaves beneath the Throne?
Our Faith ſhall "heav'nly Father" cry,
And God the Kindred own.

CXXIII. Common Metre.

Invitation to the Lord's Table.

I.

THE King of Heav'n his Table ſpreads,
And Dainties crown the Board,
Not Paradiſe with all its Joys,
Could ſuch Delight afford.

II.

Pardon and Peace to dying Men,
And endleſs Life are giv'n;
And the rich Blood which Jeſus ſhed,
To raiſe the Soul to Heav'n.

III.

Millions of Souls in Glory now,
Were fed and feaſted here,
And Millions more, ſtill on the Way,
Around the Board appear.

IV.

IV.

Yet is his Houſe and Heart ſo large,
That Millions more may come;
Nor could the wide aſſembling World,
O'er-fill the ſpacious Room.

V.

All things are ready, come away,
Nor weak Excuſes frame;
Crowd to your Places at the Feaſt,
And bleſs the Founder's Name.

CXXIV. Long Metre.

In Remembrance of Chriſt.

I.

"EAT, Drink, in Mem'ry of your Friend;"
An eaſy Taſk, enjoins our Lord;
Who Death and Tortures bore, that we
Might be to endleſs Bliſs reſtor'd.

II.

Yes, we'll record thy matchleſs Love,
Thou deareſt tendereſt beſt of Friends;
Thy dying Love the nobleſt Praiſe
Of long Eternity tranſcends.

III.

'Tis Pleaſure more than Earth can give,
Thy Beauties thro' theſe Veils to ſee;
Thy Table Food celeſtial yields,
And happy they who ſit with thee.

IV.

But O what vaſt tranſporting Joys,
Shall ſwell our Breaſts, our Tongues inſpire,
When we his ſweet majeſtic Form,
With proſtrate Cherubs ſhall admire!

V.

V.

When these vile Bodies all refin'd,
Perfect and glorious as his own,
Unwearied shall our Minds obey,
And join to make his Favours known. *A*

CXXV. Common Metre.

Love to Christ.

I.

DO not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my Heart and see;
And turn each cursed Idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

II.

Do not I love thee from my Soul?
Then let me nothing Love;
Dead be my Heart to ev'ry Joy;
When Jesus cannot move.

III.

Is not thy Name melodious still,
To my attentive Ear?
Doth not each Pulse with Pleasure bound,
My Saviour's Voice to hear?

IV.

Would not my ardent Spirit vie,
With Angels round the Throne,
To execute thy sacred Will
And make thy Glory known?

V.

Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood,
In Honour of thy Name;
And challenge the cold hand of Death,
To damp th' immortal Flame;

VI.

VI.

Thou know'ſt I love thee, deareſt Lord;
And O I long to ſoar
Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,
And learn to love thee more!

CXXVI. Common Metre.

The Love of God in the Gift of his Son.

I.

AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at diſtance ſtood?
And to effect this glorious Change,
Did Jeſus ſhed his Blood?

II.

O for a Song of ardent Praiſe,
To bear our Souls above!
What ſhould allay our lively Hope,
Or damp our flaming Love?

III.

Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning Grace,
And bring us yet more near!
Here may we ſee thy Glories ſhine,
And taſte thy Mercies here.

IV.

O may that Love which ſpread thy Board,
Diſpoſe us for the Feaſt!
May Faith behold a ſmiling God,
Thro' Jeſus' bleeding Breaſt.

V.

Fir'd with the View our Souls ſhall riſe,
In ſuch a Scene as this,
And view the happy Moment near
That ſhall compleat our Bliſs.

CXXVII.

CXXVII. Common Metre.

Contemplating a crucified Redeemer.

I.

LOOK back, my Soul, again regard
The Wonders of the Feaſt;
The Strange Proviſions here prepar'd,
Thy ſelf as ſtrange a Gueſt.

II.

Haſt thou not here thy Saviour view'd,
Nail'd to the curſed Tree?
In dying Pangs with Blood imbru'd,
And ſuffering all for thee?

III.

Shall I the ſad Event review,
And no Commotion feel?
No, here my Soul thy Grief renew,
And kindle holy Zeal.

IV.

Look and relent, with hearty Grief
Thy crimſon Sins deplore;
For all thy Wounds here fetch Relief,
But wilful ſin no more.

CXXVIII. Long Metre.

The Sufferings and Death of Chriſt thankfully remembered.

I.

OTHERS may tell of famous Things
Done by their Heroes and their Kings;
The Lord we ſerve, them all exceeds
For mighty Suff'rings, mighty Deeds.

II.

II.

The Torments he hath undergone,
The glorious Triumphs he hath won,
Armies of wond'ring Angels cauſe
To fill the Heav'ns with loud Applauſe.

III.

Deep in our Breaſt let us record
The Story of our dying Lord;
As we his kind Memorials view,
Our Wonder and our Songs renew.

IV.

Prevent me, O almighty Grace!
Nor let me e'er ſo treach'rous prove,
To crucify my Lord afreſh,
And render Hate for all his Love.

CXXIX. Long Metre.

The Lord's Supper.

I.

AND will thy Table, Lord, be ſpread?
And will thy Cup with Love o'erflow
Thither be all thy Children led,
And let them all its Sweetneſs know.

II.

Hail ſacred Feaſt, which Jeſus makes
Memorial of his Fleſh and Blood!
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That ſacred Stream, that heav'nly Food!

III.

Why are ſuch Bleſſings all in vain
Before unwilling Hearts diſplay'd?
Was not for you the Victim ſlain?
Are you forbid the Children's Bread?

IV.

IV.

O let thy Table honour'd be,
And furniſh'd well with joyful Gueſts;
And may each Soul Salvation ſee,
That here its ſacred Pledges Taſtes!

V.

Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd,
With Hearts inflam'd let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's Board,
The Pleaſure, or the Profit end.

VI.

Revive thy dying Churches, Lord,
And bid our drooping Graces live;
And more that Energy afford,
Which Right'ouſneſs and Joy will give.

CXXX. Common Metre.

Children Devoted to God.

I.

THUS ſaith the Mercy of the Lord,
"I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bleſs thy num'rous Race, and they
Shall be a Seed for me."

II.

Abra'm believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Son to God;
But Water ſeals the Bleſſing now
That once was ſeal'd with Blood.

III.

Thus Lydia ſanctify'd her Houſe,
When ſhe receiv'd the Word;
Thus the believing Jailor gave
His Houſhold to the Lord.

IV.

VI.

Thus later Saints, eternal King,
Thy antient Truth embrace;
To thee their Infant-Offspring bring,
And humbly claim the Grace.

CXXXI. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Compaſſion to the Week and Tempted.

I.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our high Prieſt above;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

II.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame,
He knows what ſore Temptations mean
For he has felt the ſame.

III.

But ſpotleſs, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer ſtood,
While Satan's fiery Darts he bore,
And did reſiſt to Blood.

IV.

He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears;
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry Member bears.

V.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruiſed Reed he never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

VI.

VI.

Then let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Pow'r;
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

CXXXII. Long Metre.

Love eſſential to the chriſtian Character.

I.

O GOD, my Saviour, and my King,
Of all I have or hope the Spring;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my Heart with holy Love.

II.

May I from ev'ry Act abſtain
That hurts or gives my Neighbour Pain;
And ev'ry ſecret Wiſh ſuppreſs,
That would abridge his Happineſs.

III.

Still may I feel my Heart inclin'd,
To act the Friend to all Mankind;
Still wiſh them Safety, Health, and Eaſe,
Wealth, Fame, eternal Life, and Peace.

IV.

Still let my Bowels melt and flow,
When I behold a Wretch in Woe;
And in his Sorrows bear a Part,
With ev'ry one of heavy Heart.

V.

And ſhould my Neighbour ſpiteful prove,
Still let me vanquiſh Spite with Love;
Slow to reſent though he ſhould grieve,
But apt and ready to forgive.

VI.

VI.

Let Love in all my Conduct ſhine,
An Image faint, tho' fair of thine;
Thus may I Chriſt's Diſciple prove,
Who came to manifeſt thy Love.

CXXXIII. Long Metre.

Love and Hatred.

I.

NOW, by the Bowels of my Lord,
His ſharp Diſtreſs, his ſore Complaints,
By his laſt Groans, his dying Blood,
I charge my Soul to love the Saints.

II.

Clamour, and Wrath, and War be gone,
Envy and Spite for ever ceaſe;
Let bitter Words no more be known
Amongſt the Saints, the Sons of Peace.

III.

The Spirit like a peaceful Dove
Flies from the Realms of Noiſe and Strife;
Why ſhould we vex and grieve his Love,
Who ſeals our Souls to heav'nly Life?

IV.

Tender and kind be all our Thoughts,
Thro' all our Lives let Mercy run;
So God forgives our num'rous Faults,
Of his own Grace, in Chriſt his Son.

CXXXIV. Common Metre.

The Reſurrection of Chriſt.

I.

BLEST Morning, whoſe young dawning Rays
Beheld our riſing Lord;

That

That saw him triumph o'er the Dust,
And leave his dark Abode.

II.

In the cold Prison of a Tomb
The dead Redeemer lay,
'Till the revolving Skies had brought
The third, th' appointed Day.

III.

Hell, and the Grave, unite their Force
To hold our Head in vain;
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble Chain.

IV.

To thy great Name, O blessed Lord,
We sacred Honours pay,
And loud Hosannas shall proclaim
The Triumph of the Day.

V.

Salvation, and immortal Praise,
To our victorious King;
Let Heav'n, and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,
With glad Hosannas ring.

CXXXV. Common Metre.

The Ascension of Christ.

I.

HOSANNA, to the Prince of Light,
That cloath'd himself in Clay;
Enter'd the Iron Gates of Death,
And tore the Bars away.

II.

Death is no more the King of Dread,
Since our Redeemer rose;

He

He took the Tyrant's Sting away,
And ſpoil'd our helliſh Foes.

III.

See how the Conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With Scars of Honour in his Fleſh,
And Triumph in his Eyes!

IV.

There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And ſcatters Bleſſings down;
Our Jeſus fills a glorious Seat,
In his great Father's Throne.

V.

Raiſe your Thankſgivings, mortal Tongues,
For endleſs Life reſtor'd;
Sweet be the Accents of your Songs
To our exalted Lord.

VI.

Bright Angels, ſtrike your loudeſt Strings,
Your ſweeteſt Voices raiſe;
Let Heav'n and all created Things
Sound our Redeemer's Praiſe.

CXXXVI. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian Warfare.

I.

STAND up my Soul, ſhake off thy Fears,
And gird the Goſpel Armour on;
March to the Gates of endleſs Joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

II.

What, tho' thy inward Luſts rebel,
'Tis but a ſtruggling Gaſp for Life;

The

The Weapons of victorious Grace
Shall ſlay thy Sins, and end the Striſe.

III.

Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Preſs forward to the heav'nly Gate;
There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

IV.

There ſhall I wear a ſtarry Crown,
And triumph in almighty Grace;
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praiſe.

CXXXVII. Short Metre.

Grace and Peace by Jeſus Chriſt.

I.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
To an immortal Tune,
Let the wide Earth reſound the Deeds
Celeſtial Grace hath done.

II.

Sing how eternal Love
It's chief Beloved choſe;
And bid him raiſe our wretched Race
From their Abyſs of Woes.

III.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
Nor Terror clothes his Brow;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
To fiercer Flames below.

IV.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,

When

When Chriſt was ſent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.

V.

Now, Sinners, dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrow ceaſe;
Bow to the Sceptre of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

VI.

Lord, we obey thy Call;
We lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation thou haſt brought,
And love and praiſe thy Name.

CXXXVIII. Short Metre.

Triumph over Death, in Hope of Reſurrection.

I.

AND muſt this Body die?
This mortal Frame decay?
And muſt theſe active Limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the Clay?

II.

Corruption, Earth, and Worms,
Shall but refine this Fleſh,
'Till my triumphant Spirit comes
To put it on afreſh.

III.

Chriſt, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the Skies
Looks down and watches all my Duſt,
'Till he ſhall bid it riſe.

IV.

Array'd in glorious Grace,
Shall theſe vile Bodies ſhine,

And

And ev'ry Shape, and ev'ry Face,
Look heav'nly and divine.

V.

These lively hopes we owe
To God's amazing Love;
We would adore his Grace below,
And ſing his Pow'r above.

VI.

Great God, accept the Praiſe
Of theſe our humble Songs,
Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raiſe
With our immortal Tongues

CXXXIX. Common Metre.

The Saints Conflict and Reward.

I.

IN Realms of everlaſting Light,
The Saints triumphant reign,
A Crown of Life rewards their Toil,
And Bliſs ſucceeds their Pain.

II.

Whilſt trav'lling thro' this thorny Vale,
With Sorrows compaſs'd round,
What painful Conflicts they endur'd;
What ſore Diſtreſs they found!

III.

But dang'rous Scenes could ne'er affright,
Nor Pleaſures tempt aſtray;
Reſolv'd and chearful they walk'd on,
In their appointed Way.

IV.

Faithful and patient they maintain'd
A long laborious Striſe,

'Till Death diſmiſs'd their ſtruggling Souls
To Joys of endleſs Life. F

CXL. Common Metre
Chriſt the Bread of Life.

I.

LET us adore the gracious Word,
'Tis he our Soul has fed;
Thou art our living Stream, O Lord!
And thou th'immortal Bread!

II.

The Manna came from lower Skies,
But Jeſus from above,
Where the freſh Springs of Pleaſure riſe,
And rivers flow with Love.

III.

The Jews, the Fathers, dy'd at laſt,
Who eat that heav'nly Bread;
But theſe Proviſions which we taſte,
Can raiſe us from the Dead.

IV.

Our Souls ſhall draw their heav'nly Breath
Whilſt Jeſus finds Supplies;
Nor ſhall our Graces ſink to Death,
For Jeſus never Dies.

CXLI. Common Metre.
The Agonies of Chriſt.

I.

NOW let our Pains be all forgot,
Our Hearts no more repine;
Our Suffrings are not worth a Thought,
When, Lord, compar'd with thine.

II.

II.

In lively Figures here we ſee
The bleeding Prince of Love;
Each of us ſay, "He dy'd for me,"
And then our Griefs remove.

II.

Wiſdom and Grace united wrought
The Wonders of that day;
No mortal Tongue, nor mortal Thought,
Can equal Thanks repay.

III.

Our Hymns ſhould ſound like thoſe above,
Could we our Voices raiſe;
Yet Lord, our Hearts ſhall all be Love,
And all our Lives be praiſe.

CXLII. Long Metre.

The Compaſſion of our dying Lord.

I.

OUR Spirts join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains exalted as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love!

II.

Was ever equal Pity found?
The Prince of Heav'n reſigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To ſave us from eternal Death.

III.

In vain our mortal Voices ſtrive
To ſpeak Compaſſion ſo divine;
Had we a thouſand Lives to give,
A thouſand Lives ſhould all be thine.

CXLIII. Long Metre.

Crucifixion to the World, by the Croſs of Chriſt.

I.

WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs,
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt Gain I count but Loſs,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.

II.

Forbid it, Heav'n, that I ſhould boaſt,
Save in this Love of God's own Son;
All the vain things that charm me moſt,
I'll freely yield as he has done.

III.

See from his Head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compoſe ſo rich a Crown?

IV.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life my all.

CXLIV. Long Metre.

Glorying in the Croſs of Chriſt.

I.

AT thy Command, our deareſt Lord,
Here we attend thy dying Feaſt;
The Bread thy broken Body ſhows,
The Wine thy Blood ſhed for each Gueſt.

II.

Our Faith adores thy bleeding Love,
And truſts for Life in one that died;

We

We hope for heav'nly Crowns above,
From a Redeemer crucify'd.

III.

Let the vain World pronounce it ſhame,
And fling their Scandal on thy cauſes;
We come to boaſt our Saviour's Name,
And make our Triumphs in his Croſs.

IV.

With Joy we tell the ſcoffing Age,
He that was dead hath left his Tomb;
He lives above their utmoſt Rage.
And we are waiting till he come.

CXLV. Common Metre.

New Covenant in the Blood of Chriſt

I.

"THE Promiſe of my Father's Love
Shall ſtand for ever good,"
He ſaid, and gave his ſoul to Death,
And ſeal'd the Grace with Blood.

II.

To this dear Cov'nant of thy word,
I ſet my worthleſs Name;
I ſeal th' Engagement to my Lord,
And make my humble Claim.

III.

Thy Light, and Strength, and pard'ning Grace
And Glory ſhall be mine;
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Fleſh,
And all my Pow'rs be thine.

IV.

Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name,
Who ſhow'd Men ſuch Good-Will,

And of this Cov'nant of his Love,
Made his own Life the Seal.

CXLVI. Long Metre.

The Gospel Feast.

I.

HOW rich are thy Provisions, Lord;
Thy Table furnish'd from above!
The Fruits of Life o'erspread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love!

II.

Thy antient Family the Jews,
Were first invited to the Feast,
We humbly take what they refuse,
And Gentiles thy Salvation taste.

III.

From the high-way that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkness and Despair,
Lord, we are come with thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

IV.

What shall we pay thy only Son,
Who left the Heav'n of his Abode;
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring the wand'rers back to God?

V.

Our everlasting Love is due
To him, whose Death redeem'd the lost;
Who pity'd Rebels when he knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

CXLVII. Long Metre.

The Memorial of our abſent Lord.

I.

JESUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senſes reach him not;
And carnal Objects court our Eyes,
To thruſt our Saviour from our Thought.

II.

He knows what wand'ring Hearts we have,
Apt to forget his wond'rous Grace;
And therefore theſe Memorials gave,
'Till we aſcend to ſee his Face.

III.

The Lord of Life this Table ſpread,
In Mem'ry of his Death and Love;
We on the rich Proviſion feed,
And get a Taſte of Joys above.

IV.

While he is abſent from our Sight,
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place;
That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

V.

Our Eyes look upward to the Hills,
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come;
We wait his Chariot's awful Wheels,
To fetch our longing Spirits home.

CXLVIII. Short Metre.

Praiſe to the Father, and to the Son, for our Redemption.

I.

LET all our Tongues be one
To praiſe our God on high,
Who from his Boſom ſent his Son,
To bring us Strangers nigh.

II.

Nor let our Voices ceaſe
To ſing the Saviour's Name;
Jeſus th' Embaſſador of Peace,
How chearfully he came!

III.

Look up, my Soul, to him,
Whoſe Death was thy Deſert;
And humbly view the living Stream,
Flow from his breaking Heart.

IV.

There on the curſed Tree,
In dying Pangs he lies,
Fulfils his Father's great Decrees,
And all our Wants ſupplies.

V.

Riſing he well aſſures
Our future Life and Joy;
Let the Redeemed in his Praiſe
Their Hearts and Tongues employ.

CXLIX. Common Metre.

The Characters and Office of the Redeemer.

I.

JESUS, how precious is thy Name!
How bright thy Glories ſhine!
Each ſacred Charm unites in thee,
Thy Beauties are divine.

II.

Only begotten, well-belov'd,
Of thy own Father God;
In thee all Grace and Truth reſide,
And Love makes its Abode.

III.

Greateſt of Prophets, I admire
Each Doctrine and Command;
And whilſt my Soul adores the Grace.
To learn thy Will I ſtand.

IV.

Thou art a Prieſt, thou gav'ſt thyſelf
A Sacrifice to God;
And haſt aſſur'd, all Penitents
Of Pardon, by thy Blood.

V.

It is thy Right, my glorious King,
To rule this Heart of mine;
Each baſe Uſurper I renounce,
To be entirely thine.

VI.

Thy great Example nobly ſhines,
And ſtrengthens all thy Laws;
My Duty bids me follow thee,
Thy Love moſt ſtrongly draws.

CL. Long Metre.

The Effuſion of the Spirit; or, the Succeſs of the Goſpel.

I.

GREAT was the Day, the Joy was great,
When the divine Diſciples met;
Whilſt on their Heads the Spirit came,
And ſat like Tongues of cloven Flame.

II.

What Gifts, what Miracles he gave!
And Pow'r to kill, and Pow'r to ſave!
Furniſh'd their Tongues with wond'rous Words
Inſtead of Shields, and Spears, and Swords.

III.

Thus arm'd, he ſent the Champions forth,
From Eaſt to Weſt, from South to North;
"Go, and aſſert your Saviour's Cauſe;
"Go, ſpread the Doctrine of his Croſs."

IV.

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by theſe heav'nly Arms ſubdu'd;
While Satan rages at his Loſs,
And hates the Doctrine of the Croſs.

V.

O God of Grace, my Heart ſubdue!
I would be led in Triumph too,
A willing Captive to my Lord,
And ſing the Vict'ries of his Word.

CLI. Common Metre.

Sinai and Sion.

I.

NOT to the Terrors of the Lord,
The Tempeſt, Fire, and Smoke,
Not to the Thunder of that Word,
Which God on Sinai ſpoke.

II.

But we are come to Sion's Hill,
The City of our God,
Where milder Words declare his Will,
And ſpread his Love abroad.

III.

Behold th' innumerable Hoſt
Of Angels cloath'd in Light!
Behold the Spirits of the juſt,
Whoſe Faith is turn'd to Sight!

IV.

Behold the bleſs'd Aſſembly there,
Whoſe Names are writ in Heav'n!
And God, the Judge of all, declare
Their vileſt Sins forgiv'n.

V.

The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead,
But one Communion make;
All join in Chriſt, their living Head,
And of his Grace partake.

IV.

In ſuch Society as this
My weary Soul would reſt;
The Man that dwells where Jeſus is,
Muſt be for ever bleſt.

CLII. Long Metre.

The Example of Chriſt.

I.

MY dear Redeemer, and my Lord!
I read my Duty in thy Word;
But in thy Life the Law appears
Drawn out in living Characters.

II.

Such was thy Truth, and ſuch thy Zeal,
Such Deference to thy Father's Will,
Such Love, and Meekneſs ſo divine,
I would tranſcribe and make them mine.

III.

Cold Mountains, and the Midnight Air,
Witneſs'd the Fervor of thy Pray'r;
The Deſart thy Temptations knew,
Thy Conflict and thy Vict'ry too.

IV.

Thou art my Pattern, I would bear
More of thy gracious Image here;
Then God the Judge ſhall own my Name
Amongſt the Foll'wers of the Lamb.

CLIII. Common Metre.

The Examples of Chriſt and his Servants.

I.

GIVE me the Wings of Faith to riſe
Within the Veil, and ſee
The Saints above, how great their Joys,
How bright their Glories be!

II.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their Couch with Tears;

And

And wreſtled hard, as we do now,
With Sins, and Doubts, and Fears.

III.

I aſk them, whence their Vict'ry came?
They with united Breath,
Aſcribe their Conqueſt to the Lamb,
Their Triumph to his Death.

IV.

They mark'd the Footſteps that he trod,
His Zeal inſpir'd their Breaſt,
And foll'wing their victorious Lord,
Poſſeſs the promis'd Reſt.

V.

Our glorious Leader claims our Praiſe,
For his own Pattern giv'n;
While the long Cloud of Witneſſes
Shew the ſame Path to Heav'n.

CLIV. Common Metre.

Chriſt's Death, Victory, and Dominion.

I.

I SING my Saviour's wond'rous Death;
He conquer'd when he fell;
"'Tis finiſh'd" ſaid his dying Breath,
And ſhook the Gates of Hell.

II.

"'Tis finiſhed," our Redeemer cries,
The dreadful Work is done;
Hence ſhall his ſov'reign Throne ariſe,
His Kingdom is begun.

III.

His Croſs a ſure Foundation laid
For Glory and Renown,

When

When thro' the Regions of the Dead
He paſs'd to reach the Crown.

IV.

Exalted at his Father's Side
Sits our victorious Lord;
Good Men from bad his Hands divide,
They puniſh and reward.

V.

The Saints, from his propitious Eye,
Await their ſeveral Crowns,
And all the Sons of Darkneſs fly
The Terror of his Frowns.

CLV. Common Metre.

Victory over Death.

I.

O FOR an overcoming Faith,
To chear my dying Hours;
To triumph o'er the Monſter Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs!

II.

Joyful with all the Strength I have,
My quiv'ring Lips ſhould ſing,
"Where is thy boaſted Vict'ry, Grave?
And where's the Monſter's Sting?"

III.

Now to the God of Victory,
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Chriſt our living Head.

CLVI. Long Metre.

Angels miniſtering to Chriſt and Saints.

I.

GREAT God, to what a glorious Height
Haſt thou advanc'd the Lord thy Son!
Angels, in all their Robes of Light,
Are made the Servants of his Throne.

II.

Before his Feet thy Armies wait,
And ſwift as Flames of Fire they move,
To manage his Affairs of State,
In Works of Judgment and of Love.

III.

His Orders run through all the Hoſts,
Legions deſcend at his Command,
To ſhield and guard the Britiſh Coaſt,
When foreign Rage invades our Land.

IV.

Now they are ſent to guide our Feet
Up to the Gates of thy Abode,
Thro' all the Dangers that we meet
In travelling the heav'nly Road.

V.

Lord, when I leave this mortal Ground,
And thou ſhalt bid me riſe, and come,
Send a beloved Angel down,
Safe to conduct my Spirit home.

CLVII Common Metre.

Chriſt Jeſus the Lamb of God.

I.

COME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;

Ten

Ten thouſand thouſand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

II.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was ſlain for us.

III.

Jeſus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Bleſſings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

IV.

Let all that dwell above the Sky,
And Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conſpire to lift thy Glories high,
And ſpeak thy endleſs Praiſe.

V.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bleſs the ſacred Name,
Of him that ſits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CLVIII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's Humiliation and Exaltation.

I.

WORTHY is he that once was ſlain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd;
Worthy to riſe, and live, and reign,
At his almighty Father's Side.

II.

Pow'r and Dominion are his due,
Who ſtood condemn'd at Pilate's Bar;

Wiſdom

Wiſdom belongs to Jeſus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with Madneſs here.

III.

All Riches are his native Right,
Yet he ſuſtain'd amazing Loſs;
To him aſcribe eternal Might,
Who left his Weakneſs on the Croſs.

IV.

Honour immortal muſt be paid,
Inſtead of Scandal and of Scorn;
While Glory ſhines around his Head.
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

V.

Bleſſings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the Curſe for wretched Men;
Let Angels ſound his ſacred Name,
And ev'ry Creature ſay—Amén.

CLIX. Long Metre.

The Chriſtian's high Regard to Chriſt.

I.

COME, deareſt Lord, deſcend and dwell
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel,
The Joys that cannot be expreſt.

II.

Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls poſſeſs,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thy unmeaſurable Grace.

III

Now to the God, whoſe Pow'r can do,
More than our Thoughts or Wiſhes know,

Be

Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

CLX. Short Metre.

Christ Unseen and Beloved.

I.

NOT with our mortal Eyes
Have we beheld the Lord,
Yet we rejoice to hear his Name,
And love him in his Word.

II.

On Earth we want the Sight
Of our Redeemer's Face,
Yet, Lord, our inmost Thoughts delight,
To dwell upon thy Grace.

III.

And when we taste thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow
Unspeakable, like those above,
And Heav'n begins below.

CLXI. Common Metre.

The Christian not ashamed to own Christ his Lord.

I.

I'M not asham'd to own my Lord,
Or to defend his Cause,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
The Glory of his Cross.

II.

Jesus my Lord, I know his Name,
His Name is all my Trust;
Nor will he put my Soul to Shame,
Nor let my Hope be lost.

III.

III.

Firm as his Throne his Promiſe ſtands,
And he can well ſecure,
What I've commited to his Hands,
'Till the deciſive Hour.

IV.

Then will he own my worthleſs Name,
Before his Father's Face,
And in the New Jeruſalem
Appoint my Soul a place.

CLXII. Long Metre.

Chriſt's Compaſſionate Invitation.

I.

"COME hither all ye weary Souls,
Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
I'll give you Reſt from all your Toils,
And raiſe you to my heav'nly Home."

II.

"They ſhall find Reſt that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
But Paſſion rages like a Sea,
And Pride is reſtleſs as the Wind."

III.

"Bleſs'd is the Man whoſe ſhoulders take
My Yoke and bear it with Delight;
My Yoke is eaſy to his Neck,
My Grace ſhall make the Burden light."

IV.

JESUS we come at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal;
Reſign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

CLXIII. Short Metre.

Obedience to Chriſt's Commands.

I.

THE Law by Moſes came,
But Peace, and Truth, and Love,
Were brought by Chriſt, a nobler Name,
Deſcending from above.

II.

Amidſt the Houſe of God,
Their diff'rent Works were done;
Moſes a faithful Servant ſtood,
But Chriſt a faithful Son.

III.

Then to his new Commands
Be ſtrict Obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's Houſe he ſtands
The Sov'reign and the Head.

IV.

The Man that durſt deſpiſe
The Law that Moſes brought,
Behold, how terribly he dies,
For his preſumptuous Fault!

V.

But ſorer Vengeance falls
On that rebellious Race,
Who hate to hear when Jeſus calls,
And dare reſiſt his Grace.

CLXIV. Long Metre.

Holineſs and Grace.

I.

SO let our Lips and Lives expreſs
The holy Goſpel we profeſs;

So

So let our Works and Virtues ſhine,
To prove the Doctrine all divine.

II.

Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The Honours of our dying Lord;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace ſubdues the Pow'r of Sin.

III.

Our Fleſh and Senſe muſt be deny'd,
Paſſion and Envy, Luſt and Pride;
Whilſt Juſtice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love,
Our inward Piety approve.

VI

Religion bears our Spirit up,
While we expect that bleſſed Hope,
The bright Appearance of our Lord,
And faith ſtands learning on his Word.

165 — ~~CXLV.~~ Long Metre.

Religion vain without Love.

I

HAD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler Speech than Angels uſe,
If Love be abſent I am found
Like tinkling Braſs, an empty Sound.

II.

Were I Inſpir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell;
Or could by Faith the World remove,
Still I am nothing without Love.

III.

Should I diſtribute all my Store
To feed the Bowels of the Poor;

Or give my body to the Flame,
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name:

IV.

If Love to God, and Love to Men
Be abſent, all my Hopes are vain;
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

CLXVI. Long Metre.

Love to God and our Neighbour.

I.

THUS ſaith the firſt and great Command,
"Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
To Love thy Maker, and thy God,
With utmoſt Vigour and Delight."

II.

"Then ſhall thy Neighbour, next in Place,
Share thy Affections and Eſteem;
And let thy Kindneſs to thyſelf
Meaſure and rule thy Love to him."

III.

This is the Senſe that Moſes ſpoke;
This did the Prophets preach and prove;
For want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law fulfill'd by Love.

IV.

But O, how baſe our Paſſions are!
How cold our Charity and Zeal!
Lord, fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy Will.

CLXVII. Long Metre.

Pride and Wrath oppoſite to the Chriſtian Character.

I.

NOT diff'rent Food, or diff'rent Dreſs,
Compoſe the Kingdom of our Lord;
But Peace and Joy, and Right'ouſneſs,
Faith, and Obedience to his Word.

II.

When weaker Chriſtians we deſpiſe,
We do the Goſpel mighty Wrong;
For God, the gracious and the wiſe,
Receives the Feeble with the Strong.

III.

Let Pride and Wrath be baniſh'd hence,
Meekneſs and Love our Souls purſue;
Nor ſhall our Practice give offence
To Saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

CLXVIII. Short Metre.

The watchful Chriſtian.

I.

YE Servants of the Lord,
Each in his Office wait,
Obſervant of his heav'nly Word,
And watchful at his Gate.

II.

Let all your Lamps be bright,
And trim the golden Flame;
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,
For awful is his Name.

III.

III.

Watch, 'tis your Lord's Command;
And while we ſpeak, he's near;
Mark the firſt ſignal of his Hand,
And ready all appear.

IV.

O happy Servant he,
In ſuch a Poſture found!
He ſhall his Lord with Rapture ſee,
And be with Honour crown'd.

CLXIX. Common Metre.

Chriſt's call to Sinners.

I.

NOW let the liſt'ning World around,
In ſilent Rev'rence hear,
While from on high the Saviour's Voice
Thus ſtrikes th'attentive Ear.

II.

"To you, O Sons of Men, I call,
And from my lofty Throne,
Reclin'd in gentle Pity bow
To bring Salvation down."

III.

"Ye thoughtleſs Sinners, hear my Voice,
Attend my Words and live;
My Words conduct to ſolid Joys,
And endleſs Bleſſings give."

IV.

"Each faithful Miniſter is ſent,
This Meſſage to proclaim;
In ev'ry various Providence
The Language is the ſame."

V.

V.

"Forgetful Mortals, yet be wiſe,
While o'er the grave ye ſtand;
Leſt long neglected Love provoke
The Vengeance of my Hand."

VI.

"In glad Submiſſion bow ye down,
Nor ſteel that ſtubborn Heart;
'Till my inexorable Voice
Pronounce the word, Depart."

CLXX. Common Metre.

A future Judgement a Reſtraint on youthful Luſts.

I.

YE thoughtleſs Sinners, vain and young,
Indulge your youthful Fire;
Your wanton Eyes, unbridled Tongue,
And ev'ry looſe Deſire.

II.

Taſte all the pleaſures you approve,
And act without Controul;
Range all the Paths of lawleſs Love,
To feaſt a ſenſual Soul.

III.

In trifling Mirth conſume the Day,
All ſerious Thoughts decline;
And melt the tedious Night away,
In Wantonneſs and Wine.

IV.

Shake off each intermeddling Fear,
That would your Luſt reſtrain;
Laugh at the Thought of Danger near,
And count the Terror vain.

V.

But know, your Judge with piercing Eye
Marks all your Sins and Faults;
E'er long he'll all your Actions try,
And ſearch your ſecret Thoughts.

PAUSE.

VI.

What Deeds you have in Darkneſs done,
To ſhun Reproach and Shame,
He will expoſe before the Sun,
And to the World proclaim.

VII.

How will you bear his wrathful Frown?
Or your ſad Sentence hear?
O let the thought now melt you down!
To good Advice give Ear

VIII.

Renounce each dear and pleaſing Vice,
Each looſer Air lay by;
Grow ſerious, ſober, chaſte, and wiſe,
And mind the Things on high.

IX.

Then when your right'ous Judge ſhall come,
In all his Glories dreſt,
You may ſecurely wait your Doom,
And hear him call you bleſt.

CLXXI. Common Metre.

The Importance of early Piety.

I.

INDULGENT God, with pitying Eye
The Sons of Men ſurvey,

And

And ſee how youthful Sinners ſport
In a deſtructive Way;

II.

Ten thouſand Dangers lurk around,
To bear them to the Tomb;
Each in an Hour may plunge them down,
Where Hope can never come.

III.

Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring Minds,
Amus'd with airy Dreams;
That heav'nly Wiſdom may diſpel
Their viſionary Schemes.

IV.

With holy Caution may they walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
'Till each the Deſart ſafely paſs'd,
On Zion's Hill abide.

CLXXII. Common Metre.

Aſking the Way to Zion.

I.

ENQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the Way,
That leads to Zion's Hill;
And thither ſet your ſteady Face,
With a determin'd Will.

II.

Invite the Strangers all around,
Your pious March to join;
And ſpread the Sentiments ye feel
Of Faith and Love divine.

III.

Come, let us to his Temple haſte,
And ſeek his Favour there;

Before his Footſtool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent Pray'r.

IV.

Come, let us join our Souls to God,
In everlaſting Bands;
And ſeize the Bleſſings he beſtows,
With eager Hearts and Hands.

V.

Come, let us ſeal without Delay
The Cov'nant of his Grace;
Nor ſhall the years of diſtant Life
Its Memory efface.

VI.

Thus may our riſing Offſpring haſte
To ſeek their Father's God;
Nor e'er forſake the happy Path
Their youthful Feet have trod.

CLXXIII. Short Metre.

The Living Sacrifice.

I.

AND will th' eternal King
So mean a Gift regard?
That Off'ring, Lord, with Joy we bring
Which thy own Hand prepar'd.

II.

We own thy various Claim,
And to thy Altar move,
The willing Victims of thy Grace,
And bound with Cords of Love.

III.

Deſcend, celeſtial Fire,
The Sacrifice inflame;

So

So ſhall a grateful Odour riſe,
Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CLXXIV. Short Metre.

The Excellency of the Righteous.

I.

O ISRAEL, thou art bleſt!
Who may with thee compare?
Thy Excellencies ſtand confeſs'd;
How bright thy Glories are!

II.

O God of Iſrael, hear,
And make this Bliſs our own!
Make us the Children of thy Care,
The Members of thy Son.

III.

Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,
By theſe great Motives fir'd,
Be Paradiſe on Earth enjoy'd,
And brighter Hopes inſpir'd.

IV.

Thy People, Lord, we love;
Their God our Souls embrace;
So may we find in Worlds above
Among thy Saints a Place.

CLXXV. Common Metre.

The Chriſtian's Vow, or Reſolution.

I.

O God, by whoſe all-bount'ous Hand,
Thy Iſrael ſtill is fed,
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage
Haſt all our Fathers led.

II.

To thee our humble Vows we raiſe,
To thee addreſs our Pray'r,
And in thy kind and faithful Hand
Depoſit all our Care.

III.

If thou thro' each perplexing Path,
Wilt be our conſtant Guide;
If thou wilt daily Bread ſupply,
And Raiment wilt provide.

IV.

If thou wilt ſpread thy Shield around,
'Till theſe our wand'ring ceaſe,
And at our Father's lov'd Abode
Our Souls arrive in Peace.

V.

To thee, as to our Cov'nant God,
We'll our whole Selves reſign,
And count that not our Life alone,
But all we have is thine.

CLXXVI. Common Metre.

The Mercy and Grace of God.

I.

GREAT is the Lord, his Works of Might
Demand our nobleſt Songs;
Let his aſſembled Saints unite
Their Harmony of Tongues.

II.

Great is the Mercy of the Lord,
He gives his Children Food;
And ever mindful of his Word,
He makes his Promiſe good.

III.

His Son the great Redeemer came
To ſeal his Cov'nant ſure;
Holy and reverend is his Name,
His Ways are juſt and pure.

IV.

They that would grow divinely wiſe
Muſt with his Fear begin;
Our faireſt Proof of Knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry Sin.

CLXXVII. Long Metre.

The Divine Perfections.

I.

GREAT God, thy Glories ſhall employ
My holy Fear, my humble Joy!
My Lips, in Songs of Honour, bring
Their Tribute to th' eternal King.

II.

Earth and the Stars and Worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on his Throne;
All Nature hangs upon his Word,
And Grace and Glory own the Lord.

III.

His ſov'reign Pow'r, what Mortal knows?
If he command, who dares oppoſe?
With Strength he girds himſelf aronnd,
And treads the Rebels to the Ground.

IV.

The Beamings of his piercing Sight
Bring dark Hypocriſy to Light;
Death and Deſtruction naked lie,
And Hell uncover'd to his Eye.

V.

His Mercy, like a boundleſs Sea,
Waſhes our Load of Guilt away;
While his own Son came down and dy'd,
To ſhow his Love was on our Side.

VI.

O tell me, with a gentle Voice,
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!
Fill'd with thy Love, I will proclaim
The brighteſt Honours of thy Name.

CLXXVIII. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

The all-glorious God our Father and Friend.

I.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns,
His Throne is built on high;
The Garments he aſſumes
Are Light and Majeſty:
His Glories ſhine
With Beams ſo bright,
No mortal Eye
Can bear the Sight.

II.

The Thunders of his Hand
Keep the wide World in Awe;
His Wrath and Juſtice ſtand
To guard his holy Law:
And where his Love
Reſolves to bleſs,
His Truth confirms
And ſeals the Grace.

III.

III.

Thro' all his various Works
Surprising Wisdom shines,
Confounds the Pow'rs of Hell,
And break their curs'd Designs:
Strong is his Arm,
And shall fulfil
His great Decrees,
His sov'reign Will.

IV.

And can this mighty King
Of Glory condescend?
And will he write his Name,
"My Father, and my Friend?"
I love his Name,
I love his Word;
Join all my Pow'rs,
And praise the Lord.

CLXXIX. Short Metre.

God's universal Dominion.

I.

THE Lord, the sov'reign King,
Hath fix'd his Throne on high;
O'er all the heav'nly World he rules,
And all beneath the Sky.

II.

Ye Angels, great in Might,
And swift to do his Will,
Bless ye the Lord, whose Voice ye hear,
Whose Pleasure ye fulfil.

III.

Let the bright Hosts who wait
The Orders of their King,

And guard his Churches when they pray,
Join in the Praiſe they ſing.

IV.

While all his wond'rous Works
Thro' his vaſt Kingdom ſhew,
Their Maker's Glory, thou, my Soul,
Shalt ſing his Graces too.

CLXXX. Common Metre.

Preſerving Goodneſs acknowledged.

I.

HOW are thy Servants bleſt, O Lord!
How ſure is their Defence!
Eternal Wiſdom is their Guide,
Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
Supported by thy Care,
Through burning Climes I paſs'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted Air.

III.

Thy Mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
Made ev'ry Region pleaſe;
The hoary frozen Hills it warm'd,
And ſmooth'd the boiſt'rous Seas.

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted Eyes,
Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended Deep,
In all its Horrors riſe!

V.

Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
And Fear in ev'ry Heart;

When

When Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on Gulphs,
O'ercame the Pilot's Art.

VI.

Yet then from all my Griefs, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſet me free,
Whilſt in the Confidence of Pray'r
My Soul took hold on thee.

PAUSE.

VII

For though in dreadful Whirls we hung,
High on the broken Wave,
I knew thou wer't not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy Will;
The Sea that roar'd at thy Command,
At thy Command was ſtill.

IX.

In midſt of Dangers, Fears, and Death,
Thy Goodneſs I'll adore,
And praiſe thee for thy Mercies paſt,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, whilſt thou preſerv'ſt my Life,
Thy Sacrifice ſhall be;
And Death, when Death, ſhall be my Doom,
Shall join my Soul to thee.

CLXXXI. Long Metre.

God our Guardian and Protector.

For New-Year's-Day

I.

GREAT God, we ſing that mighty Hand
By which ſupported ſtill we ſtand;

The

The op'ning Year thy Mercy ſhews,
That Mercy crowns it, 'till it cloſe.

II.

By Day, by Night, at Home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God,
By his inceſſant Bounty fed,
By his unerring Counſel led.

III.

With grateful Hearts the paſt we own;
Theſe future all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian Care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy Feet.

IV.

In Scenes exalted or depreſs'd,
Thou art our Joy, and thou our Reſt;
Thy Goodneſs all our Hopes ſhall raiſe,
Ador'd thro' all our changing Days,

V.

When Death ſhall interrupt theſe Songs,
And ſeal in Silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper God, in whom we truſt,
In better Worlds our Souls ſhall boaſt.

CLXXXII. Common Metre.

On the Waſte of paſt Years.

For New-Year's-day.

I.

REMARK, my Soul, the narrow Bounds
Of the revolving Year!
How ſwift the Weeks compleat their Rounds,
How ſhort their Months appear!

II.

II.

So fast Eternity comes on,
And that important Day,
When all that mortal Life hath done,
God's Judgment shall survey.

III.

Yet like an idle Tale we pass
The swift advancing Year;
And study artful Ways t' increase
The Speed of its Career.

IV.

Waken, O God, my trifling Heart
Its great Concern to see;
That I may act the christian Part,
And give the Year to thee.

V.

So shall their Course more grateful roll,
If future Years arise;
Or this shall bear my waiting Soul
To Joy that never dies.

CLXXXIII. Long Metre.

The Possibility of Dying this Year.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

GOD of my Life, thy constant Care [Year
With Blessings crowns each op'ning
This mortal Life dost thou prolong,
And wake anew my annual Song.

II.

How many precious Souls are fled
To the vast Regions of the Dead,

Since

Since from this Day the changing Sun
Thro' his laſt yearly Period run!

III.

We yet ſurvive, but who can ſay,
Or thro' the year, or Month, or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath,"
Thus far at leaſt in League with Death?

IV.

That Breath is thine, eternal God!
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's Abode?
It holds its Life from thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

V.

To thee our Spirits we reſign;
Make them and own them ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they reſt ſecure from Fear,
Tho' Death ſhould blaſt the riſing Year.

CLXXXIV. Common Metre.

Reflecting on the paſt Year.

For New-Year's-Day.

I.

AND now, my Soul, another Year
Of my ſhort Life is paſt;
I can not long continue here,
And this may be my laſt.

II.

Much of my dubious Life is done,
Nor will return again;
And ſwift my paſſing Moments run,
The few that yet remain.

III.

III.

Awake, my Soul, with utmoſt Care
Thy true Condition learn,
What are thy Hopes, how ſure, how fair,
And what thy chief Concern.

IV.

Now a new Scene of time begins,
Set out therewith for heav'n;
Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,
In Chriſt ſo freely giv'n.

V.

Devoutly yield thyſelf to God;
And to his Care commend;
And ſtill purſue the heav'nly Road,
Nor doubt a happy End.

CLXXXV. Long Metre.

The Inſtitution of a Goſpel Miniſtry.
For an Ordination.

I.

WHEN our bleſt Lord went up on high,
He captive led Captivity;
And royal Bounty did diſplay,
To grace the Triumph of the Day.

II.

As to his Throne in Pomp he rode,
On Men he Offices beſtow'd;
Marks of Munificence divine,
In which both Might and Mercy ſhine.

III.

In Order firſt Apoſtles came,
The higheſt Rank, the nobleſt Name;

Next

Next them, tho' ſtill of high Degree,
Evangeliſts, and Prophets be.

III.

With like good Will, and kind Intent,
Of meaner Rank, he Teachers ſent,
O'er Chriſtian Churches to preſide,
And by inſpired Writings guide;

IV.

His Saints to poliſh and complete,
And fit them for the heav'nly State;
To build, by his own pow'rful Word,
His Church, the body of our Lord.

V.

Lord, we with humble Faith adore
Thy matchleſs Love, thy ſaving Pow'r!
And celebrate the Grace of God,
For ſuch rich Gifts on Men beſtow'd.

CLXXXVI. Common Metre.

The Duties of a Miniſter.

For an Ordination.

I.

AND now all you, who have obtain'd
This Office from the Lord;
And are by his Command ordain'd,
To ſpread his ſaving Word.

II.

With faithful and unfainting Zeal,
Your ſacred Truſt fulfil;
And with Integrity reveal
Your Maſter's Mind and Will.

III.

III.

Act under his obſerving Eye,
To him your ſelves commend;
Nor utter in his Name a Lye,
For any ſordid End.

IV.

Preach not for worldly Wealth or Gain,
For Honour or for Fame;
But let his Love your Souls conſtrain,
And raiſe your Saviour's Name.

V.

To all your Flock juſt Patterns prove,
And fair Examples give,
Of faith, of Holineſs, and Love,
How they muſt ſpeak and live.

VI.

Thus when th' Arch-Paſtor ſhall appear,
The laſt important Day,
You ſhall a Crown of Glory wear,
That never fades away.

CLXXXVII. Common Metre.

On the Death of a Miniſter.

I.

NOW let our mourning Hearts revive,
And all our Tears be dry?
Why ſhould thoſe Eyes be drown'd in Grief
Which view a Saviour nigh?

II.

What tho' the Arm of conqu'ring Death
Does God's own Houſe invade!
What tho' the Prophet and the Prieſt
Be number'd with the Dead!

III.

III.

Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Duſt,
The aged and the young,
The watchful Eye in Darkneſs clos'd,
And mute th' inſtructive Tongue.

IV.

Th' eternal Shepherd ſtill ſurvives,
New Comfort to impart;
His Eye ſtill guides us, and his Voice
Still animates our Hearts.

V.

"Lo, I am with you, ſaith the Lord,
My Church ſhall ſafe abide;
For I will ne'er forſake my own,
Whoſe Souls in me confide."

VI.

Thro' ev'ry Scene of Life and Death,
This Promiſe is our Truſt;
And this ſhall be our Children's Song,
When we are cold in Duſt.

CLXXXVIII. Long Metre.

On the Settlement of a Miniſter.

I.

SHEPHERD of Iſrael, thou doſt keep
With conſtant Care thy humble Sheep!
By thee inferior Paſtors riſe
To feed our Souls, and bleſs our Eyes.

II.

To all thy Churches ſuch impart,
Modell'd by thy own gracious Heart;
Whoſe Courage, Watchfulneſs and Love,
Men may atteſt, and God approve.

III.

III.

Fed by their active tender Care,
Healthful may all thy Sheep appear;
And by their fair Examples led,
The Way to Zion's Paſtures tread.

IV.

Here haſt thou liſt'ned to our Vows,
And ſcatter'd Bleſſings on thy Houſe;
Thy Saints are ſuccour'd, and no more
As Sheep without a Guide deplore.

V.

[Compleatly heal each former Stroke,
And bleſs the Shepherd, and the Flock;
Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raiſe,
And own this Tribute of our Praiſe.]

CLXXXIX. Long Metre.

Humiliation for National Sins.

For a Faſt-Day in time of War.

I.

GREAT God of Heav'n and Nature riſe,
And hear our loud united Cries!
See Britain bow before thy Face,
Thro' all her Coaſts, and ſeek thy Grace!

II.

No Arm of Fleſh we make our Truſt;
Nor Sword, nor Horſe, nor Ship we boaſt,
Thine is the Land, and thine the Main,
And human Force and Skill is vain.

III.

Our Guilt might draw thy Veng'ance down
On ev'ry Shore, on ev'ry Town;

But

But view us, Lord, with pitying Eye,
And lay thy lifted Thunder by!

IV.

Forgive the Follies of our Times,
And purge our Land from all its Crimes;
Reform'd and deck'd with Grace divine,
Let Princes, Prieſts, and People ſhine.

V.

O may no heinous crying Sin,
Thro' all our Camps and Navies reign;
No foul Reproach, to drive from thence
Our ſureſt Glory and Defence!

VI.

So ſhall our God delight to bleſs,
And crown our Arms with wide Succeſs;
Our Foes ſhall dread Jehovah's Sword,
And conquering Britain ſhout the Lord.

CXC. Common Metre.

Pleading with God for his gracious Appearance in Publick Calamities.

For a Faſt Day.

I.

WHEN Abra'm full of ſacred Awe,
Before Jehovah ſtood,
And with an humble fervent Prayer,
For guilty Sodom ſu'd.

II.

With what Succeſs, what wond'rous Grace,
Was his Petition crown'd!
The Lord would ſpare, if in the Place
Ten right'ous Men were found.

III.

III.

O could a ſingle holy Soul,
So rich a Boon obtain!
Good God, and ſhall a Nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

IV.

Britain, all guilty as ſhe is,
Her num'rous Saints may boaſt;
See their united Pray'rs aſcend,
And ſhall theſe Pray'rs be loſt?

V.

Are not the right'ous dear to thee,
Now as in antient Times?
Or does this ſinful Land exceed
Gomorrah in its Crimes?

VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy Name,
Here yet is thy Abode;
Long has thy Preſence bleſt our Land,
Forſake us not, O God!

VII.

Dread Lord, let not thy Anger burn,
If we thy Suppliants bow;
And ſay, 'till thou vouchſafe thy Grace,
We will not let thee go.

VIII.

O may the People, Prieſt and King,
Thy choiceſt Bleſſings ſhare!
And know thee by that glorious Name,
"The God that heareth Pray'r."

CXCI.

CXCI. Long Metre.

Thankſgiving for National Deliverance.

I.

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His Pow'r and Grace ſhall be our Song;
His Hand hath dealt a ſecret Blow,
And Terror ſtrikes the haughty Foe.

II.

Praiſe to the Lord, who bows his Ear,
Propitious to his People's Pray'r;
And tho' deliv'rance long Delay,
Anſwers in his well-choſen Day.

III.

O may thy Grace our Land engage,
(Reſcu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage)
The Tribute of its Love to bring
To thee our Saviour and our King.

IV.

Our Temples, guarded from the Flame,
Shall echo thy triumphant Name;
And ev'ry peaceful private Home,
To thee a Temple ſhall become.

CXCII. Common Metre

Thankſgiving for Victory

I.

ZION rejoice, and Judah ſing,
The Lord aſſumes his Throne;
Let Britain own the heav'nly King,
And make his Glories known.

II.

The Great, the Wicked, and the Proud,
From their high Seats are hurl'd;

Jeho-

Jehovah rides upon a Cloud,
And thunders tho' the World.

III.

He reigns upon th' eternal Hills
Diſtributes mortal Crowns;
Empires are fix'd beneath his Smiles,
And totter at his Frowns.

IV.

Navies, that rule the Ocean wide,
Are vanquiſh'd by his Breath,
And Legions, arm'd with Pow'r and Pride,
Deſcend to wat'ry Death.

V.

Let Tyrants make no more pretence
To vex our happy Land,
Jehovah's Name is our Defence,
Our Buckler is his Hand.

VI.

Long may the King, our Sov'reign, live
To rule us by his Word;
And all the Honours he can give
Be offer'd to the Lord.

CXCIII. Long Metre.

Praiſe to God from Great-Britain.

I.

NATURE, with all her Pow'rs, ſhall ſing
God the Creator and the King;
Nor Air, nor Earth, nor Skies, nor Seas,
Deny the Tribute of their Praiſe.

II.

Begin to make his Glories known,
Ye Seraphs that ſit near his Throne,

Tune your Harps high, and ſpread the ſound
To the Creation's utmoſt Bound.

III.

All mortal things of meaner Frame,
Exert your Force, and own his Name;
Whilſt with our Souls, and with our Voice,
We ſing his Honours, and our Joys.

IV.

This Northern Iſle, our native Land,
Lies ſafe in God th' Almighty's Hand;
Our Foes of Vict'ry dream in vain,
And wear the captivating Chain.

V.

Raiſe monumental Praiſes high,
To him that thunders thro' the Sky,
And, with an awful Nod or Frown,
Shakes an aſpiring Tyrant down.

VI.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble Frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy Name;
The ſtrongeſt Notes that Angels raiſe
Faint in the Worſhip and the Praiſe.

CXCIV. Common Metre.

The Church ſaved, and her Enemies diſappointed.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

SHOUT to the Lord, and let our Joys
Thro' the whole Nation run;
Ye Britiſh Skies reſound the Noiſe
Beyond the riſing Sun.

II.

II.

Thee, mighty God, our Souls admire,
Thee our glad Voices ſing,
And join with the celeſtial Choir,
To praiſe th' eternal King.

III.

Thy Pow'r the whole Creation rules,
And on the ſtarry Skies,
Sits ſmiling at the weak Deſigns,
Thy envious Foes deviſe.

IV.

Thy Scorn derides their feeble Rage,
And with an awful Frown,
Flings vaſt Confuſion on their Plots,
And ſhakes their Babel down.

V.

Their ſecret Fires in Caverns lay.
And we the Sacrifice,
But gloomy Caverns ſtrove in vain
To 'ſcape all-ſearching Eyes.

VI.

In vain the buſy Sons of Hell
Still new Rebellions try,
Their Souls ſhall vex with envious Rage,
And pne away, and die.

VII.

Almighty Grace defends our Land
From their malicious Pow'r;
Let Britain with united Songs
Almighty Grace adore.

CXCV. Long Metre.

God's merciful Appearance for Great-Britain *gratefully owned.*

For the Fifth of November.

I.

PRAISE to the Lord, whoſe mighty Hand,
So oft reveal'd, hath ſav'd our Land;
And when united Nations roſe,
Hath ſham'd and ſcourg'd our haughtieſt Foes.

II.

While for our Princes they prepare,
In Caverns deep a burning Snare,
He ſhot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,
And the dark Treach'ry brought to Day.

III.

Such great Deliv'rance God hath wrought,
And down to us Salvation brought;
And ſtill the Care of guardian Heav'n,
Secures the Bliſs itſelf hath giv'n.

IV.

In thee we truſt, almighty Lord,
Continu'd Reſcue to afford;
Still be thy pow'rful Arm made bare,
For all thy Servants Hopes are there.

CXCVI. Long Metre.

The Righteous exalted by God.

For the Fifth of November.

I.

TO thee, moſt holy, and moſt high,
To thee we bring our thankful Praiſe;
Thy Works declare thy Name is nigh,
Thy Works of Wonder and of Grace.

II.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a Slave;
Her Frame diſſolv'd, her Fears were great,
When God a new Supporter gave,
To bear the Pillars of the State.

III.

He from thy Hand receiv'd his Crown,
And ſware to rule by wholeſome Laws;
His Feet ſhall tread th' Oppreſſor down,
His Arm defend the righteous Cauſe.

IV.

Let haughty Sinners ſink their Pride,
Nor lift ſo high their ſcornful Head;
Bur lay their fooliſh Thoughts aſide,
And own the King that God hath made.

V.

Such Honours never come by Chance,
Nor do the Winds Promotion blow;
'Tis God, the Judge, doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

VI.

Now ſhall the Lord exalt the Juſt;
And while he tramples on the Proud,
And lays their Glory in the Duſt,
My Lips ſhall ſing his Praiſe aloud.

CXCVII. Long Metre.

The great Condeſcenſion of God.

I

UP to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the Nations from afar,
Let everlaſting Praiſes fly,
And tell how large his Bounties are.

II.

God, that muſt ſtoop to view the Skies,
And bow to ſee what Angels do,
Down to our Earth he caſts his Eyes,
And bends his Footſteps downwards too.

III.

He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean Affairs;
On humble Souls the King of Kings
Beſtows his Councils and his Cares.

IV.

Our Sorrows and our Tears we pour
Before the Mercy of our God;
He hears us in the mournful Hour,
And helps us bear the heavy Load.

V.

In vain might lofty Princes try
Such Condeſcenſion to perform;
For Worms were never rais'd ſo high
Above their meaneſt fellow-Worm.

VI.

O could our thankful Hearts deviſe
A Tribute equal to thy Grace!
To the third Heav'n our Songs ſhould riſe,
And teach the golden Harps thy Praiſe.

CXCVIII. Common Metre.

On Occaſion of a dreadful Fire.

I.

ETERNAL God, our humbl'd Souls
Before thy Preſence bow!
With all thy Magazines of Wrath,
How terrible art thou!

II.

II.

Fan'd by thy Breath whole Sheets of Flame
Do like a Deluge pour;
And all our Confidence of Wealth
Lies moulder'd in an Hour.

III.

Led on by thee in horrid Pomp,
Deſtruction rears its Head;
And black'ned Walls, and ſmoaking Heaps,
Thro' all the Streets are ſpread.

IV.

Lord, in the Duſt we lay us down,
And mourn thy right'ous Ire;
Yet bleſs the Hand of guardian Love,
That ſnatch'd us from the Fire.

V

O may we view with dauntleſs Eyes
The laſt tremendous Day,
When Earth, and Seas, and Stars, and Skies,
In Flames ſhall melt away!

CXCIX. Long Metre.

The Hand of the Lord upon the Cattle.

I.

THE Creatures, Lord, confeſs thy Hand
Thro' Earth and Sky, thro' Sea and Land;
And all their meaneſt Orders ſhare
Their Maker's Pity, and his Care.

II.

O look from thy exalted Throne,
And hear our panting Cattle moan;
Prone o'er the untaſt'd Food they lie,
Groan out their Agonies, and die.

III.

What have theſe harmleſs Creatures done,
To draw this ſore Chaſtiſement down?
'Tis human Guilt for Vengeance calls,
And heavy on the Herds it falls.

IV.

From them to us the Stroke might paſs,
And mow down thouſands of our Race,
'Till Deſolation reign'd around,
Our Cities void, untill'd our Ground.

V.

Prevent the Ruin by thy Grace,
And melt our Hearts to ſeek thy Face:
Bleſt Fruit of thy correcting Rod,
To loſe our Beaſts, and find our God!

CC. As the CXLVIII Pſalm.

God the Giver of Fruitful Seaſons.

I.

MARK the ſoft falling Snow,
And the diffuſive Rain,
To Heav'n, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters Earth
Thro' ev'ry Pore,
And calls forth all
Its ſecret Store.

II.

Array'd in beaut'ous Green
The Hills and Valleys ſhine;
And Man and Beaſt are fed
By Providence divine:

The

The Harveſt bows
Its golden Ears,
The copious Seed
Of future Years.

III.

So, ſaith the God of Grace,
My Goſpel ſhall deſcend,
Moſt mighty to effect
The Purpoſe I intend;
Millions of Souls,
Shall feel its Pow'r,
And bear it down
To Millions more.

IV.

Joy ſhall begin your March,
And Peace protect your Ways,
While all the Mountains round
Echo melodious Praiſe;
The vocal Groves
Shall ſing the God,
And ev'ry Tree
Conſenting nod.

CCI. Long Metre.

On the Acceſſion of King GEORGE *to the Britiſh Throne.*

For the Firſt of Auguſt.

I.

SING, Britons, with triumphant Voice,
With Shouts of Joy in God rejoice;
He with propitious Eye look'd on,
To ſee our Sov'reign mount his Throne,

II.

At his Approach, Impoſture fled,
Black Treaſon hung its guilty Head;
But Truth and Right with him ſat down,
They fill his Throne, and form his Crown.

III.

Secure we dwell beneath his Shade,
Of lawleſs Wrong no more afraid;
Right, Law, Religion he maintains,
And keeps us ſafe from Racks and Chains.

IV.

Let all who his juſt Cauſe approve,
In loyal Shouts expreſs their Love;
And to our God their Tribute pay
Of Praiſe on this auſpicious Day.

V.

For ever let us magnify
The Pow'r and Grace of God moſt high,
Who on his King vouchſafes to ſmile,
Pleas'd to ſecure and bleſs our Iſle.

CCII. Common Metre.

Succeſs in War acknowledged to come from God. For the Thankſgiving-Day, *appointed* November 29, 1759.

I.

O MAY the joyful Voice of Praiſe
Reſound from Shore to Shore;
And diſtant Lands, and diff'ring Climes,
The God of Hoſts adore!

II.

But moſt, ye Britons, laud his Name,
His Pow'r, his Goodneſs own;

For

For bright, on BRITAIN's favour'd Race,
His Mercy ſtill has ſhone.

III.

How late, before his high rais'd Throne,
With anxious Dread ye mourn'd!
How ſoon his ready Aid appear'd,
And chearful Hope return'd!

IV.

He bids his choſen Chiefs ariſe,
To curb the Rage of War;
With ſmiling Conqueſt bleſt their Steps,
And chas'd your ev'ry Care.

V.

With glad Succeſs your Arms he crown'd,
But ſunk the Oppreſſor low;
Nor circling Seas, nor guarded Tow'rs
Avail'd the trembling Foe.

VI.

'Tis God who drives bold Faction far
And knits your Souls as one;
'Tis he who builds a Nation's Fame
Or pulls her Glory down.

VII.

O then in Vows, and ſacred Songs,
Ye Britons, grateful join,
Thus reſcu'd of the Lord declare
Your Helper is divine.

CCIII. As the CXIII Pſalm.

The peculiar Bleſſings of Great-Britain *aſcribed to God.*

For the Thankſgiving-Day *appointed*

November 29, 1759.

I.

SAY, ſhould we ſearch the Globe around,
Where can ſuch Happineſs be found,
As dwells in BRITAIN's favour'd Iſle?
Here Plenty reigns; here Freedom ſheds
Her choiceſt Bleſſings on our Heads,
And bids our bleakeſt Mountains ſmile.

II.

Here Commerce ſpreads the wealthy Store
That comes from ev'ry foreign Shore;
Science and Art their Charms diſplay:
Religion gives us, here to raiſe
Our Voices to our Maker's Praiſe,
As Truth and Conſcience point the Way.

III.

When FRANCE, from Pride and Envy, plan'd
The Ruin of our bliſsful Land,
Here Vict'ry arm'd her choſen Race;
Go forth, my valiant Sons, ſhe ſaid,
Go ſtrike the haughty Gaul with Dread,
And triumph in his deep Diſgrace.

IV.

Theſe are thy Gifts, almighty King!
From thee our matchleſs Bleſſings ſpring.
The extended Trade, the fruitful Skies,

The

The Raptures Liberty beſtows,
Th' eternal Joys the Goſpel ſhews,
All from thy boundleſs Goodneſs riſe.

V.

From thee, the Zeal and Spirit came,
That did our Patriot Chiefs inflame;
Their Skill, their Courage, all are thine.
Our daring Troops with Glory crown'd,
Tell to the wond'ring Nations round,
The Hand that leads us is divine.

VI.

With grateful Hearts, with gladſome Tongues
To God we raiſe triumphant Songs;
His Pow'r, his Mercy, we proclaim.
At length, ye faithleſs Tyrants, own
Jehovah here hath fix'd his Throne,
And tremble at his awful Name.

VII.

Long as the Moon her Courſe ſhall run,
Or Man behold the circling Sun,
O ſtill may God in BRITAIN reign!
Still crown her Armies with Succeſs,
With Peace and Joy her Borders bleſs,
And all her ſacred Rights maintain. K.

CCIV. Common Metre.

For the Lord's Supper.

I.

SWEET is the mem'ry of thy Grace,
My God, my heav'nly King;
Let Age to Age thy Righteouſneſs
In ſounds of Glory ſing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodneſs to the Skies;
Thro' the whole World his Bounty ſhines,
And ev'ry want ſupplies.

III.

But O, thy Love to guilty Man
Demands our higheſt Praiſe
Jeſus fulfils the gracious Plan
Thy wiſer Counſel lays.

IV.

The kind compaſſion thou haſt ſhown,
Which wond'ring Angels view,
Has brought Salvation from the Throne,
When Vengeance was our due.

V.

Creatures with all their endleſs Race,
Thy Pow'r and Praiſe proclaim;
But we, who taſte thy richer Grace,
Shall moſt exalt thy Name.

CCV. Long Metre.

The Lord's Day.

I.

HAIL ſacred Day of heavenly reſt,
By God ordain'd, by Jeſus bleſt;
Hence from my Boſom, worldly Cares
To meet her God, my Soul prepares.

II.

Tir'd with the Chace of earthly Joys,
Convinc'd how vain are all its Toys;
Thy opening Houſe we joyful ſee,
Permit us Lord, to come to thee!

III.

III.

Aſſiſt us, while before thy Face
We count thy Works of Pow'r and Grace,
And call forth all our Powers to Praiſe
The God whoſe Mercy crowns our Days.

IV.

Aſſiſt us, while we ſit and ſing
The love of Him, th' annointed King
Who in his Father's glorious Name,
To Adam's Race a Saviour came.

V.

Almighty God thou'lt not deſpiſe,
The humbleſt well meant Sacrifice;
Mean as we are before thy Throne,
We fain would make thy glories known.

VI.

Thy heavenly Grace, O God, impart
Shine forth in Love on ev'ry Heart;
We wait thy Goodneſs here to ſee
Permit us Lord, to come to thee! *B.*

CCVI. Long Metre.

God exalted above all Praiſe.

I.

FROM Age to Age this ſacred Day,
Has heard adoring Millions pray;
Its Honours we would ſtill repeat
And ſtill draw near the Mercy ſeat.

II.

Eternal Pow'r! whoſe high abode
Becomes the Grandeur of a God;
Infinite length beyond the Bounds,
Where Stars revolve their little rounds:

III.

III.

Far in the Depths of Space, thy Throne
Burns with a Luſtre all its own,
In ſhining Ranks beneath thy Feet
Angelic Powers and Splendours meet.

IV.

Lord, what ſhall Earth and Aſhes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From Sin and Duſt to thee we cry,
The Great, the Holy, and the High.

V.

Earth from afar has heard thy Fame,
And Worms have learn'd to liſp thy Name;
But Oh! the Glories of thy Mind
Leave all our ſoaring Thoughts behind.

VI.

God is in Heav'n, and Men below,
Our Thoughts, and Wiſhes he muſt know;
Let ſacred Rev'rence check our Songs,
And Praiſe ſit ſilent on our Tongues.

HYMN CCVII.

Life the only Seaſon of Preparation.

I.

LIFE is the Time to ſerve the Lord,
The Time t' enſure the great Reward;
And, while the Lamp holds out to burn,
The vileſt Sinner may return.

II.

Life is the Hour which God hath given,
To 'ſcape from Hell, and fly to Heaven;
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
Secure the Bleſſings of the Day.

III.

III.

The Living know that they muſt die;
But all the Dead forgotten lie;
They have no Share in all that's done,
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.

IV.

There are no Acts of Pardon paſs'd,
In the cold Grave to which we haſte,
But Darkneſs, Death, and long Deſpair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

V.

Then what my Thoughts deſign to do,
My Hands with all your Might purſue;
Since no Device, nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.

CCVIII. Common Metre.

A living and a dead Faith.

I. [Heav'n]

MISTAKEN Souls! that dream of
And make their empty Boaſt
Of inward Joys, and Sins forgiv'n,
While they are Slaves to Luſt.

II.

Vain are our Fancies, airy Flights,
If Faith be cold and dead,
None but a living Power unites
To Chriſt the living Head.

III.

'Tis Faith that changes all the Heart;
'Tis Faith that Works by Love;
That bids all ſinful Joys depart,
And lifts the Thoughts above.

IV.

IV.

Faith muſt obey her Father's Will,
As well as truſt his Grace;
A pard'ning God is jealous ſtill
For his own Holineſs.

V.

'Tis Faith that conquers Earth and Hell,
By a celeſtial Power;
This is the Grace that ſhall prevail
In the deciſive Hour.

CCIX. Common Metre.

The Hope of Heaven a Support under Trouble.

I.

WHEN I can read my Title clear
To Manſions in the Skies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

II.

Should Foes againſt my Peace engage
And cruel darts be hurl'd;
Then I can ſmile at all their Rage
And face a frowning World.

III.

Let Cares like a wild Deluge come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall,
May I but ſafely reach my Home,
My God, my Heav'n, my all:

IV.

There ſhall I bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heav'nly Reſt,
And not a Wave of Trouble roll,
Acroſs my peaceful Breaſt.

15 JY 64

THE END.

AN INDEX,

OR

TABLE to find a PSALM or HYMN, ſuited to particular SUBJECTS or OCCASIONS.

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